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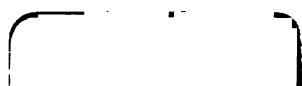
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SIX DISCOURSES

BY THE MOST

ELOQUENT FATHERS OF THE CHURCH;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXTRACTS

FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

SIDMOUTH :
Printed by J. HARVEY, Fore-Street.

THE FATHERS NOT PAPISTS:
OR,
SIX DISCOURSES
BY THE MOST
ELOQUENT FATHERS OF THE CHURCH:
WITH
NUMEROUS EXTRACTS
FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,
BY HUGH STUART BOYD, Esq.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

*Νυν μὲν ἔχοις τὸν λόγον τοῦτον, οὐκ ἀπαρχὴν, ἀλλὰ
ξυμπληρωσιν ἰσως τῆς ἡμετέρας καρποφορίας.*

GREGORIUS NAZIANZENUS.

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JOHN HARVEY, SIDMOUTH.

MDCCCXXXIV.



PREFACE.

I WILL state as briefly as I am able, what I have done to render the present work acceptable to the publick. Nearly twenty years have past, since I published the last edition of Select Passages from St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil; and I know that it has for some time been very scarce. At different periods of the last twenty years, I have translated passages from the above Fathers, both in prose and verse; and have published them, sometimes in a work of my own, sometimes in a periodical work. I have now collected, and incorporated them with the Select Passages, and I have arranged the whole as systematically as I could. Of the Six Discourses which

is to be found
 St. Chrysostom's
 Of the
 or the
 few months ago.
 On the Forty
 Martyr Gregory's
 narrative, which is
 display of brilliant
 amused and enter-
 nomilies the most
 work. The admirer
 betake himself to
 sublime conceptions,
 of christian doctrine.
 Gregory.
 Preface to "Tributes
 contains some critical
 ve useful to the Greek
 this new edition. I
 actions; and if I have
 notes to Select Pas-
 far greater number of
 the present publication
 the former, and is, I
 other respects, that it
 is a new work.

In the course of my notes, I have embraced every opportunity of shewing that the Greek Fathers of the fourth century, differed materially both in discipline and doctrine, from the Roman Church as it now is; and consequently, that they could not have been Roman Catholics. Speaking of the invocation and intercession of the Saints, I observe that they seem to have sprung up in the time of Gregory and Basil. If they can be traced to a remoter period, it will be of no importance; for I think I have shewn that they were not *settled* Articles of faith in the days of Gregory; and even if they were, some other Popish doctrines were certainly unknown.

I trust I have made it manifest, that on the subject of the Eucharist, the doctrine of Chrysostom and Gregory, was *exactly the same* as that of the Church of England. In doing this, I have done enough.

There are, however, two passages in St. Cyril of Jerusalem; passages of such great importance, that I must not neglect to cite them. I formerly gave them in the first Appendix to my Select Passages; but as I have not reprinted that Appendix, I shall here lay them before the Reader. I entreat

wine the blood of Christ; in the self-same manner, those provisions, which in their own nature are mere simple food, through the invocation of dæmons, become impure.”—*Catach. Mystag.* 1.

The reader, if possessing common apprehension, must have seen at once that the above extracts give the death blow to transubstantiation. What then will be his surprise, when I inform him that *both these passages* have been employed *more than once* by Popish writers*, for the purpose of supporting their darling tenet! You will ask me, how they could manage it. I will tell you. They omit all that goes before, and all that follows after the passages about the Eucharist: they leave out the *as*, and the *so*; and make what is said of it, a distinct, separate proposition. “The bread of the Eucharist,” &c. “The bread and wine,” &c. —In the peroration of St. Chrysostom’s Eighty-second homily on St. Matthew, there

* Let me here most distinctly state, that the remarks which I shall make on Roman Catholics and Unitarians, are intended to apply to them, *merely* as writers on theology, and as scholars. I believe that the Roman Catholics and Unitarians of England, are, generally speaking, amiable in private life, and worthy members of society.

are one or two sentences, which certainly appear to favour transubstantiation. I have seen these sentences adduced by a Roman Catholic writer, to support the doctrine. He took good care however, not to quote the context. The reader will find the whole passage at p. 169 and 170, of this volume. He will see, that instead of supporting, it perfectly annihilates their tenet.—I could point out some other things, worthy of being pointed out; but what I have stated is surely sufficient to enlighten the Protestant reader; to show him what credit is due to a Papist*, professing to quote the Fathers of the Church.

* I have been told that the Roman Catholics do not like the word *Papist*, considering it a term of reproach. I therefore think it right to state, that I use it to avoid the too frequent recurrence of the same expression. For this reason, I shall sometimes say *The Romanists*. I do not, however, say *The Catholics*; and I am astonished that Protestants do not perceive the glaring impropriety of applying to them, this term. I have used the word *Papists* on my title-page, because I thought it would there sound better, than either *Roman Catholics*, or *Romanists*.

I Several years ago, when I lived in London, I used sometimes to have a disputation with a young man who was a Roman Catholic. He was acquainted with Mr. Butler, the famous lawyer; and one day he said to me, "Mr. Butler told me, that the Vulgate version is of greater authority than the mutilated manuscripts of the Greek Testament, which have come down to us." What a fact is this? Mr. Butler was not a writer in these matters, but had some knowledge of biblical subjects.

But if we are filled with astonishment and indignation at this unhallowed perversion of the Fathers ; what must we think of those, who, ascending to the climax of impiety, have mistranslated the Word of God ? The Roman Catholicks, and the Unitarians, have been guilty of this heinous crime.—Reader, if I were the most unprincipled man living, and had no *moral* character to lose ; I should still have too much regard for my *literary* reputation, to write any thing not *strictly true*, in a case where *Greek learning* was concerned. You may therefore place the firmest reliance in what I tell you, when I am speaking of a subject, the knowledge of which depends on *Greek* ; should you yourself be unqualified to pass judgment in the matter. And now, let us enquire what has been done by Papists, who professed to give a correct translation of God's most holy Word.

It is well known that, in 1582, an English translation of the New Testament was made at Rheims. This translation, modernized in

And could he say this?—Reader, let me give you a piece of advice. Never believe any thing you hear, or read, respecting the Bible, unless it comes from a divine, or a layman of the Church of England, or from an *orthodox Dissenter*.

the language, I believe thro' the aid of our version, and accompanied by notes, is read at the present day by the Roman Catholick laity, at least when they have permission to read the Word of God. The copy which now lies upon my table, has the following title. "The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the Latin Vulgate. Diligently compared with the original Greek, and first published by the English College of Rheims, Anno 1582. Newly revised and corrected according to the Clementin edition of the Scriptures; with annotations for clearing up modern controversies in religion and other difficulties of Holy Writ, London, 1818."* In the se-

* I feel gratified by finding, that I appear to have been the instrument of effecting some little good in my generation. The substance of what I say in my Preface, about the Rhemish version and notes, was published by me, in 1825, at the end of a little work against Popery. I know that soon after, my book became known in Dublin. I have just met with an edition of the Rhemish Testament, printed at Dublin, in 1826. I find in it, nothing about "The Protestants corrupting the text;" but only such expressions as the following. "Some have translated, &c., but this translation is not borne out either by the Latin Vulgate, or the Greek." "Some persons have erroneously translated," &c. "Some translators have improperly substituted," &c. But although the obnoxious expressions be withdrawn, the falsehoods remain untouched, and the corruptions of the text are retained. I may therefore still ask the questions which I have asked in my Preface.

cond chapter of St. John and the fourth verse, we are informed that Christ said to his mother, "What have I to do with thee?" Now, leaving religion out of the question, the Romish version in this place evinces such an ignorance of the Greek language, as entirely damns the pretensions of its authour to the character of a scholar. The truth is, that *τι ἔμοι και σοι*; is a phrase, whose meaning is confirmed by the following Epigram in the Greek Anthology.

Ελπίς, και συ τυχή, μεγα χαιρετε τον λιμεν' ἔυρον.

Ουδεν ἔμοι και ὑμιν' παιζετε τους μετ' ἑμε

But I will quote what is much more to the purpose. The Devils who entered the herd of swine, cried out, "What have we to do with thee?" It will be admitted by all, that this passage is correctly rendered. But in the original the words are *τι ἡμιν και σοι*; They are thus given by St. Matthew; but in St. Mark, and St. Luke, we find the very expression. *τι ἔμοι και σοι*; I think the circumstance is not narrated by St. John. The phrase itself is elliptical, *ἐστι κοινον* being probably understood*.

* If my memory be correct, a Romish clergyman shewed me, some years ago, another edition of the Rhemish Testament, with notes of somewhat a liberal kind. I think they allowed that our mode of render-

In the fifth chapter of St. James, and the fourteenth verse, we find these words: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church." In the sixteenth verse we read, "Confess your faults one to another," *Ἐξομολογεῖσθε ἀλλήλοις τὰ παραπτώματα.* The Greek words at once show the precise meaning. Christians are commanded to confess their sins to *each other*. But the Church of Rome commands her votaries to confess their sins to a priest. The Popish translator takes advantage of the phrase, *one to another*, and actually subjoins the following note: "That is, to the priests, who were called in, in verse fourteen." Reader, would you not have thought, that leaving religion and honour out of the question, this man would have had more decent pride than to avail himself of a subterfuge so contemptible? In the eleventh chapter of 1 Corinthians, and the twenty-seventh verse,

ing the passage is admissible. There seems to be some management in this. If a man of education press hard upon the errors of the Popish version, a priest produces another copy of it, and says, Look here; you see, we allow that your translation may be admitted. But the edition on which I am commenting, sanctioned by Popish Prelates and Vicars Apostolick, who blushed not to have fixed their names to it; this edition, with its honest notes, is sent into the world to preserve the good people from being corrupted by a Protestant translation.

we are told, "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily." Now, reader, mark! The most ancient and valuable Greek manuscripts have *καί*; several manuscripts of the Vulgate have *et*; the Arabick, the Ancient Syriack, the Coptick, and Æthiopick versions agree with the Greek and the Vulgate; the oldest printed editions of the Vulgate, editions published by Roman Catholics, have *et*; but some Greek manuscripts of less authority, instead of *καί* read *ἤ*; and some manuscripts of the Vulgate, instead of *et* read *vel*. The Roman Catholick translator, thinking that this false reading tended to sanction the practice of giving to the laity the communion in one kind, has not scrupled to render the passage thus: "Whosoever shall eat this bread *or* drink this cup." Not content with this, he has appended the following note: "Here the Protestant Testament is corrupted, by putting *and drink* contrary to the original *ἤ πῦρ* instead of *or drink*." Observe, the most ancient Greek manuscripts, some of the ancient versions, several manuscripts of the Vulgate, and even the oldest editions of the Vulgate, agree exactly with the Protestant translation. And yet we are told, that the

Protestant Testament is here corrupted ! Can any confidence be placed in such men as these* ?

I come now to comment on a passage yet more iniquitous. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and the twenty-first verse, we read, “ Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped, upon (or over) the top of his staff.” *και προσκυνησεν ἐπὶ τὸ ἄκρον τῆς ραβδου αὐτου.* These words are taken from Genesis, chap. xlvii. ver. 31. The Hebrew word, which the Septuagint transla-

* Many years ago, Bishop Milner published some *Letters on Ireland*. In one of them, he unluckily commented on translations of scripture ; and speaking of the above text, said, “ our faithful version reads OR.” As Doctor Milner resided in this learned country, amid the blaze of critical erudition, one might have supposed that in the course of some years, he would have caught a faint glimmer. But no such thing. In “ *The End of Religious Controversy*,” he astounds us with a passage which I shall cite, not from the *first*, but from “ the fifth edition, with considerable emendations by the author.” The Apostle says “ Whosoever shall eat this bread, OR drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.” True it is, that in the English Bible the text is here corrupted ; the conjunctive AND, being put for the disjunctive OR, contrary to the original Greek, as well as to the Latin Vulgate !!!!! Just before, he blamed a Protestant opponent, for having suppressed this text !!! This is Bishop Milner, one of the most *learned* of the English Roman Catholick Divines ! What are we to think of his brethren in general ? What must be the state of *their* biblical knowledge ?

tors render *staff*, signifies also *a bed*, and it is most probable that they ought to have so translated it. But whether it was a staff or a bed, it is evident that Jacob leaned upon or over it, while he made obeisance. The Protestant translators therefore, with great propriety, inserted the word *leaning* before the preposition; but they printed it in *italics*, to shew that it was not in the original. All the ancient versions, the Vulgate alone excepted, coincide exactly with the Greek. Let it be especially observed, that at *ἐν* there is no various reading in any Greek manuscript extant. In all the manuscripts, the preposition immediately follows the last verb. The astonishment of the Protestant reader will be equalled by his indignation, when I inform him that the Popish impostors thus translate the verse: "By faith, Jacob dying blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored the top of his rod"!!! To this monstrous rendering, they subjoin the following note: "The apostle here follows the ancient Greek Bible of the Seventy Interpreters, (which translates, in this manner, Gen. xlvii. ver. 31.) and alleges this fact of Jacob, in paying a relative honour and veneration to the top of the rod or

sceptre of Joseph, as to a figure of Christ's sceptre and kingdom, as an instance and argument of his faith. But Protestants, who are no friends to this relative honour, have corrupted the text, by translating it, he worshipped, *leaning upon the top of his staff*; as if this circumstance of leaning upon his staff, were any argument of Jacob's faith, or worthy the being thus particularly taken notice of by the Holy Ghost."

This note contains two falsehoods: firstly, the Seventy Interpreters *do not translate* in this manner. The Greek words in the Septuagint, and in the passage of Hebrews, are the same. Secondly, the Protestants have *not corrupted* the text. Our translators have rendered the verse, just as any scholar would render it: as Porson himself would render it, if he were now alive, and were to explain the passage *critically*, without reference to any religious opinions. An opponent will perhaps reply, that the Rhemish version was professedly made, not from the Greek, but from the Vulgate: I answer, that, in the instances, just cited, the Vulgate is manifestly corrupted; for it differs not only from the original Greek, but likewise from the Vulgate

of the Old Testament; although it is a quotation from it.

I have already observed, that the text in Hebrews is quoted from one in Genesis. I must not overlook this important fact, namely, that in these two places the Vulgate is at variance with itself. The passage in Hebrews is thus given—*Fide, Jacob moriens, singulos filiorum Joseph benedixit, et adoravit fastigium virgæ ejus.* In Genesis, it stands thus—*Et ille, Jura ergo, inquit, mihi. Quo jurante, adoravit Israel Deum, conversus ad lectuli caput.*

We find then that the Vulgate of the New, differs from the Vulgate of the Old Testament. It is manifest, that one out of the two, must be wrong; yet, are not the priest-ridden laity bound to believe in the divine authority and infallibility of both? If I had got at hand the Douay version of the Old Testament, I should, perhaps, discover that it contains a third reading. The fact is, that very few ancient works have come down to us, in such a corrupt, mutilated, mangled state, as the poor Vulgate.

Reader, be patient: I will call your attention to only one more instance.—1 Cor.

ch. ix. ver. 5, is thus rendered by those lovers of truth, the Rhemish translators: "Have we not power to carry about a woman, a sister." They then subjoin the following note: "Protestants have corrupted this text, by rendering it, *a sister, a wife.*" This note, like the others which I have cited, contains an unprincipled falsehood. The Protestants have *not corrupted* the text. They have rendered the two substantives in the order in which they stand in the Greek; and they have translated them exactly as Bentley and Porson would have translated them, if those great scholars had been indifferent to all religious systems, and had been investigating the passage critically.

Every reader who is a competent judge, must have seen that all I have advanced is strictly true; that in all the cited passages, *our own* translation is *correct*, and the *Rhemish version erroneous*; that the notes which I have brought forward, are made up of calumny and falsehood.

Whatever may be written against me, it is pretty certain that nothing to the point will be written. The exact points of discussion are these. Is the Rhemish version correct,

or incorrect, in the passages which I have adduced? Are the assertions in the notes, true or false? Surely, no Romanist can be so unprincipled, and so unblushing, as to tell me that the translation is correct, and the assertions true. But although I cannot be met by sound argument, I may be assailed in another way. Some man of talent may write an article against me, having the semblance, if not the reality of learning; full of misrepresentation and misstatement, and glittering with the bright shafts of wit and ridicule. I can however, assure the gentleman, that his labour will be in vain; for he cannot do me the slightest harm. I know that I have for some years enjoyed, and that I still enjoy, the good opinion of the most eminent scholars and divines of the present day; of those who are accounted the *very first*. Nothing that my opponent may write, can ever influence *them*, or any other *real scholars*; but real scholars are the only persons whose opinion I value. The gentleman therefore, may scribble what he pleases.

There is another thing pretty certain; and that is, that no critical scholar will think of answering me. Indeed, it is not possible

that a *real critical scholar* can be a Papist*. Philology is the grand touchstone, which distinguishes truth from error. Philology and Popery are irreconcilable. The former annihilates the latter, as she annihilates Unitarianism, and every thing contrary to the truth. But the philological art is an art, of which the Romanists have not the slightest conception. This is evident from the mere circumstance of their confounding oriental idioms with the idioms of other languages, and interpreting *This is my body*, as if Christ had spoken, and the Apostles written in English. Their preferring the miserably corrupted Vulgate to the purer text of the Greek Testament, opens to our view such an abyss of ignorance, as it is really fearful to look into. They are fond of quoting; yea, the most eminent among them, are fond of quoting that passage in St. Ignatius' Epistle to the Smyrnæans, which begins with, "They abstain from the Eucharist, because!" &c. this shews what precious criticks they are. The passage has nothing to do with the doctrine

* I know that some eminently learned men have been Roman Catholics, but I speak of *first-rate* Greek scholars. Who ever heard of a first-rate Græcian, being a Papist?

which it is supposed to teach. Ignatius might equally have written *every word in the sentence*, whether he had been a Papist, or a Protestant in his creed. Ignatius being an immediate disciple of the Apostles, perfectly understood their language; was familiar with oriental idioms, and employed those idioms. Chrysostom certainly held the real presence; but I trust I have made it evident, that he had no more idea of transubstantiation, than a man born blind has of colours, or a Roman Catholick of philology. The real* presence

* This is a most important fact, as the reader must soon perceive, if he will think a little. It is easy to quote passages from several of our old divines, which appear quite as strong in favour of transubstantiation, as those usually cited from Chrysostom, Cyril, &c. Now, it will be at once admitted by the Romanists, that our old divines believed in nothing further than the real presence. It follows, that Chrysostom, Cyril, &c. may have believed in nothing further than the real presence; and consequently that the Romanists can gain nothing by such citations. This is quite sufficient for my point; but I trust it will be manifest from different passages in this volume, that those Fathers not only *may not*, but that they *did not* believe in any thing more than the real presence. But how came they to credit even this? The truth is, that the Fathers of the fourth century, like our ancient divines, had not a critical knowledge of the oriental languages. St. Basil was a man of profound learning as far as *Greek* literature was concerned; but it appears from one of his Homilies on the Hexaemeron, that he was absolutely ignorant of *Hebrew*. I think it is very evident from Chrysostom's commentaries on St. Matthew and St. Paul, that he did not understand the Hebrew idioms. It follows, that

was unquestionably the ancient doctrine of the Church of England. I say the *ancient* doctrine, for I believe most of her divines now take that view of the subject, which is consistent with sound criticism; namely, that the consecrated elements are emblems or symbols of the body and blood of Christ; denoting, that as our bodies are supported by eating and drinking, so are our souls supported by faith in the sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus. This view is rational: this is sublime: this is glorious!—

Before I dismiss the subject of Popery, I would make one observation. If the Romanists could bring forward from the writings of Cyril, or Chrysostom, or the other Fathers, passages in favour of transubstantiation, even as strong as those which I have produced against it; they would gain little or nothing, for the natural inference would be this. The Fathers contradicted themselves, and contradicted one another in such a manner, that we cannot rely on any thing they said. Their

Chrysostom, and Basil, were incompetent to judge of those passages in the New Testament, and in the early Anti-Nicene Fathers, of which the phraseology is Jewish. The Roman Catholic writers at present, are exactly in the same predicament.

evidence is inadmissible, and recourse must be had to the scripture alone.

In a former part of this Preface, I stated that the Unitarians as well as the Roman Catholicks, had committed the awful crime of mistranslating the sacred volume. Having laboured for many years in building a temple to impiety, and ignorance; they at length placed the capstone on that edifice of sin! they brought to light their *improved version* of the New Testament. I had intended to offer some observations on this most unclassical, as well as unscriptural production; but I must content myself with referring the reader, to what I have written on Rom. ch. 9, v. 5. I trust I have fairly shewn, that leaving *religion* out of the question, and considering the thing as a matter of mere *scholarship*, the Unitarian writers have degraded themselves with no common degradation. See the Supplement to my Essay on the Greek Article, in the new edition of Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary, now publishing by Mr. Tegg. It is at the end of Ephesians.

Having spoken of my Essay, I wish to state that the subject of the Greek Article was mentioned to me in conversation, nearly thirty

years ago. I was greatly interested by it, and from that time I never lost sight of it. Whatever Greek authour I was studying, I thought of the Greek Article. I met with innumerable instances to confirm it, but with none to overthrow it. The reader of my Essay, must not suppose that I have seen no more examples, than those which are there adduced. If I had set down all the examples which have presented themselves, I should have had an enormous list.

As we are acquainted with the time, at which St. Gregory pronounced his various orations; I have affixed the dates to the various extracts which I have given. In one instance, however, I forgot to do so. His second oration on the Holy Pascha, the last, it seems which he ever delivered, was pronounced about A. D. 385. Speaking in a note, of Gregory's going to Constantinople, I think I made a mistake about the exact time; but as I lately changed my place of residence, and very few of my books are unpacked, I cannot speak with certainty.

I must not forget to state, that I corrected the proof sheets of my Translations, only as far as p. 320. I am therefore not answerable

for any typographical errors, which may be discovered beyond that page. Neither did I correct the proof sheets of the Preface which succeeds this. If any mistakes of the press, should be found in those parts which I did correct, the circumstance of my not being able to examine them with my own eyes, will I trust be admitted as an excuse.—I shall conclude this Preface, by desiring the reader to bear in mind, that the most important part of my book is, not what I have translated from the Fathers, nor what I have said of the Fathers; but what I have advanced respecting the Rhemish Testament, and the Rhemish notes. Are the passages which I have quoted, translated correctly, or incorrectly? Are the assertions in the notes, true or false?—If any thing should be written in reply, let the reader observe, whether my antagonist will dare to meet me upon those points, and give a direct answer to those questions.

It must however be remembered, that the Roman Catholics in general have one immense advantage over the Protestants. They know so little of Greek, that they can scarcely tell whether our translation of the

Greek Testament be right or wrong; and they are so utterly devoid of critical knowledge, that they cannot feel the force of an argument founded on critical investigation. Look at the *great* Bishop Milner. What a specimen have I given of his ignorance; an ignorance of the criticism, not merely of the Greek Testament, but of the *Vulgate itself*! What a contrast do such men form to the illustrious scholars and divines, who are the ornaments of Oxford, and of Cambridge!

Having mentioned the Universities, can I refrain from offering my remarks, on the melancholy prospect, which, in the opinion of some, expands before us? To some persons, perhaps to many, it seems probable that in a few years, the Church of England will be no more! And then—God knows what then. If He have decreed her fall, it behoves us to bow in meekness to his heavenly dispensation. As Christians we must be resigned; and yet—can we refrain from tears? It is not sinful, if a child put on mourning for its parent. And oh! is not she our parent? Her benediction visited us, almost as soon as the breath of heaven. She washed us in her baptismal fount: she hallowed our infancy:

she taught us to lisp the endearing names of God and of Christ: she nurtured us in her bosom: she laid before us, whatever is great, and dignified, whatever is august and glorious, in religion, philosophy, and learning! Unto her are we indebted, for a Hooker, and a Taylor; for Bacon, and Newton; for Bentley, and for Porson!—And now, that she is every where reviled, and persecuted; now, that she is hunted down, by Papists, by Unitarians, by Infidels; and—can it be that professing Christians join them? if we cannot save her from destruction, shall not we bear her pall, and be the mourners at her grave?—She sat by our cradle: let us gather round her tomb.—There is one death, to which her enemies cannot doom her. They cannot efface her from our remembrance. O Angel of our childhood; instructor of our youth; director of our age; thou, whose enemies would degrade thee to their level, because they cannot attain thy greatness; thou wilt not perish altogether! Thou wilt be enshrined in the temple of our hearts; embalmed in gratitude, and immortalized with praise.

That there are imperfections and abuses in the Church of England, as well as in all other churches ; I suppose every candid man will acknowledge : but every candid man, if competent to judge, must bend before the supremacy of her triumphant, her peerless learning. If she be doomed to fall, our Universities and our publick schools will endure not the unwonted separation, but desire companionship in her fate. They will perish with her, and with her be inurned.—If she be doomed to fall, she will descend in a blaze of glory ; and the tears of Apollo and the Muses, will be mingled with the more hallowed sorrows of her afflicted offspring* !

May 22nd, 1834.

* It appears to me that the Dissenters must be blind indeed, if they cannot perceive what is the end and object of the unslumbering Roman Catholics. I understand, that in this country, Popery is making the most rapid and gigantick strides. Should our national church be done away, I think there is no doubt, (humanly speaking) that in forty or fifty years, perhaps in a less time, Popery will again be the established religion ! Then will the Dissenters groan in the anguish of their hearts : they will repent of what they have achieved : they will weep at the remembrance of the good old times ; but their repentance and their sorrow will be too late.

PREFACE

TO

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD*.

AMONG the various works which, through caprice or prejudice, or some inexplicable cause, are not generally known even to the learned, may be ranked the *Anecdota* of Muratorius. I have not at hand any biographical dictionary to which I might refer; but I believe I am correct in stating, that Muratorius was an Italian by birth, and that he was librarian to the Duke of Modena. He was a man of much learning and research; and he took pleasure in bringing to light, such ancient works as were worthy of publication, but existed only in manuscript. He published the result of his labours in 1709, in four volumes quarto, under the title of *Anecdota*. To the lovers

* This little work was published in 1826. It contains the epitaphs, which the reader will find near the end of the present volume.

of Greek Poetry, the first of these volumes must prove the most interesting, for it contains about a hundred and forty epitaphs, with some other short poems. These were written by one of the most illustrious of the Greek Fathers, Gregory of Nazianzum; yet they appear to have been wholly unknown to those editors of Gregory's works who lived before the time of Muratorius.---The editor of the *Poetæ Christiani*, who has given in his fourth volume several of Nazianzen's poems, seems to have been unacquainted with these epitaphs. It was in the Ambrosium library that Muratorius discovered them.

There was a manuscript copy of them in the Medicæan library also, which the learned Salvinus kindly undertook to collate. These epitaphs are contained in the valuable manuscript of St. Gregory's Poems, which Dr. Clarke, the traveller, brought to England, and which was deposited in the Bodleian library.---About thirteen or fourteen years ago, the Greek Professor at Oxford, the learned Gaisford, published the *Scholia* which that manuscript contains; but surely he would have conferred on us a higher favour, if he had given us a critically correct edition of the Poems themselves.

Several years ago, I translated and published various passages of Gregory's Poems, and twenty of the above-mentioned epitaphs; and in the spring of the present year, I translated forty-eight of them, besides twelve on St. Basil. The whole number, to the amount of eighty, will be found in the ensuing pages.

In all the editions of Nazianzen's works, there is an elegy or epitaph on St. Basil, written in hexameters and pentameters, and consisting of fifty-two lines. About the latter end of 1813, or the beginning of 1814, I forget which, I made a somewhat curious discovery respecting this epitaph; and I published an account of it in the *Classical Journal*. I observed, that in the *Anecdota* there was not a single epitaph on Basil, although there were several on persons of less importance, and less dear to Gregory. This appeared very strange. So many epitaphs on others, and none on his beloved friend, excepting the one which is inserted among his other poems!--At length, the following idea presented itself to my mind. Perhaps Gregory wrote several short epitaphs on Basil, as he did on his other friends; and they were afterwards jumbled together through the carelessness or stupidity of the transcribers. I then began to meditate on the last two lines of the poem, which before had always appeared unintelligible; and I fancied that I perceived some meaning in them. They are as follows---

Γρηγόριος, Βασιλείε, τη κοινή ανεθηκα

Των επιγραμμάτων τηνδε δωδεκάδα.

If, thought I, Gregory wrote twelve epitaphs on Basil, the meaning of these lines is obvious. But does the poem consist of twelve? This may easily be ascertained.--It is an established rule, in the composition of epitaphs, that the name of the deceased should be mentioned at least once. From this rule

Gregory very seldom deviates ; and he seldom mentions the name of the departed more than once. If, then, this long elegy or epitaph be really compounded of twelve distinct pieces ; I shall most probably find, on examination, that the name of Basil occurs at least twelve times. I ran over the poem, and was gratified on finding, that Basil's name occurs *exactly twelve times*.

I think the reader cannot have any doubt upon the subject : but there is another circumstance which greatly confirms the opinion, that this poem originally existed in twelve distinct pieces. About the middle of it Basil speaks as if from the tomb, and the first two lines of his speech have no connection with any thing that Gregory has been saying. This is utterly inexplicable, except on the supposition, that the six lines which Basil speaks, originally formed one entire epitaph. As I cannot think that there is the smallest shadow of doubt on the question, I have translated the poem, arranging it in the manner in which I conceive the authour to have written it. I have not, however, in this, or in any other case, considered myself bound to introduce in the epitaph the name of the deceased. As it is either mentioned or referred to in the title, I thought I was at liberty to introduce it, or to omit it, as it might suit my convenience.

I have elsewhere expressed my surprise, that the poems of St. Gregory are so much neglected. Heathen authours are studied for their beauty, and Christian writers for their doctrine. They who have united the excellencies of both, have on both accounts

been studied. Why, then, is Grégory neglected? Reared in the universities of Alexandria and Athens, and instructed by professors the most illustrious of their day, he derived from them all the advantages which the heathen could impart, and he soared to heights which they were permitted not to climb. He drank of fountains, and gathered flowers, with the purity of whose waters, and the fragrance of whose bloom, their senses were never blest. Thus matured and thus qualified, he became an authour.

In the poetical productions of Gregory Nazianzen, we meet not with those faults which sometimes tarnish the lustre of his Orations. Here, the sun of righteousness is unobserved by clouds: no alloy is mixed with the pure gold of Christianity. Here, are no laboured antithesis, no overcharged metaphors, no invocation and intercession of the Saints*, no hyperbolical encomium on human merit. God and Christ; mercy and judgment; heaven and hell; time and eternity; the vanity of all sublunary things, and the unspeakable blessedness of spirits glorified—these are the lofty subjects of Nazianzen's Muse! He perceives the depravity of man in all its nature, in all its consequences: he designates himself a miserable sinner; and flees to Christ, as his refuge and his rest!†—Why, then, is St. Gregory neglected?

* In two or three Epitaphs, our Saint upholds this doctrine; but I do not remember to have met with any instance of it in his longer poems.

† In his poems are several beautiful prayers, to Christ in particular, and to the Holy Trinity in general: the finest perhaps of these, is that

I conceive that the following is the only ~~man~~ which can be assigned for this neglect. He occasionally offends by false quantities, and by ~~expressions~~ which the best Greek writers do not sanction. On this subject I wish to offer some remarks: and I request that the reader will carefully and calmly weigh them. It appears to me, that even the most learned men have fallen into error, in their animadversions on those authors who lived when the Greek and Latin languages were on the decline. My literary friends can all bear witness, that at all times I have venerated, I had almost said, idolized, Professor Porson. I therefore trust, I shall be considered as speaking in the extreme of modesty and diffidence, when I say, that on one occasion that great scholar spoke, or rather wrote, without due reflection. In a note to his edition of the Phœnissæ, he quotes an Iambick verse, in which Gregory had made the first syllable of ~~pen~~ short. He then exclaims—*Nōta metricam boni Episcopi scientiam*. Surely he wrote this without reflection. Let us suppose, that, instead of 1826, this was the year 1826; let us suppose, that the English nation had been long extinct; that the English language had long been a dead language, and that it was studied as we now study Greek and Latin. The critics would fix on some particular sora, as the

which commences near the top of page 41, and ends with the end of the poem, p. 42, tom. 2, ed. 1^{re} of Colon. Although it occupies nearly ninety lines, it is not dry or tedious. The simile of the tree, gradually uprooted by the wintry torrent, near the bottom of p. 40, is very striking and picturesque.

Augustan æra of British literature : let us suppose that the age of Queen Elizabeth was fixed on ; when they examined the works of Pope and Dryden, the criticks would perceive that several words were used by them, in a different sense from that in which they were employed by older writers ; and they would remark, that various words were accented by them differently from the way in which they were accented, not only in the days of Shakspeare, but even in those of Milton. Would it be just to condemn them ; to assert that they could not write either pure English or correct metre ; and to stigmatize them as *minus probati auctores* ? We know that it would not be just. Pope and Dryden knew very well, that such and such words were used in this or that sense, and were accented in this or that manner, by their illustrious predecessors : but the English language had undergone a change : and perhaps, in some instances, they themselves chose to break through established rules, and introduce a change.

Let us next suppose that the age of Dryden was considered the Augustan age. In that case, Scott and Byron would be looked upon as authours who wrote in the decline and fall of English literature. The criticks would observe, that both the diction and versification of these poets differed very materially from those of Pope and Dryden. We know, however, that although the Lay of the Last Minstrel differ essentially from the Flower and the Leaf ; and although the Bride of Abydos be very different from the Epistle to Abelard ; yet, Scott and Byron under-

PREFACE

... language and English prosody, as
... mentioned poets. Now, the case
... precisely the same. Having been in-
... the most eminent Heathen masters, and
... studied the ancient poets, he well
... writings the first syllable of *μῦθος*
... that the first syllable of *πᾶσι* was
... first syllable of *λυσίς* was short, &c. &c.
... thus; but the Greek language had
... change; and as the penultima of *καλός*,
... &c. &c. had anciently been common,
... the penultima of other words had become

... ascertained, that the Greek Trage-
... admitted an anapæst even in the third,
... the fourth foot of an Iambick trimeter;
... never admitted a hiatus of vowels;
... sometimes violated the established rules.
... that he could have done this from
... can there be any doubt, that, besides
... now extant, he had read many
... now?—He often makes the odd
... middle of a pentameter short: and I
... other deviations*. If Gregory

... Iambick verse, he frequently makes the fifth
... last word be a cretic, and be not preceded
... he often makes *καί* long before
... I have already said that he is
... in his Iambicks. In his heroick verse he
... but I have observed that in many, I think in

had been born a Roman, if Latin had been his native language, and he had written in Greek, as an exercise or an experiment ; then, indeed, the sneer of Porson would have been more justifiable.

There is another thing to be considered, which perhaps is never, or scarcely ever thought of ; I mean, the circumstance of so many ancient works being lost. All the Greek tragedies which are extant, amount only to thirty-two ; and those tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, which have perished, (not to mention the productions of inferior poets), amount to nearly *two hundred* ! If one half, or even one quarter of them were now in existence, we should probably, in some instances, find authorities to justify what we consider to be false quantities*.

most cases, the hiatus occurs at those words, which in ancient times were digammated. I do not mean to insinuate that Gregory had rediscovered the long lost Digamma, and invested it with pristine honours. Still however, the coincidence is curious.

* Gregory always makes *ἄσπος* feminine. Suppose that in one instance he had made it masculine, and that the Agamemnon had not been extant ; what would scholars have said ? We know however, that in one place of the Agamemnon, it is made masculine. In Gregory's Third Oration on Peace, the second in ed. Bened. near the beginning, I have actually met with the word *κατακρμα*. Now if the Supplices of Æschylus had not come down to us, what would the critics have said ? We know that this word occurs in the Supplices ; and what is remarkable, the penultima is made long, contrary to analogy. Some persons however may deem it a corrupt reading. Every one knows that several words are found in Æschylus, which are not met with in any other ancient author. If half a dozen, or a dozen more of his tragedies had been preserved, we might perhaps find in them, *νεοχνοος*, *σκοτομανα*,

It should also be observed, that this Christian poet has been very unfortunate in his editors. In the folio editions of his works, the poems are very incorrectly edited; and I cannot say that Muratorius has edited the epitaphs much better. He may have been a man of great and extensive reading; but he does not appear to have known much, even of Hexameter and Pentameter, far less of Iambick verse. I will adduce two or three specimens of his editorial powers. In one of the epitaphs on Nonna, an Hexameter verse begins thus:

Χωρος ἅπας δακρυσὶ τείοις.

For *δακρυσὶ*, Nazianzen unquestionably wrote *δακρυσιοῖς*. Towards the end of the same epitaph, we find the following verse:

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνδοθὶ τοιαῦτ' ἐκτοθὶ πασι πεφάνται.

Independently of the bad punctuation, this line is objectionable on two accounts: Gregory would not have written with less accuracy of diction and of metre, when it would have equally served his purpose to write with perfect correctness in both. We may therefore be assured, that he thus expressed himself:

* *Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνδοθὶ τοιαῦτ' ἐκτοθὶ πασι πεφάνται.*

and some other words which we now see in Gregory. The cases which I have been giving, have nothing to do with false quantities; but if he could be justified in two cases, he might be so in a third.

* About a year and a half after I wrote the above passage, as I was reading St. Gregory's Poem *Περὶ Παρθενότητος*, I was much pleased at meeting with a line, which, I think, completely confirms my emendation. *Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐνθαδὲ τοιαῦτ' ἐκτοθὶ πολλὸν ἀρεῖω.*

Tom. 2, p. 47.

In one of the epitaphs on Cæsarius, we find the following Iambicks :

Φθονοῦ τοδ' ἐστὶν ἔργον. πῶς δ' ἠνεγκεν αὐ

Νεὺν γεροντῶν εἰσορᾶν σοφωτέρων ;

I think we may be pretty certain, either that our poet wrote τοδ' ἔργον ἐστὶ, or else, that he wrote οὐκ ἠνεγκεν αὐ, and placed a full stop at the end of the sentence.

The Benedictine edition of St. Gregory's works never was completed. The first volume was published at Paris, in 1778. It is very beautifully, and very correctly printed. If the second volume had been published, we should have had a *complete* edition of his poems, and it would undoubtedly have been more accurate than any of the preceding ones. But how superior an edition would be produced, if one of our Oxford or Cambridge scholars would undertake the task* ! I think, that a selection from the poems of Nazianzen might be made for the use of schools†. The circumstance of his occasionally having false quantities, instead of being considered as an objection, ought rather to be regarded as an advantage.

* Two or three years ago, I was informed that the manuscript of the second volume of the Benedictine edition, quite prepared for publication, was still in existence, and had been offered to an eminent London bookseller, but that he declined purchasing it. Would it not be most honourable, if the University of Oxford, or Cambridge, were to finish what the Benedictine editors so admirably began ?

† In one of the collections of Greek Epigrams for the use of schools, two of Gregory's Epitaphs on Euphemius are given. Why those two were selected, I cannot tell. They are certainly not so beautiful as some of the others.

The circumstance might be stated to the boys, and they might be directed to find out as many false quantities as they could; or, to speak more correctly, as many instances as they could of Greek prosody in the days of our poet, differing from Greek prosody in the time of Homer, of Sophocles, of Theocritus. Thus, their knowledge of Greek metre would be increased, while their minds would be imbued with sublime and heavenly lore; such knowledge as they could not meet with in the less hallowed compositions of Heathen poets.

It may be desirable to some readers, that I should say something of the principal persons, who are commemorated in the following funeral Inscriptions. I have placed the Epitaphs on Cæsarius first, because he died before his parents. He was their youngest child. He was a young man of considerable talents, great attainments, and fervent piety. He was skilled in mathematicks and astronomy; but his principal fort was medicine. He was a physician by profession, and resided for some time at the court of the Emperour Julian, by whom he was much beloved. Our saint pronounced his funeral oration; of which the greater part is truly eloquent and sublime. I gave a short extract from it in the first edition of *Select Passages of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil*; and a much longer extract in the second edition.

St. Gregory's father bore the same name as himself. He was not born of Christian parents, nor educated as a Christian; but belonged to a sect,

whose religious rites were borrowed partly from the Jews, partly from the Heathens, and who were denominated Hypsistarii. He did not become a Christian until after he was married. He was first made a Presbyter, and afterwards the Bishop of Nazianzum*. Although his talents and learning appear to have been moderate, his piety and virtue were pre-eminent. He built a beautiful church, and performed the duties of a Christian prelate for many years. His eloquent son pronounced his funeral oration also. It is a noble composition throughout; but the concluding paragraph, wherein he consoles his aged mother, is one of the most elegant and affecting passages that I ever met with. The English reader may see an attempt to translate it, in *Select Passages of St. Chrysostom*, &c.

* His son alludes to this in some of the Epitaphs. It is worthy of remark, that when the elder Gregory was ordained, he was a married man. The Papists pretend, if my memory be correct, that when in ancient times a married man became a priest, he ceased to live with his wife. This is as false as their other pretences. In his Iambick Poem *De Vita Sua*, Gregory records a speech of his father, in which, addressing his son, he says,

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἐκμετρηκὸς βίον,
Ὅσος διήλθε θυσιῶν ἐμοὶ χρόνος.

This passage is invaluable, for it blows to atoms the Popish subterfuge. We here learn that the father was a priest *before* the son was born. St. Gregory was the *eldest* son. Gregory Nyssen, brother of Basil the Great, was not only married, but continued to have children even after he was made a bishop. Yet is he acknowledged as a saint by that *infallible and immutable* church, which does not permit her priests to marry.

St. Gregory wrote an elegant funeral discourse on his sister Gorgonia; but it does not appear that he ever wrote one on his mother Nonna. I think the reason must have been this. In his funeral oration on his father, he gave a full account of his mother's character, way of life, and spiritual attainments; and he so completely exhausted the subject, that he had nothing more to say, excepting only, that she died as she had lived. But of the poetical tributes which he has offered to her memory, he was not sparing. He wrote about twelve on his father Gregory, and sixteen on Cæsarius: but to Nonna, the aged, the sanctimonious Nonna, he devoted more than thirty. I have translated twelve of the epitaphs on his brother, seven of those on his father, and twenty-one of those on his mother. The variety of ideas, and the diversity of poetical beauties which shine throughout these epitaphs, are truly admirable; and when we reflect that Gregory wrote them in his old age, that his body was reduced by sickness, and that his mind had almost sunk beneath its great and various misfortunes; when we reflect on these things, we must surely allow that his genius was of no common character. It appears to me, that two or three of his poetical effusions to Nonna are quite picturesque, and afford an ample scope to the genius of the painter.

St. Basil was Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia. He was a man of very superiour talents and erudition; but I cannot think that he can, upon the whole, be compared to Nazianzen, though the latter so highly rated him. The friendship which subsisted between

these illustrious Fathers, appears to have been as much celebrated in their day, as the friendship of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, in former times; or that of Pylades and Orestes, in a period yet more ancient.

Of Amphilochus, and his interesting family, I believe there is no other record than that which St. Gregory has transmitted. It seems that Euphemius was a youth of very promising talents; that he was well acquainted with Roman, as well as Græcian literature, and that he died when he was on the point of being married. We learn from the last of the nine epitaphs, with which Nazianzen hath embalmed and sanctified his memory, that there was a park or garden, diversified by woods, irriguous with cooling fountains, rendered vocal by the melody of birds, and fanned by the zephyr, whose gentle whispers invited to repose. This enchanting paradise was the beloved haunt of Euphemius, when living; and after his decease it was designated by his name.

On these nine pieces, but especially on the last, St. Gregory appears to have exerted all his genius. The epitaphs on Nonna, though by no means deficient in poetick beauty, are chiefly distinguished by their piety and pathos; but in ornamented diction and brilliant imagery, those on Euphemius stand unrivalled.

In four of the funereal tributes to Martinianus, a circumstance is alluded to, which may require explanation. In the time of Gregory, a prophane and sacrilegious custom prevailed, of breaking open sepulchres, for the sake of the treasure which was

believed to be deposited in them. There is one thing more, which seems to need an explanation. Although our Saint generally expresses himself as becomes a Christian, yet, in some of his epitaphs on Cæsarius and Euphemius, he uses the language of complaint, and says that Envy hath laid them low. I conceive the following to be the only solution of this apparent incongruity. He wrote sometimes as a Christian, sometimes as a Heathen ; I mean, that he sometimes wrote a classical composition, in the style and manner of the Ancient Poets. Milton was educated as a Christian ; and so was the friend, whom he celebrated under the name of Lycidas. Yet, in the greater part of his most exquisite elegy, the imagery is heathen ; and the winds, and the waves, and the nymphs, are rebuked, because they permitted Lycidas to perish. It was thus, I conceive, that our Saint occasionally wrote.

If the English reader should wish to see any specimens of his other poetical productions, I beg leave to refer him to my *Select Poems of Synesius and Gregory Nazianzen* ; or to a couple of extracts, which I gave at the end of my *Translation of the Agamemnon of Æschylus**.

I have now said all that I was desirous of saying, and more perhaps than the reader may deem necessary, on the subject of St. Gregory and his neglected writings. It would be easy to give a long list of

* In the present work, these various pieces are collected, and as far as I could do it, systematically arranged.

quotations from ancient and even from modern writers, who have celebrated him on account of his oratorical, as well as his poetick excellencies. I could do this ; but it is not my object to make an unnecessary display of learning. If this little volume should render one reader of taste acquainted with an authour, of whose merits, of whose existence, perhaps, he had never heard ; if it allure one classical scholar to pour a libation to Nazianzen's shade, or induce one Christian preacher to kindle his eloquence at Nazianzen's altar ; my labours will have been sufficiently, though not abundantly rewarded.

TO THE
ROMAN CATHOLICKS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

I DEDICATE to you this volume, because it contains some truths in which you are concerned. I am not a Priest interested in deceiving you : I am not an authour writing for bread, employed regularly by a bookseller, and prepared to write any thing by which money may be acquired. You may therefore believe what I tell you. You have been deceived : you have been cruelly deceived : you have been assured that the Roman Church was always what it is at present ; and that all the Greek, as well as Latin Fathers, were Roman Catholicks ! And who have told you this ? A set of men, who know little or nothing of the Greek Fathers. I am confident there is scarcely a Romish

Priest in England or Ireland, who has ever read in the original, a single page of the easiest, much less of the most difficult Greek Father. I am confident there is scarcely one, who can construe a sentence of Gregory Nazianzen. If you doubt me, you can make the experiment. In my notes, I have given several short passages from Gregory, both in prose and in verse. Ask some Priest whom you consider learned, to render them into English. I suspect the poor man will be sadly puzzled. You must not ask him to translate the passages from Æschylus, for *they* would lay him prostrate. How can such men be competent judges ?

You are a brave, independent body. You would not willingly submit to any thing, which you deemed *political* tyranny. How then can you submit to the most degrading, and oppressive of all tyrannies ; the tyranny of *Priests* ? You are sensible men. You would not tolerate nonsense in other matters. How then, can you swallow the most egregious of all nonsense, the most monstrous of all monstrosities ? How can you believe that a wafer is metamorphosed into a human body ; not a human body in the abstract, which would be less absurd ; but one already in existence, which is absolutely impossible ? How can you believe that this is effected in all parts of the world at once ? How can you endure such trash, such ineffable trash ?---And then, the Saints ! How can you offer up your prayers to this Saint and that Saint ; when you are permitted, nay invited, nay commanded, to go at once to the great God of the

universe; and in the name of his holy Son, to sue not only for salvation, but for every thing, which it is reasonable to ask?

The Church of England holds every doctrine which came from God, and rejects every dogma which is the invention of man. Listen unto her. The most ignorant of her Clergy are more learned than your Priests; and as for the most learned among them; they are *profound*, they are *first-rate scholars*. With the exception of the German scholars, they have no rivals in the world. Look at our bench of Bishops. Without hesitation I affirm, that there never beamed from the bench episcopal, such a constellation, such a blaze of illustrious scholars, as that which adorns it now? Surely, such men are more capable of enlightening you, than a myriad of half-educated Priests; of Priests, who read the scripture, *only* in a corrupt Latin translation, and who are wicked enough to pretend, or stupid enough to believe, that this translation is preferable to the original!

Some of you are permitted to read the New Testament; but in what version? In the Rhemish*. I have shewn in my Preface, not only that one of the Fathers has been iniquitously garbled; but that the Rhemish translators have nefariously perverted the Word of God, to make it speak the language of

* I have just met with an edition of this book, published as late as 1832. Some persons are incorrigible. It contains all the calumnies, as well as the falsehoods and mistranslations.

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your church. If any man should deny this, his denial must be ascribed either to gross ignorance, or to determined knavery, combined with unblushing impudence. That your eyes may at length be opened ; that you may shake off the disgraceful yoke ; that you may act as becomes men ; free-born, independent, rational men, is the ardent hope of your friend, and well-wisher,

H. S. BOYD.

June 18th, 1834.

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SIX DISCOURSES,

&c. &c.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S

Oration on Eutropius, pronounced at Constantinople, in the Church of St. Sophia, A.D. 399.

THE ARGUMENT.

AMID the inconsistent and disgraceful acts which marked the reign of the weak Arcadius, the following is not the least.—Eutropius, by birth obscure, by nature cruel, vindictive, and ambitious, was raised to the highest dignities of the state, and was styled consul, and father of the emperour. In the zenith of his greatness, he exercised his power with the

most excessive tyranny, and enacted the severest laws against the Christian church. At length the day of retribution came. He was stripped of all his grandeur, his titles, and his wealth, and was reduced to the order of the meanest citizens. Thus conditioned, he fled for refuge to the altar of the cathedral. Chrysostom received him with the charity of a Christian, and the tenderness of a parent. On the succeeding day, when the news of his disgrace and flight had been published through the city, the people flocked in crowds to the cathedral, that they might exult in the distress of their once-dreaded tyrant, and drag him forth to punishment. The time was critical. There was no leisure for premeditation. Weaned from each unholy appetite, estranged from every passion, save an ardent love of God and of his creatures, the orator ascended St. Sophia's pulpit. The sanctity of his character, as well as the importance of his theme, received the homage of universal silence; and in a golden flood of extemporaneous

eloquence, of which, as Suidas observes*, no other man in any age was master, he thus appeased his empassioned auditors.

In every period, but most especially in the present, we may exclaim, ‘Vanity of vanities,—all is vanity.’ Where now are the costly insignia of the consulship, and where the blaze of torches? where now is the enthusiasm of applause, and the festive dance, and the sumptuous banquet, and the crowded levee? where are the crowns, and canopies? where is the tumult that echoed through the city, the acclamations which resounded in the hippodromes, and the flattery of the spectators?—All these are fled. A storm instantaneously rising hath scattered the rich foliage on the ground, presenting to our eyes

* Οὐδεὶς οὖν τῶν ἀπ’ αἰῶνος τοιαυτὴν λόγων ἠνπορήσεν ευροίαν, ἢν μόνος αὐτὸς ἐπλούτησε.

Suidas in vocem Ἰωαννης.

See also Philotheus Orat. in Chrys. Greg. et Bas. and Photius, Cod. 172.

the desolated tree, naked, and quivering to its roots. So vehement was the blast, so infuriate the hurricane, that it threatened to tear up the very roots from their proud foundation, and to rend the nerves and vitals of the tree. Where now are the fictitious friends? where are the carousals and the feasts? where is the swarm of parasites, the streaming goblets of exhaustless wine, the arts which administered to luxury, the worshippers of the consular authority, whose words and actions were the slaves of interest? — They were the vision of a night, and the illusion of a dream; but when the day returned, they were blotted from existence: they were flowers of the spring; but when the spring departed, they were all withered: they were a shadow, and it passed away: they were a smoke, and it was dissolved: they were bubbles of water, and they were broken: they were a spider's web, and it was torn. Wherefore let us proclaim this spiritual saying, incessantly repeating 'Vanity of

vanities,—all is vanity.’ This is a saying which should be inscribed on our garments, in the Forum, in the houses, in the highways, on the doors, and on the thresholds ; but far more should it be engraven on each man’s conscience, and be made a theme of ceaseless meditation. Since fraud, and dissimulation, and hypocrisy, are by the many credited for truth ; it behoves each man, on each passing day, at supper, and at dinner, and in the public meetings, to repeat unto his neighbour, and to hear his neighbour repeating unto him, ‘Vanity of vanities,—all things are vanity.’

Did I not continually say to you, that wealth is a fugitive slave ? but my words were not endured. Did I not perpetually remind you, that it is a servant void of gratitude ? but you were not willing to be convinced. Lo ! experience hath proved to thee, that it is not only a fugitive slave, not only an ungrateful servant, but likewise a destroyer of man. It is this which hath undone thee, which hath

abased thee in the dust. When thou wert so oft indignant, because I declared the truth ; did I not maintain, that I felt a sincerer friendship for thee, than they who flattered thee ? that while I reprehended, I was more solicitous for thy welfare, than they whose object was to gratify thy passions ? Did I not observe, that the wound inflicted by a friend, is more worthy of regard than the kisses of an enemy ? If thou had endured the wounds my hand inflicted, perchance their kisses had not engendered this death to thee. For my wounds were the ministers of health, but their kisses the harbingers of disease.—Where now are thy slaves and cup-bearers ? Where are they who walked insolently through the Forum, obtruding upon all their encomiums on thee ? They have taken the alarm ; they have renounced thy friendship ; they have made thy downfall the foundation of their security. Far different our practice. In the full climax of thine enormities we braved thy fury, and now that thou art fallen, we cover thee with

our mantle, and tender thee our service. The church, unrelentingly besieged, hath spread wide her arms, and pressed thee to her bosom ; while the theatres, those idols of thy soul, which so oft have drawn down thy vengeance upon us, have betrayed thee, have abandoned thee. And yet did I cease exclaiming, Wherefore these impotent attempts ? Maddening with Bacchic rage, thou seekest to overturn the church, and thine incautious steps will be hurried down the precipice. But all was disregarded ! The hippodromes having consumed thy riches, sharpen their swords against thee ; while the church, poor suffering victim of thy wrath, traverses the mountains, valleys, woods, panting to rescue thee from the snare.

I speak not these things to trample on the prostrate, but more firmly to establish the upright : I aim not to lacerate a wound yet bleeding, but to ensure sweet health to those who are unwounded : I wish not to bury in an abyss of waters, him who is half-drowned

already, but to caution those whose bark glides smoothly on the ocean, lest they should be wrecked at last. And how shall they be preserved? Let them meditate on the vicissitudes of mortals. This very man, had he but feared a change, had not experienced a change. But since neither foreign nor domestic examples could reclaim him, ye, at least, who are enshrined in wealth, from his calamity should derive instruction. Nothing is more imbecile or more empty than the affairs of men; therefore, whatever terms I might employ to denote their vileness, my illustration would be insufficient. To call them a blade of grass, a smoke, a dream, a flower, would be to stamp a dignity upon them, for they are less than nothing!

That they are not only empty and unsubstantial, but likewise pregnant with disaster, is manifest from hence. Was ever man more elevated, more august than he? Did he not surpass the universe in wealth? Did he not ascend to the pinnacle of grandeur? Did

not all men tremble and bend before him? Lo! he is become more necessitous than the slave, more miserable than the captive, more indigent than the beggar wasted with excess of hunger: each day doth he behold swords waving, gulphs yawning, the lictors, and the passage to the grave: if ever he experienced happiness, he forgets it now: he regards not even the blessed light, but standing in meridian day, as though he were enveloped in tenfold darkness, his sight and feeling are extinct. But no language which I might use, and no similitude which I might employ, could be commensurate to the agony he endures, each hour expecting that his head will be severed from his body! And wherefore should I attempt to delineate those sufferings, which he himself, in glowing colours, hath depicted to us? But two days ago, when they went to drag him from the imperial halls, and he fled to the sacred vessels; pale was his countenance, as though he were an inmate of the tomb; his teeth chattered; his whole frame

trembled ; his speech was broken ; his tongue was motionless : ye would have thought his very heart had been congealed to stone.

Believe me, I relate not this to insult and triumph in his fall, but that I may soften your heart's asperity, may allure you to compassionate, and persuade you to rest satisfied with his present anguish. Since there are persons in this assembly, who even reproach my conduct in admitting him to the altar, to charm away the inhumanity of their breasts, I unfold the history of his woes. Wherefore, O my friend, art thou offended ? Because, thou wilt reply, that man is sheltered by the church, who waged an incessant war against it. This is the especial reason for which we should glorify our God, because he hath permitted him to stand in so awful a necessity, as to experience both the power and the clemency of the church ! the power of the church, because his continued persecutions have drawn down this thunderbolt on his head ; and her clemency, because, still bleed-

ing from her wounds, she extends her shield as a protection, she covers him with her wings, she places him in an impregnable security; and, forgetting every past circumstance of ill, she makes her bosom his asylum and repose. No illustrious conquest, no high-raised trophy could reflect so pure a splendour: this is a triumph which might cover the infidel with shame, and raise even the blushes of the Jew! It is this which irradiates her face with smiles, and lights up her eye with exultation. She hath received, she hath cherished a fallen enemy; and when all besides abandoned him to his fate, she alone, like a tender mother, hath covered him with her garment, and withstood at once the indignation of the prince, the fury of the people, and a spirit of inextinguishable hatred! This is the glory of our altar! What glory is there, you will exclaim, in receiving an iniquitous wretch unto the altar? Ah! speak not thus, since even a harlot took hold of the feet of Christ, a harlot utterly impure; yet no reproach proceeded

from Jesus's lips: he approved, he praised her. The impious did not contaminate the holy, but the pure and spotless Jesus rendered by his touch the impure harlot pure. O man! remember not thine injuries. Are we not the servants of a crucified Redeemer, who said, as he was expiring, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." But he interdicted this asylum, you will say, by his decrees and laws. But he now perceives the nature of what he did, and is himself the first to dissolve the laws which he enacted. He is become a spectacle to the world, and, though silent, from hence he admonisheth the nations, Do not such things as I have done, lest ye should suffer what I suffer. Illustrated by this event, the altar darts forth an unprecedented splendour, and shines a warning beacon to the earth. How tremendous, how august doth it appear, since it holdeth this lion in chains, and crouching at our feet! Thus also, would a monarch appear most glorious in a picture, not when seated on a throne, invested with purple

and adorned with jewels ; but when treading beneath his feet captive barbarians, who crouch at his footstool and grovel in the dust.

That I give not an exaggerated description, nor speak with plausibility of words, ye yourselves can attest, who behold this tumultuous concourse. This day, a most brilliant spectacle, a most venerable assembly is presented to my eyes ; the church is thronged as on the festival of Easter, and this culprit, with a silence more eloquent than the trumpet's voice, summoneth the city hither. Ye virgins abandoning your chambers, ye matrons quitting your retirements, ye men leaving the Forum empty, have flocked together here ; that ye might behold the true nature of man demonstrated, the nothingness of human grandeur publicly revealed, and yon meretricious countenance, which yesterday was brightened with the tints of youth, now betraying the grim wrinkles of disease and age* ; this reverse

* It is not improbable that this splendid passage was suggested

of fortune, like a dripping sponge, having wiped off the plastered paint and the fictitious charm ! Such is the potency of this hapless day. It hath rendered the proudest of nature's tyrants, the meanest, the most abject of her children !

Doth the rich man enter here? Abundant is his gain. For, beholding the common scourge of nations degraded from such an elevation, tamed of his savage nature, and become more

to St. Chrysostom's imagination, by those exquisite lines in the Agamemnon, where Cassandra bewails the lot of mortals :

Ἰὼ βροτεία πραγμάτων· εὐτυχοῦντα μὲν
σκία τις ἂν τρέψειεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχοῖ,
βολαῖς ὕγρωσσαν σπογγὸς ὠλεσεν γραφὴν.

Æschyli Agamem. v. 1298. edit. Blomfield.

Whether he was or was not indebted, in the present instance, to that august tragedy, we have undoubted proofs that he had familiarized himself with it's beauties ; for not to mention resemblances of a more trifling nature, we meet with a palpable imitation, in his second panegyric on the martyr Babylas. Narrating an atrocious murder, which a monarch had committed, and pointing out the various reasons which should have moved him to compassion, he says: ΑΛΛ' ΟΥΧ ὁ θηρ ἐκεῖνος ἐπαθε τι τοιοῦτον οὔδεν, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ τι ἄρνιον καταθνεῖν μέλλων ἡ μοσχὸν, ὅττω διετεθεῖ προς τὴν μαρὰν ἐκείνην σφαγὴν. *Tom. v. p. 447. edit. Savil.*

Clytemnestra, speaking of Agamemnon, says :

Ὅς οὐ προτιμῶν, ὥσπερ εἰ βοτῶν μορον,
μήλων φλεοντῶν εὐποκοῖς νομμεμασιν,
ἐθυσεν αὐτοῦ παῖδα. v. 1388.

timid than the most timid animal; bound without fetters to that pillar, and girt around with fear as with a chain; he calms his effervescent pride, he represses his swelling spirit; and philosophizing on the state of man, as it is fitting he should philosophize, he retires, learning from experience, and feeling with conviction, that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth."—

The poor man entering here, and gazing on yon spectacle of woe, accounteth not himself as vile, nor grieveth that he is poor. Nay, he droppeth a tear of gratitude to his poverty, because it hath been to him a citadel which never can be stormed, a harbour where no billows rage, a wall of adamantine strength. Seeing what he sees, his soul is tranquillized; and far rather would he cling to his present lot, than, possessing for an hour the treasures of the universe, be agonized as long as he may live by the horrors of anticipated destruction. Do ye not perceive what a benefit accrues

to the wealthy and the poor, to the lowly and the exalted, to the slave and to the free, from this wretch's flight unto the altar? Do ye not perceive how each man departs, bearing away a healing balsam, strengthened and instructed by this sight alone?—And now have I mollified your hearts, and assuaged your fury? Have I extinguished your savage spirit? Have I melted you to sympathy?—Most assuredly I have. Your mournful looks proclaim it; your flowing tears attest it. Since, then, this flinty rock is become prolific, this barren desert fertile; let us hail the auspicious moment. Blooming the fruit of pity, and yielding in rich exuberance a golden harvest of compassion, let us fall at our monarch's feet; or rather let us implore the mercy-breathing God, that he may soothe the emperor, and incline his heart to pardon.—And truly, since that day on which he sought refuge in the church, no small a change hath been effected. For when the soldiers thronged about the prince, labouring to inflame his

rage, and seeking this sinner's blood ; he directed to them a long discourse, exhorting them not to hold in remembrance his frailties only : if one virtuous action could be called his own, they should dwell on that ; for that, they should grant him their esteem, and what he had done amiss should pardon, because he was a man. But when they still thirsted to avenge their sovereign, crying aloud, stamping on the ground, brandishing their spears, and demanding retribution ; pouring at length a fountain of tears from the gentlest eyes that ever wept, and calling their attention to the sanctity of that table, whither he had fled ; he thus appeased their fury.

It now remains, that the application be made unto your hearts.—Oh ! what mercy, what pardon do ye expect, if, when the emperor who has been insulted, forgets the injury, ye, who have sustained no insult, can cherish such an enmity ? When this assembly shall be dissolved, will ye have the hardihood to ap-

proach the mysteries, and to repeat that prayer, in which we are commanded to say, "Forgive us, even as we forgive our debtors," while ye are exacting justice of your debtor?—Have not his enormities been excessive? I admit the charge. But this is a season of mercy, not of judgment; of remission, not of accusation; of indulgence, not of scrutiny; of grace and favour, not of trial and condemnation. Wherefore, let not any of us repine or be inflamed with anger, but rather let us entreat the mercy-breathing God to grant him a prolongation of his life, that he may erase his crimes; and let us supplicate our gracious monarch, in the name of the altar, in the authority of the church, beseeching him that she may call a single individual her own. If this should be our course, the monarch will approve,* but far more will God applaud our

* *Ὁ βασιλεὺς αποδεχεται, καὶ πρὸ τοῦ βασιλεὺς ὁ Θεὸς ἐπαινεσεται.* Alluding to this a little after, Chrysostom says. *Ὁ βασιλεὺς ἐπαινεσεται καθάπερ ἐφθην εἰπών.* This slip of the memory tends to show, that the oration was pronounced extempore. They who are well acquainted

deed, and bestow upon us a large requital for our humanity. For as he detests the cruel and inhuman, so likewise does he regard the compassionate and merciful. If such a one should be a righteous man, he prepareth for him a crown yet more resplendent; and if he be a sinner, he blotteth out his sins, allotting him this recompense of his sympathy with a fellow mortal. For, saith he, "I would have mercy, and not sacrifice:" and ye may perceive that in every part of the sacred writings he is always demanding this, and declaring that this is the remission of transgressions. If this then be our course, what a cloud of blessings will encircle us! We shall render the Almighty propitious to ourselves; we shall escape the chastisement of our sins; we shall irradiate the church with glory; our benignant monarch will applaud us, as I have already mentioned; by the whole people we shall be

with his writings, may have observed, that beautiful as this discourse is, it does not evince that elaborate and finished composition, which characterizes several of his works.

extolled; at the very confines of the world, the magnanimity of our city will be admired, and every inhabitant of the earth, when he shall hear the deed, will celebrate our name. That we may enjoy such inestimable rewards, let us kneel, let us remonstrate, let us implore; let us rescue from impending evils this prisoner, this fugitive, this suppliant; that we may enjoy the future blessings also, through the grace and the beneficence of Jesus Christ our Lord; unto whom be ascribed glory and dominion, both now, and in every period, and throughout eternity! Amen.

ST. BASIL'S

HOMILY ON THE FORTY MARTYRS.

CAN a genuine lover of the Martyrs, ever feel satiety in the commemoration of the Martyrs; especially when he considereth that the praise of a fellow mortal, evidenceth our love unto the common Lord? It is manifest, that he who admireth the great, and worthy, if similar occasions shall arrive, will not be wanting in emulation. Surely then, thou shouldst account as blessed, him who hath nobly acted the martyr's part; that so in thine heart, thou mayst become a martyr; without persecution, without the scourge, without the fire; and mayst be crowned with similar rewards. Lo!

it is proposed to us, to magnify not one alone, nor two; nor is their glorious number circumscribed e'en by ten. Here are forty, who having, as it were, one soul presiding in many bodies, united and symphonious in faith, displayed one fortitude in braving ills, and one determination in religion's cause. They all were consentaneous: equal in their purpose; equal in their conflict: wherefore they are accounted worthy of equal wreaths. Oh! what discourse can reach the altitude of their desert? E'en forty tongues would be insufficient to hymn the valour of so many chieftains. If but one hero were the theme of my admiration, that one would vanquish my ineffectual and baffled eloquence; how much more, a company so great! Behold an embattled phalanx; a host whom no army can encounter: equally unconquerable in fight, and unapproachable in praise!

Come now; let us lead them into the midst of the arena, and from them deduce a common benefit; displaying unto all as in a

picture, their pre-eminent achievements. Since both the limner and rhetorician often illustrate noble deeds of war; the one delineating them on a tablet, the other dignifying them by a discourse; and both awaken many to bold emprise; (for what the orator's narration presenteth to the ear, the silent eloquence of painting proclaimeth to the eye;) I also will recall to the hearers' memory, the virtues of the men; and exhibiting as it were, their exploits, will rouse to emulation the grand in soul, the assimilate in disposition. To excite the assembled people unto virtue—this is the genuine encomium of a martyr. The praises of a saint endure not to obey the laws of human panegyric; for when worldly men pronounce an encomium, they derive from terrestrial objects, the sources of their commendation. But unto those who have crucified the world, how can any of its dross become the material of praise?

The martyrs whom I am about to celebrate, were not of one, but of divers regions. What

then? Shall I say they were without a country, or that they were citizens of the world? For as in a general contribution to an entertainment, that which is provided by each, becometh the property of all; so also with respect to these blessed men, the country of each becometh the land of all: they all proceed from each single region, exchanging with each other their native clime.—But wherefore should we enquire, what was their country upon earth, when we may consider the region they now inhabit; may consider what that region is? The city of the Lord, “whose artificer and architect is God;” the heavenly Jerusalem; the mother of Paul, and of those who resemble Paul; this is the city of the martyr! On earth, they were of divers families; but now, are they comprehended in one great family. God is their common parent, and they all are brethren; unbegotten by human generation, but become brethren through the adoption of the Spirit. They are attuned in sweetest unison; blent by love in the sym-

phony of the heart ; a choir already formed ; a mighty accession unto those, who, from the world's creation, have glorified the Lord ; not singly added to that celestial company, but at once translated !

And what the manner of their translation ?
—Being of lofty stature, in the bloom of youth, and pre-eminent in strength ; and in all these things surpassing their companions ; they were appointed for active service, in the army. Through their military skill, and consummate bravery, they were soon advanced by the king to the highest honours ; and on account of their virtue, were celebrated by all. But when that unholy, and God-abjuring edict was proclaimed, commanding that men should not confess Christ, or, confessing him, should be exposed to dangers ; when every mode of punishment was threatened, and the minds of the nefarious judges, glowing with no common wrath, blazed high against the righteous ; when the subtle web of stratagem was woven for their entanglement ; when the

varieties of torture, were studied as a science ; when they who administered them became inexorable, and the fire was prepared, and the falchion was sharpened, and the cross was rooted in the earth ; when the pit, and the wheel, and the scourge were publicly displayed ; when some fled, some yielded, and some were wavering ; when some trembled at the bare threats, before they experienced aught of suffering ; when some, having approached near to those dread tortures, were seized with giddiness ; and others, who had entered on the conflict, being unable to reach the termination of their toil, despaired in the midst of the combat, and like mariners in a storm, casting overboard whatever is moveable, renounced the little patience they possessed ; then, these unconquered, and illustrious warriors of Christ, advanced into the midst : and when the ruler displayed the imperial edict, and demanded their obedience ; with unrestrained voice, confidently and courageously ; fearless alike of what they beheld, and of what was

threatened, they cried aloud that they were Christians. Oh! how blessed were the lips, which pronounced that holy word. Hallowed was the breeze that wafted it: the angels hearing it, awoke the hymn of gratulation: Satan and his dæmons were thrilled with anguish; and God inscribed it in the heavens! —Each therefore, standing in the midst, exclaimed, I am a Christian! And as in the stadium, those who have stripped themselves for the combat, pronounce their own names, at the moment they reach the scene of their contention; casting off their earthly appellations, they designated themselves by the name of their common Saviour and Lord. This did they all successively. Thus they had one common name; for all other titles were absorbed in that single word, a Christian!

But how did the governor then act? Being both crafty and severe, he essayed, partly, by flattery to persuade them, and partly, by threatenings to shake their purpose. He first endeavours, with the sweet blandishments of

who despise idols. The strokes by thee inflicted, I regard as those of children: for thou canst wound the body only; which, the longer it endureth torment, will be enwreathed with a more refulgent glory. Should it quickly be destroyed, it will be freed from judges so harsh and cruel; from you, who, having dominion over our bodies, strive to enslave our souls; from you, who, if we do not prefer you to our God, complain that ye have experienced the last of injuries, and spread before us these fearful chastisements, accounting piety our crime. But not with men, abject, and easily affrighted; not with men clinging to life, will ye have to deal. Lo! we are prepared, for the love of Jesus, to be stretched on the wheel; to be tortured on the rack; yea, to be burnt to ashes.

When the proud barbarian heard these words, unable to contain himself, and burning with excess of fury; he considered what kind of torture he should choose, as tending at once to make their sufferings protracted, and

Thou offerest me wealth, which passeth away; glory, whose blossoms fall. Thou wouldst make me distinguished by an apparent monarch; but wouldst alienate me from him, who is indeed a Sovereign! Wherefore, in thy poor and grovelling conceptions, dost thou offer me a handful of worldly good? I condemn thy world. The aspectable universe were incommensurate to the object of mine aspiration. Dost thou behold yon heaven? In beauty how majestic! how infinite in extent! Dost thou behold this earth, and the wonders that adorn it? Yet, nothing e'en of these, is equipollent to the blessedness of the just. For these things are transient; but what I long for, that endureth: I desire one only gift; a wreath of righteousness: I tremble and pant, for one only glory; the glory of the celestial kingdom. Mine ambition hath respect to supernal honour: I fear alone the punishment of hell. That is the only fire I dread. The fire which thou threatenest, is as I am, a servant of God: it can reverence those,

borne. At last, the extremities, burnt as it were by fire, drop off; for the warmth being driven from the ends of the body, and rushing to the centre, leaveth dead the parts whence it retreateth, and agonizeth the part in which it is compressed. Thus, death cometh slowly on.*

Therefore, were they doomed to pass the night† in the open air; at a time when the lake, around which was built the city where they were to sustain their conflict, was like a race-course. So completely was it congealed, such a plain of ice was formed, that the inhabitants were enabled to pass over it in security.

* I entertain no doubt of the correctness of this description, for St. Basil was a man of universal knowledge. He was not merely a profound Theologian, and a finished Orator; but was deeply skilled in medicine, in the various branches of natural philosophy, and in mathematics. His Homilies on the Hexameron must therefore contain invaluable treasures. I can judge only of their purity and elegance of style, the splendid imagery which adorns them, and the religious sentiments which hallow them: but the philosopher would doubtless find in them, whatever was known in the fourth century, of Astronomy, Natural History, &c.

† How comprehensive, as well as beautiful, is the Greek language! What I am obliged to express in seven words, St. Basil states in two:—*διανυκτερεύειν κατεδικασθησαν*.

The rivers perennially flowing, being now imprisoned in icy fetters, poured forth their streams no more; the gently-yielding water became inflexible as stone; and the desolating blast urged on whatever had life, to the region of death.

When they heard the decree pronounced, (and here observe their undaunted resolution;) casting off their last raiment, they went forward to a frozen death. Shouting to one another, as in the capture of spoils, they exclaimed; And think ye, that we are laying aside our garments? Are we not rather casting off "the ancient Adam, who hath become corrupt through insidious desires?" We bless and magnify thee, O Lord; because, together with our vestment, we cast off our sin. Since through the serpent we put on clothing; through Christ let us put it off! Let us not cling to that, which we have inherited by the loss of Paradise. Even our Lord was stripped! Should a slave complain, if he experience his master's fate? Nay; we ourselves are they who stripped the

Lord.—That deed the soldiers dared ; for they tore off, and divided, his garments. Let us then, by our deed, expunge the accusation, recorded against us. Bitter is the cold ; but Paradise is sweet : painful the freezing death, but delectable the enjoyment : let us wait a little season, and we shall be warmed in the bosom of the Patriarch : let us exchange one night for a whole eternity ! Let our feet be burnt off by the parching frost, that they may move for ever in the dance angelical : let our hands fall from us, that they may be freely raised in adoration of their God. How many of our compeers have fallen in the front of the battle, testifying their allegiance to a mortal sovereign ! And we, whose faith repositeth on the King immortal, shall not we, for that faith, renounce our life ? How many have died the death of criminals, convicted of acts nefarious ! And shall not we consent to die, in the cause of righteousness ? Let us not shrink back, O fellow-warriors ! Let us not “yield to Satan.” Our bodies are only flesh : let us not spare them. And since it

behoveth us to die ; let us so die, that we may live. Let us be sacrificed before thee, O Lord ; and being made an offering through our freezing death, may we be received, “ a living sacrifice, well pleasing ” unto thee ! It is a new oblation, an unheard of holocaust ; consumed not by fire, but by cold.

Calling to each other, and giving these encouraging monitions ; standing as an advanced post in time of war, bearing with fortitude their sufferings ; rejoicing in the object of their hopes ; contemning the machinations of their enemy, they spent the night. One prayer was breathed by all. Forty in number have we come unto the stadium : let the whole number, O Lord, be crowned. Let not one individual be lost. Glorious was he, whom thou didst ennoble by a fast of forty days ; through whom the divine legislation entered into the world. Seeking God, and fasting forty days, Elijah obtained the desired vision.—Such was the prayer they offered. At length one of the number, yielding to the greatness of his sufferings, left his station,

and departed from them ; implanting in their holy bosoms, a sorrow inexpressible. The Lord however, permitted not their aspiration to ascend in vain ; for the officer who was employed to guard the martyrs, and was warming himself at a neighbouring gymnasium ; watched for every thing which might happen, being ready to receive any of the soldiers, should they quit their place. A bath had been prepared near at hand, proclaiming an immediate aid unto those, who might change their purpose. For their enemies had artfully selected as the scene of their contestation, a spot, in which the readiness of the succour, might unnerve the resolution of the combatants. This very circumstance threw a brighter lustre on the fortitude of the martyrs ; for he is not the truly brave, who sustaineth what he is compelled to bear ; but he who, when an abundant enjoyment is presented, persevereth in enduring pain. But while the martyrs were continuing their warfare, and the guard was anxiously observing them, he beheld a strange and wondrous

spectacle. He saw a company of angels descending from the skies, and distributing gifts among the soldiers ; gifts, whose effulgent glory proclaimed the Almighty giver. He saw them enriching all the others with that most regal bounty ; but leaving one unhonoured with a gift, as unworthy of aught celestial ; who immediately after, shrinking from the conflict, deserted to the foe. It was a piteous spectacle to the righteous : a warrior flying ! a conqueror subdued ! a sheep of Christ, ensnared by wolves ! and what rendered it yet more piteous, was this ; that while he lost the future world, he enjoyed not the present ; for as soon as his flesh experienced the warmth, it was dissolved ; and thus a lover of life perished, having sinned in vain.

Meanwhile, the officer, when he perceived him turning aside from his companions, and running to the bath, occupied his place. Casting off his garments, he commingled himself with the naked, and uttered forth that word which they had pronounced ; I am

a Christian ! And thrilling them with the suddenness of his conversion, he both filled up the number, and assuaged their grief for him who had been unnerved. Ye may compare him to soldiers in a battalion, who when a man in the foremost rank hath fallen, immediately fill up the phalanx ; that their embattled front may not be broken, through him who is overthrown.—Such was his conduct. He beheld a cœlestial prodigy : he understood the truth : he fled for refuge to his Lord : he was numbered with the martyrs : he renewed the history of the disciples ; for Judas departed, and Mathias succeeded to his place : he became an emulator of Paul ; a persecutor yesterday ; and to-day, a herald of the Gospel ! He also received his calling from above ; “not from man, nor by man.” He also believed on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and was baptized unto him, not by another’s hand, but by native faith ; not in water, but in his own blood !

When the day had begun to dawn, their bodies, yet breathing, were committed to the

flames; and after they were burnt, their ashes were scattered on the river. Thus, in their mighty conflict, they past through all the elements of nature. They combatted on earth; they were exposed to air; they were consumed by fire; and water received their relics. It is theirs to exclaim, “we have passed through fire, and water; and thou hast led us forth, unto refreshment.”—These be they, who encircling our land, like a chain of connected towers, protect it from invasion by the foe: who confine not themselves to a single country; but even now are welcomed in many regions, and become the ornament of many climes.

Behold a blessing whose fountains are abundant, a gift which cannot be consumed; a refuge prepared for Christians; a church of martyrs; an army of standard-bearers; a chorus, chaunting the praises of their God! What toils, what labours wouldst thou undergo; couldst thou find but one, who might intercede for thee! Lo, here are forty, pouring forth the prayer symphonious! “Where

two or three are gathered together in the name of Jesus, he is present in the midst." Oh! where forty are assembled, who can doubt the presence of their God? The wretch, bowed down with anguish, fleeth to the forty martyrs! the man, whose heart is gladdened, applieth unto them: the one, that his affliction may be removed; and the other, that his happier fortune may be preserved. Behold yon righteous woman, breathing a supplication for her children's welfare; for the return of her husband, if he be absent; for his restitution to health, if he be diseased. With those of the martyrs, be your petitions offered.* Emulate, ye young,

* As it is declared in the New Testament, that Christ is the one mediator, and as it does not authorize our trusting in any other; it would be curious to know, what St. Basil could have urged in defence of the above passage. The reader however, must not conclude that he was a Papist, because he inculcated the intercession of the Saints. The fact appears to be this. The corruptions of Popery crept into the Church by slow degrees. The intercession of the Saints was certainly held in the fourth century; but transubstantiation, purgatory, auricular confession, and the supreme dominion of the Pope, seem to have been wholly unknown at that time. It is therefore evident, that upon the whole, the Fathers were "Protestants, not Papists," in their creed. See my "Brief Refutation of Popery, from the writings of the Fathers." Truth and candour compel me to state, that infant baptism, as well as

your equals in age: ye fathers, pray that ye may become the parents of sons like these: ye mothers, study the example of a mother the most illustrious! The mother of one of these blessed saints, perceiving that the others had already sunk in an icy death, but that her own son yet breathed, through his native vigour, and fortitude in suffering; the lictors having left him, as being still able to change his purpose; herself raised, and placed him in the vehicle, in which the rest, promiscuously heaped, were being carried to the fire. Truly, she was the mother of a martyr; for she dropped not an ignoble tear, nor uttered aught that was mean, aught unworthy of a moment so sublime. Depart, my son, on thine enviable way. Go with thine equals in age; with thy loved companions: forsake not thou, such fellowship: appear not later than the rest, at the throne of God.—Truly, he

some of the Popish corruptions, appears to have been unknown in the fourth century, except in the very close. The peculiar tenets of Calvinism were certainly unknown to the Christian Church, until they were propounded by St. Augustine; whose imperfect knowledge of the Greek language, rendered him an unfit interpreter of the Greek Testament.

contemning life, and loving God, above their parents, above their children! E'en in that season when existence doth most enchant, they spurned a temporary being, that in their own bodies, they might glorify the Lord. Being "made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men;" they invigorate the feeble; they upraise the fallen; they confirm the wavering, they redouble the ardour of the Saints. Having together reared one standard in religion's cause, they are together crowned with one wreath of righteousness; through Jesus Christ our Lord; unto whom are due, glory and authority for ever.* Amen.

* The attentive reader will probably have noticed a contradiction in the above discourse. St. Basil says that the Martyrs were still breathing, when they were committed to the fire: but he afterwards informs us that the mother of one of them, found the rest to be all dead, before they were conveyed to the fire. The discrepancy may perhaps be thus accounted for. They may have been not quite dead, when the lictors began to place them in the waggon. Several minutes may have been employed, in depositing thirty-nine bodies in it; and when the mother of the fortieth, came to lay his body with the rest, she may have found them quite dead. I ought to mention that, near the end of this oration, there is a foolish passage about the number forty, which I have taken the liberty of omitting. It is a pity, that a composition so splendid, so eloquent, and so interesting, should be tarnished by a single fault. This Homily, as well as that on Gordius, is a masterpiece of its kind; and I advise those who are able, to study both in the exquisite original.

ST. BASIL'S
HOMILY ON THE MARTYR GORDIUS.

NATURE hath prescribed this law unto the bees; never to quit the hive until their monarch shall have commenced his flight. Since then I behold the people of the Lord, for the first time going forth unto the cœlestial flowers, I mean the Martyrs; I enquire the name of their conductor. Who hath aroused this mighty swarm? who hath transformed the winter's dreariment, to the life and splendence of spring? Now for the first time, the people streaming forth from the city, as from a hive, in one multitudinous assemblage

have occupied the suburban glory, this fair and venerable stadium of the martyrs. Me also, forgetting mine infirmities, the admiration of the martyr hath awakened, and led forth. Let me also raise my voice, according to the measure of mine ability, and murmur around his glorious achievements, as bees around the flowers; at once discharging a debt of piety, and rendering a grateful service to the hearer.* For as we lately read in the sapient discourse of Solomon, "when a righteous man is made the subject of encomium, the people are gladdened." And truly I was doubting in myself, what could be the meaning of these enigmatical expressions. Do they mean, that when an orator or an historian, hath framed a discourse to excite the astonishment of the hearer, led captive by sounds melodious;

* The opening of this exordium is very elegant; but the remainder is certainly dry, heavy, and prolix. The reader may wade through it, or pass over it, as he pleases; but let him not pass over the Homily altogether. When he once enters on the story of Gordius, he will find it very interesting, and well told. Of this he will be enabled to judge, by my translation; but if he would form a just idea of the grace and beauty of St. Basil's style, he must peruse this eloquent discourse in the Greek.

the people are gladdened, admiring the invention and arrangement of ideas, and the grandeur of a diction that resounds with harmony? Would he have intended this; he who never indulged in such a species of composition? Would he have exhorted us to display the pomp of oratory in the eucômiums of the saints; he who every where preferred simplicity of expression, and an unlaboured style? What then saith he? That the people are exhilarated with a spiritual joy, at the bare commemoration of the achievements of the righteous; and are stimulated by the recital, to imitate their virtues. For the history of those who have wisely regulated their conduct, shineth forth as a beacon to mankind, illuminating the path of their salvation. Wherefore, in the very instant that we hear the Spirit narrating the life, and the deeds of Moses, we are fired with emulation of his virtues; and the meekness of his disposition appeareth most enviable, and most blest. The encomiums of worldly men are built up from the accumulated stores of human elo-

quence; but when we would panegyryze the saints, the mere recital of their achievements sufficeth to demonstrate the pre-eminence of their virtue. Thus, when we peruse the lives of those who have beamed resplendent in the hemisphere of virtue; we first glorify the Lord by means of his servants; and then, we applaud the righteous by attesting the truths we know, and we make glad the people, by the narration of their deeds. The life of Joseph allureth us to a life of continence, and the exploits of Sampson impel us to acts of heroism. The divine school acknowledgeth not the law of earthly panegyric; but considereth a simple commemoration the substitute for an encomium; at once sufficing to acclaim the righteous, and incite the hearer to virtuous deeds. It is the established mode of panegyric, to trace the country, to enquire the family, and to narrate the education of the person who is magnified; but the sacred encomiast, passing by all adventitious circumstances, filleth up his portraiture with the immediate actions of the individual. Am I

the more illustrious, because my country formerly sustained a laborious, a mighty war; and raised resplendent trophies of her victory? or because she is so favourably situate, as to be adapted both for a winter, and summer habitation? or because she is prolific in men, and cattle? What benefit accrueth thence to me? But in her race of horses, she surpasseth every country beneath the heavens!—And will this exalt me in the scale of human excellence? Should we celebrate the loftiness of an adjacent mountain; should we say that it soars above the clouds and invades the skies; we should deceive ourselves, if we imagined that by our praise of the mountain, we were perfecting our encomium of the man. If all the natural world be despised by the saints of God; it is surely most preposterous to consummate their praise, by a small portion of the very things which they condemn. A mere commemoration therefore, sufficeth as a benefit to the people. No extraneous appendages are requisite that the departed may be honoured; but the history

of their lives is necessary for imitation, unto us who are alive. As naturally as fire enlighteneth, and ointments diffuse their fragrance, a benefit resulteth from the actions of the good.

It is a matter of no small importance, to acquire an exact knowledge of things which have happened formerly. A certain obscure narration hath been delivered to me, recording the martyr's heroism in the hour of his contestation. And in some measure, our art appeareth to resemble that of painters. For when they execute a copy of a picture, it falleth far short, as we might expect, of the original production; and there is reason to apprehend that we also may obscure the truth, not painting in colours sufficiently glowing, the spectacle of his triumph. But since the day hath arrived, which bringeth the commemoration of a martyr, of one who nobly combatted in the cause of Christ; let me relate what things I know. He was a native of our city; and hence we are the more attached to

him, inasmuch as he is our peculiar ornament. For as a tree which beareth delicious fruit, to its own country commendeth the delightful produce; so he, having grown up in our native soil, and attained the very height of glory, bestoweth on her who bore and nurtured him, the fruits of his own piety. Excellent do we account the fruits even of a foreign country, provided they are both sweet and fitted for our food. But far sweeter is the fruitage which groweth in our own, our native land; for in addition to the enjoyment, we can boast that it is our own. He was raised to a considerable rank, for he was entrusted with the command of a hundred soldiers; and he was conspicuous among the warriors, both for corporeal strength, and undaunted hardiment.

But when the reigning monarch gave such unbounded license to his fell, inhuman spirit, as even to war against the church; when he raised against religion, his God-defying arm; when the mandate was every where promulged and in every forum and every con-

spicuous place, the imperial edicts were unrolled, commanding that Jesus should not be adored, or that death should be the penalty of such an adoration; when it was ordained that all men should bend to idols and to stones, and should account wooden images as gods, or that the disobedient should suffer woes intolerable; when uproar and confusion revelled through the city; when rapine triumphed in the habitations of the righteous; when their goods were seized; when the bodies of Christians were lacerated with stripes; when women were dragged through all the city; when no compassion was felt for youth, and no reverence was shown to age; but they who had in nought offended, endured the punishment of transgressors; when crowded were the prisons, and desolate the mansions of the rich; when the lonely desert was filled with fugitives; and piety was the accusation brought against the sufferers; when the parent betrayed the child, and the son exposed his father, and brothers warred with

one another; when slaves rebelled against their lords, and a murky night encompassed human life; for men were ignorant of each other, with so dire a charm did Satan enchant their souls: when houses of prayer were cast down; when altars were overturned, and there was no oblation, and no incense, and the Christian votary was unable to make his offering; for dejection and despair, louring as a cloud, enveloped all: when the worshippers of God were driven from their ruined sanctuary; when every assembly of the pious, was thrilled with dread; and dæmons spreading around the defilement of their sacrifices, in hellish chorus rioted through the city—then, this noble combatant, anticipating the judgment of the tribunal, cast off his zone, and became an exile. Despising the pomp of power, despising glory, accumulated wealth, consanguinity, friends, domesticks, the enjoyments of life; despising whatever men most earnestly desire, he fled into the bosom of the deepest, and most sequestered solitudes.

For he deemed that to commune with the beasts of the desert, was less barbarous and savage, than communion with the worshippers of idols. He felt, as felt Elijah, who fled to the mountains of Choreb, when he perceived that idolatry was triumphant through Sidonia; and tarried in a cave seeking God; seeking until he found Him whom his soul desired, and as far as a mortal could, beheld Him.—Such was Gordius. Fleeing the tumult of the city, the distraction of the town, the pride of power, the tribunals, the informers, the buyers, and the sellers; those who were foresworn, and those who were deceived; the base extortions, the shiftings of character, and those multifarious corruptions, which like skiffs towed by a mighty vessel, populous cities draw in their train; making pure his ears, rendering pure his eyes, but above all, purified in his heart, that he might see his God, and become blessed; he beheld Him in revelations, he was instructed in the mysteries, “not from man nor by man,” but having the

Spirit for his mighty teacher. Entering from hence on the contemplation of human life; considering how vain it is, how unproductive, how much emptier than a shadow and a dream; he was more vehemently inflamed with the desire of the heavenly calling. And esteeming himself, as a champion, duly trained and anointed for the combat, by fasting, by watching, by praying, by weeping, by unremitted meditation on the book divine; he waited for the day, on which, holding the festival of their war-loving deity, the inhabitants of the city go forth to witness a public spectacle, an equestrian contest. Now, the whole people were collected above the hippodrome, and not a Gentile or a Jew was absent. No small portion of the Christians was mingled with them, who guarded not their lives from sin, but sat in the assemblies of vanity, shunning not the communion of evil doers, but flocking there, to witness the swiftness of the horses, and the skill of the charioteers. Even slaves were permitted to

be present; children released from school ran to behold the spectacle; and women of the lower order, thronged the place. The stadium at length was crowded, and every one was intent on witnessing the contention of the horses.

Then, the illustrious champion, mighty in soul, sublime in resolution, descended from the mountains upon the theatre. He trembled not at the collected multitudes: he recked not into how many hostile hands he was about to consign his life; but with undaunted courage, passing those who were seated round the stadium, as if they had been closely-wedged rocks, or interwoven trees, he placed himself in the midst: confirming those words of Solomon, "The just man is confident as a lion." So intrepid, so unappalled his spirit, that standing where all might view him, with voice grandisonous he pronounced that spiritual saying, which was heard by some who are still alive. "I am found by those who do not seek me. I am

made manifest unto those who do not enquire for me." Thus it was apparent, that he was not forced into the midst of dangers, but voluntarily exposed himself to the conflict; imitating his Lord, who being unrecognized through the darkness of the night, revealed himself to the Jews. The eyes of the whole theatre were instantaneously fixed on the unwonted prodigy. They beheld a man of aspect wild, and savage, through his long abiding in the mountains: his hair was matted, his beard bushy, his garments squallid, his whole body parched and shrivelled: he bore in his hand a staff; a wallet was suspended by his side; and beaming around him from an unknown source, a certain grace ineffable threw a charm upon the whole. As soon as he was recognized, a loud and commingled shout was raised by all; those who were allied to him in faith, crying out for joy; and those who were enemies to the truth, exciting the judge to murder him, and before his trial, condemning him to death. All

now was tumultuous clamour; the horses were unheeded; the charioteers were unregarded; and the rolling thunder of the chariots was an empty sound! No eye had leisure to survey aught but Gordius; and no ear could tolerate aught, save only the accents of his tongue. For a while a certain undistinguished murmur, like a rushing wind, pervaded all the theatre, and resounded above the hippodrome. But when the heralds had enjoined silence; hushed was the warbling of the flutes, and stilled the various instruments of melody. Nothing was heard but Gordius, and nothing but Gordius was seen. Being immediately apprehended, he was dragged before the governour, who sat in the theatre, and directed the contention of the chariots. At first, he addressed the prisoner in a gentle, and benignant tone, enquiring who he was, and whence he came. But when he named his country, his family, and his military rank; the reason of his flight, and his

return; when he said, I am present here, by deeds to attest at once, my disregard of thine imperial mandate, and my faith in that God upon whom my hopes repose. Having heard that thou art eminent in harshness and severity, I have chosen this, as the fittest season for accomplishing my desire. When he thus spake, his words lighted up the fury of the ruler, and drew upon himself his accumulated rage. Call the Lictors hither. Where are the leaden weights? Where are the scourges? Let him be stretched on the wheel; let his limbs be racked: let all modes of punishment be prepared: the wild beasts; the fire; the sword; the cross; the pit. For if the wretch die but once, it will be a kind of benefit to him. It will be a kind of loss, interrupted Gordius, if I cannot die a thousand deaths for the sake of Christ!—But he, by nature fierce, became yet more infuriate, when he regarded the dignity of Gordius; considering that the ardour and elevation of his soul, reflected disgrace upon himself. In proportion as he saw

that the prisoner's heart was unappalled, he was the more exasperated, and became yet more desirous to subdue his resolution, by the prospect of threatened ills.

While the tyrant thus felt, and purposed, the saint, looking unto God, was weaving round his heart, the enchantment of a holy psalm. "The Lord," he exclaimed, "is my helper. I will not be affrighted at what man shall do unto me. I will not be affrighted at evil things, for thou art with me." Other passages akin to these, and inspiring courage, he repeated; such as ye may imagine him to have been deeply imbued with; him, who was so far from trembling at the threatened evils, that he even provoked and challenged them. Wherefore do ye linger? he exclaimed. Wherefore do ye stand inactive? Let my body be torn: let my limbs be racked: torture them as much as ye desire: do not envy me the blessed hope I cherish; for in proportion as ye extend my sufferings, ye acquire for me a brighter retribution. The Lord will recom-

pense me with a blest exchange. Instead of the bloody marks, which may now appear upon my body, in the day of the resurrection, I shall wear a vesture of light, blossoming with immortality. Dishonour will be exchanged for glory; a dungeon, for Paradise; the death of malefactors, for the life of angels. Sow plenteously in me the seeds of torment, that I may reap a harvest of joys, too numerous to be reckoned.

When they found that they could not move him by setting in terrible array, the threatened tortures; when they saw that it was altogether hopeless; they changed their method, and strove to lure him to compliance. Such are the means employed by Satan. The timid he affrights: the bold he enervates. —Of this nature were the artifices, which the ruler then employed. When he perceived that Gordius was uninfluenced by threats; he endeavoured to enveigle him by insidious allurements, and promised gifts. Some he actually presented to him, and he pledged

himself that the king would send him others; that he would bestow on him, military advancement, an increase of wealth; in short, whatever he might desire. But when he failed in his attempt; for that blessed man, hearing the promises, ridiculed his folly in accounting any earthly good an equivalent for the heavenly kingdom; his wrath became unbounded. He bared his sword: he commanded the lictors to stand before him; and both by words and actions, condemned a saint to a murderer's death.

The scene now was changed, and this very spot was chosen for the tragic exhibition. As many of the people as formerly remained in the city, were now poured out before the walls; to witness that most august of spectacles—a Christian's warfare! admirable in the eyes of Angels, and of all this fair creation; grievous unto Satan; appalling to his dæmons! The city was emptied of its inhabitants, who like a mighty ocean, rolled o'er the plain! and with their tumultuous

waves encircled the place we stand on. Not a woman endured to be absent from the sight : not a man, of lowly or exalted rank, estranged himself; houses were deserted by those who guarded them; workshops were unbarred; articles for sale were heaped together in the market-place; and their only security was this, that all the people had gone out together, and not one evil-doer lingered in the city. Slaves no longer waited on their masters; and every native, and every stranger, was present here. E'en the virgin, shrinking not from the gaze of man; e'en the aged, and infirm, regarding not their weakness, passed beyond the walls.

And now, his relatives encircling the saintly man already rushing forward unto life by the path of death; addressed him with imploring words, embraced him with a last embrace; and raining warm tears upon him, besought him not to yield himself to the fire; not to throw away his youth; not to abandon that blessed sun. Others laboured to prevent

him by evasive counsels. Make your recantation in words alone ; but in your heart, retain what faith you please. Assuredly, God regards not the words, but the real sentiments of the speaker. For thus it will be completely in your power, both to soften the judge, and to propitiate God.

Thus they reasoned : but Gordius remained inflexible, and unconquered. Ye might have compared his unagitated mind to the house of the prudent man, which neither the wind's resistless force, nor the rushing water breaking from the cloud, nor yawning earthquakes, could overturn ; because it was founded on a rock. Such was he in that moment. He preserved with unshaken firmness, his faith in Christ ; for, with spiritual eyes, he beheld Satan running too and fro ; moving this man to weep, and urging that man to try persuasion.—Unto those who wept, he said, pour not your tears for me ; but rather weep over these adversaries of God, who perpetrate such deeds against the

righteous, and, by the fire for me enkindled, treasure up for themselves, the flames of hell! Cease then to weep, and to enervate my heart. For the name of the Lord Jesus, I would die not once alone, but ten thousand times, if ten thousand deaths were possible! —To those who counselled him, with his tongue to deny the truth, he answered; Can the tongue, which was formed by Christ, endure to speak against its maker? “With the heart, we believe unto righteousness; and with the mouth, we confess unto salvation.” Do ye think that ye should despair of a man’s salvation, because he is a soldier? Was no Centurion ever pious? I remember the first Centurion, who standing near the cross of Christ, was convinced by the wonders which were wrought; and though the fury of the Jews still blazed, trembled not at their rage, nor hesitated to proclaim the truth; but acknowledged that he was the Son of God. I have read of another Centurion, who while Jesus yet dwelt in the flesh, perceived that he was

God, and king of the cœlestial powers ; that by his command alone, through the agency of ministering spirits, he could send forth succour unto them who needed it. His faith, the Lord pronounced greater than that of universal Israel. Was not Cornelius, being also a Centurion, judged worthy of an angelic vision? and at last, did he not attain salvation by means of Peter? for his charitable deeds, and his petitions, were heard, and accepted by his God. I would be their disciple. How then shall I abjure that God, whom from a child, I have adored? Will not the heavens tremble from above? Will not the stars be darkened when they behold me? Will not the earth recede beneath my feet?—"Do not err. God is not derided. From our mouth, He judgeth us: from our words, He justifieth us: from our words, he condemneth us."

Have ye not read that fearful threat? "Whosoever shall deny me before men; him will I deny, before my Father who is in the

heavens." And for what, do ye advise me thus to counterfeit? Is it that I may acquire aught unto myself by such an artifice? That I may gain a few days respite? But I shall thereby suffer an eternal loss. That I may escape corporeal pain? But then, I shall not behold the retribution of the just. It would be utter madness to die in the practice of deceit; by fraud and stratagem, to labour for an eternal punishment. And now let *me* counsel *you*. If your thoughts be evil, repent and seek the paths of holiness. But if ye have accommodated to the occasion; casting off the deceit, proclaim the truth. Declare, that "Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father! This declaration shall every tongue repeat, when "in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of the inhabitants celestial, terrestrial, and subterranean." All men are mortals, but few are martyrs. Let us not await the death of nature; but from life, let us ascend to life. Can ye be satisfied

with that death which comes spontaneous? It is unfruitful: it yields no profit: it is common to man, and to the brute. Him, who by natural generation enters upon life; either time brings to an end, or disease bows to the grave, or some dire accident destroys. Since then it is appointed to us to die; let it be our studious endeavour to gain life by death. Let that which is an unavoidable event, be the object of your choice. Be not tenacious of that existence, to whose bereavement ye must submit. If terrestrial objects had e'en an eternal duration; we should be eager to exchange them for things cœlestial. If they endure for a season only; if they be devoid of all that is great, and dignified; awful indeed our infatuation, should we for their sake be severed from that beatitude, which is enshrined in hope.

He spake: he signed himself with the symbol of the cross, and went forward to receive the blow. No fear blanched the hue

of his complexion, or dimmed the glory of his countenance. He seemed, not as if he were delivering himself unto the Lictors, but as if consigning himself to the hands of angels; those angels, who in the moment of his liberation, wafted him to the blessed life, as once they wafted Lazarus.—But oh! who can describe the terrific shout, which arose from the assembled multitude? What thunder, pealing from the clouds, ever transmitted such a sound to earth, as then thundered from earth to heaven? This is the very stadium in which he was enwreathed. This very day beheld that wondrous spectacle; whose impression, no time can obliterate; no familiarity can weaken; no future achievements can surpass. For as we ever behold the sun, and ever admire his brightness; even so, will the memory of the Martyr be ever blooming and efflorescent. “The just man is for an everlasting memorial;” a memorial with the inhabitants of earth, as long as the earth

endureth; a memorial with the Saints in Heaven; a memorial with the all-righteous Judge; unto whom be ascribed glory, and dominion, through eternity.* Amen.

* In the magnificent close of this Homily, we find no invocation of Gordius, not a word of his intercession. I hence infer that it was written before the Homily on the Forty Martyrs; for the invocation and intercession of the Saints, appear to have gradually sprung up in the time of Gregory and Basil. In St. Basil's Homily on the Martyr Barlaam, which by the way is a very elegant composition; we find them equally wanting. There is no other panagerical Oration of St. Basil extant, for that on the Martyr Mamas, is undoubtedly spurious. The Benedictine Editor indeed doubts if that on Barlaam be genuine, and seems inclined to attribute it to Chrysostom. For my own part, I am decidedly convinced by the style, as well as by some other circumstances, that it was written by St. Basil.

ST. BASIL'S*

HOMILY ON PARADISE.

“GOD planted Paradise in Eden, in the orient; and placed there the man whom he had formed.” Can we doubt that the garden which the Lord implanted was worthy of

* The learned Benedictine Editor thinks that this homily is spurious, and states his reasons. He begins by telling us, that Combesius may think this homily genuine, if he likes it; but that the man who is a little more sagacious, will readily perceive that its style is different from the style of Basil. He then adduces five passages, some expressions of which, he says, were never employed by Basil. Now, his edition differs very materially, as to this homily, from the Paris ed. of 1618, and the Bas. ed. of 1551, in which it first made its appearance. In all these five cases, the reading in those editions is different from his. It follows, that the authenticity of this beautiful discourse, like the rose which it describes, remains uninjured and unaffected. It is curious that he is

him; was correspondent to the divine perception of beauty; the perception of an Artificer so great? In a former part of the narration it is said, “ Let the earth bring forth the herb, and the fruitful tree; yielding seed and bearing fruit.” If Paradise were composed of the common trees, it is manifest that it was comprehended in the primary creation of plants; and that the trees which were now planted by the hand of God himself, could have required no subsequent, no especial implantation. But that the plants which now were called into existence, the innumerable trees, so sapiently designed and so elaborately formed by the Deity himself, were different

mistaken in what he says of *αἰσχροτης*, the very first word against which he directs his battery. He thinks that it was not only unemployed by Basil, but also that it was never used by any Greek Fathers of that age. Besides meeting with it in Chrysostom, I have noticed it in Basil himself. It twice occurs in the exord. of his 6th hom. on the Hexaem. It is a remarkable thing, that the text of this hom. is more beautiful in the old ed. than in the ed. Bened. My translation of this, as well as the two preceding homilies, has been made from the ed. Bas. which gives the Greek text without any comment, note, or version. I have a strong partiality for those editions of Greek books, which are printed without version, or comment, even although they be not the best editions.

from his primary productions, is evident from the words of scripture. For as it pleased him that man should be his peculiar workmanship above all other animals, so he deemed it suitable, that the habitation of man should be his especial work. A place pre-eminent above all creation, the Lord selected ; a place admirable in beauty, conspicuous afar ; by reason of its peerless elevation, overshadowed not with gloom ; illumined by the rising of all the stars, and on every side irradiate ; blest by an harmonious union of the most attempered seasons, and glittering with an atmosphere of purest light. It was there that God planted Paradise. It was a spot where no tempest raged, where there was no confusion of seasons, no inclement hail, no desolating whirlwind, no baleful lightning, no destroying thunderbolt ; where no wintry frost was known, no vernal moisture, no summer heat, no autumnal drought. But there, prevailed the most serene tranquility : the conspiring seasons were blent in most harmonious

accordance; for each was arrayed in its own garniture of beauty, and not one intruded on another. The flowers of the spring were uninjured by the too hasty approach of summer; and the fruits, both summer and autumnal were unwasted by a wintry age. Though all the seasons together danced around, yet each in deferential homage presented its peculiar tribute. There, were blended the amenity of spring, the fruitfulness of summer, the hilarity of autumn, and the repose of winter. Fertile and luxuriant was the soil, distilling milk, distilling honey. It was indeed adapted to the copious production of delicious fruit; irriguous with life-bestowing fountains, which gave it an inimitable charm. Their streams were pearly and translucent; delectable to the eye, but conferring benefits superior to the pleasure. When the hand of the Omnipotent upreared this glorious habitation, he so adorned and beautified it, that it became worthy of the trees planted by the Lord; and now he enricheth it with trees of every soil

and climate, at once affording a delightful spectacle, and an exquisite enjoyment.

But how shall I be able so clearly to depict thy country, that thou mayest seem to be recalled from exile? A meadow blooming, and variegated with flowers, is an object most beauteous in the contemplation; but if in thy fancy thou wouldest picture paradise, thou must delineate a scene of far transcending loveliness. Here wilt thou find the rose in mournful companionship with the thorn; enveloping in its charms a latent mischief, and seeming, with its crimson lips, to address thee thus: "Understand, O man, that in this terrestrial abode thy cup of pleasure is mingled with affliction." Indeed our experience testifieth that no earthly blessing is unattempered, and that sorrow is ever engrafted upon joy. On marriage, is engrafted widowhood; on the rearing of children, anxiety; on a virtuous progeny, bereavement; on worldly honours, degradation; on prosperity, sad reverses; on luxury, repletion; and on health, disease.

Though lovely be the rose, and fragrant, yet when I gaze upon the flower, my heart is surcharged with sorrow; for I am reminded of my sin; of that transgression, through which the earth produceth thorns and briers. Here, too, the vernal flowers are transient in duration, withering in the hand that yet would cherish them. Yea, in the very moment they are gathered, their resplendent hues are fading. But the rose of Paradise beamed not with evanescent lustre; its delightfulness was ever-during; its countenance, ever lovely; its enjoyment, undeclining; its fragrance brought no satiety, and it flashed around the lightning of its charms. No ruthless winds desolated its beauty; it decayed not with the revolving months; it was unbent, and unchilled by frost; it was parched not by the fervid beam; but the softest, the most unruffled gales, gently visiting it in balmy respiration, preserved it unimpaired by time.

And Oh! the stateliness of the trees. They also were worthy of the God who made them,

of the God who planted them. The lowly brushwood, and the plants that compose the thicket ; the trees with naked stem, and those luxuriant in branches ; those whose foliage is at the summit, and those with a spreading shade ; those which cast off their leaves, and those which bloom throughout the year ; those enriched with fruitage, and those devoid of fruit ; those regarded for their utility, and those conducing to enjoyment ; all pre-eminent in stature and beauty ; all umbrageous, clothed in perennial verdure, and blooming with fruit immortal ; all yielded the benefit and the delight peculiar unto each. Though abundant was the grace resident in each, the utility even surpassed the grace. How shall I convey an adequate idea of that primeval paradise ? If I were to illustrate it by terrestrial objects, I should rather dishonour it with my words, than communicate a clear idea by the illustration. All the fruits were perfect, all mature, and not gradually ripened. For they attained not the acme of their bloom, from the slowly

expanding blossom ; but were increased by their native vigour, made perfect, not by human cultivation, but through their inherent nature. The birds also, of every region, were assembled there ; and by the melody of their warblings, as well as the flower of their plumage, they added a wondrous enchantment to the already enchanted scene. Thus, for every sense of man, was the banquet spread. His eye was captivated ; his ear was charmed ; his touch was gratified ; his smell, regaled with odours ; and his taste, with delicacies. There too, he beheld the tribes of animals, all gentle in disposition, all of kindred natures, both uttering and hearing sounds, intelligible to all. The serpent then was not terrifick, but mild and harmless ; not yet gliding and rolling onward as the destructive billow, but walking erect upon his feet.*

* I suppose every reader of taste will acknowledge the beauty of the above description, but especially of the passage about the rose. In *St. Basil's fifth Hom. on the Hexameron*, p. 21, ed. Bas. there is a fine passage about the vegetation of the earth in general. What he there

It was there, that God placed the man whom he had formed. In another part of the earth he formed him, and then translated him to paradise. As he made the luminaries of heaven, and then placed them in the firmament; so he formed man from collected particles of earth, and then placed him in paradise. Observe it is not said, "The man whom he had *made*," but "The man whom

says of trees and shrubs, and particularly of the rose, confirms my belief in the genuineness of the homily on Paradise. St. Gregory of Nazianzum has a very elegant passage about the creation of the heavens, the earth, and sea, in his splendid poem, entitled *Παρθενος ερωπος*. see p. 43, tom. 2, ed. Par. and ed. Colon. St. Chrysostom has a very fine passage on the same subject, see tom. 6, p. 435, ed. Savil. But the most exquisite description of this kind that I have met with, is in the conclusion of St. Gregory Nyssen's first chap. on the formation of man. It may be interesting to compare with the above mentioned passages, that beautiful epistle of St. Basil, in which he describes his Pontic solitude. Methodius has given a luxuriant description of the garden of Virtue, in his very elegant, but neglected work, *The Banquet of Virgins*. See p. 4, sub. fin. ed. Par. 1657. At p. 110, he gives another description of it, shorter indeed, but equally luxuriant. The classic reader, of course remembers *Ælian's* elaborate pourtraiture of the vale of Tempe, and the enchanting description of rural scenery, which Plato has bequeathed to the world, in the opening of his *Phædrus*. Enchanting as it is, it is certainly not equal to some of the above. Sozomen, and Nicephorus after him, has handed down a description of Daphne, a most beautiful spot near Antioch. If it had been painted by the master-hand of a Basil, a Gregory, or a Chrysostom, it would perhaps have ranked with any of the preceding.

he had *formed*." When he made man, he made him after his own image. That is, his incorporeal nature : and what is incorporeal is uncircumscribed by place. For that which was made, followed that which had been formed. In other words, the creation of the soul was consequent on the formation of the body, and the union immediately took place. An abode is prepared previously to the formation of the body, and the soul is afterwards contained in a locality, by reason of the corporeal conjunction; for it cannot, from its intrinsic nature, be circumscribed in space.

And now have I exhilarated thy heart, by pourtraying the joys of paradise; or have I rather pained it, with the contrast of things that perish? For the mind of man, prone to meditation upon themes sublime and elevate, and soaring above the world; having its citizenship in heaven, and looking upward to the promised blessings, would fain hear somewhat of that treasured good, which "neither hath the eye seen, nor the ear heard, neither

hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." If the eye have not beheld it, who can unfold its nature? If the ear have not heard it, how can thine ear receive the narration? If it have not entered into the heart of man, how can my mind be capacious of the vast idea?

And now, shall we not reject whatever is corporeal, and seek after spiritual objects? As, under the law, many things were perceptible to sense, but were types of things intellectually discerned; so, we conceive of paradise corporeally, but allegorize it spiritually. "God planted paradise in Eden, in the orients." The names of the plants are unrecorded; but the name of the region in which they were planted hath been transmitted. "God planted it," saith the historian, "in *Eden*," that is, in *enjoyment*; for Eden signifieth enjoyment. Doth he mean that enjoyment which through the medium of the mouth is conveyed to the stomach;* and hath he

* The following clause occurs in the Greek. ὁν τέλος ὁ ἀφεδρων.
The man who views things philosophically, will consider this as one

commemorated a sensual enjoyment? And is this the gift of God? What! to gratify the appetite? to pamper the body? The very mention of such a thing were impious. Sensual gratification is assuredly the instrument of lust, and insolence, and whatever is interdicted; tending to make gross the body, and to overwhelm the soul, submerging it in the gulf of sin. Wherefore, let us consider, that the enjoyment was worthy of the Deity to bestow; and we shall learn from thence, that the trees were of such a nature, as the celestial Husbandman would plant. But what enjoyment is commensurate to the capability of the saints? "Let thy delight be in the Lord, and he will grant thee the petitions of thy heart." Since then the beauty of virtue is unlimited, inasmuch as it emanateth from a wisdom infinite in operation; we are informed that God planted paradise, not in the *orient*, but in the *orients*. For every plant

of those numerous passages, which evince that the ancients had more real purity of mind, and freedom from gross ideas, than the moderns.

which the Lord had planted, being beautified with native light, outbeamed an inherent glory. There, were the fountains of that river "which maketh glad the city of God." It is elsewhere designated, the stream of enjoyment, which nurtureth, and heighteneth the charms of those intellectual plants. It is subsequently called, the river which goeth forth from Eden, to water paradise. In a former part of the narration, it is said, that having first consummated the work of creation, he conducted man into empire and sovereignty. But now, the contrary is effected. He formeth man, and then implanteth paradise. The reason is this: in the former case, he finished creation's work, that the palace might be prepared before the entrance of the monarch; lest man should be created in an indigent condition, and afterwards crowned with riches. In the present case having bestowed in part the blessings he was accomplishing, he createth him in another place, and afterwards establisheth him in paradise;

that having learnt the difference between an external life, and an abode in paradise, from the comparison of both, he may understand the surpassing excellency of the latter, and may dread his fall.

But that thou mayest perceive that the planting spoken of was worthy of the hand divine, consider what our Lord said unto his disciples: "Ye are the vine-branches, and my Father is the husbandman." It is manifest that they were planted by him. They "who are planted in the house of the Lord," and they "who flourish in the courts of the Lord," are of the same culture. And again, in the Prophet: "I have planted every true vine which beareth fruit." The noble imitator of Christ speaketh boldly when he saith, "We are fellow-labourers. Ye are the husbandry of God. I have planted; Apollos hath watered; God hath given the increase." And the righteous man is likened to "A tree, planted by the courses of the stream, which shall give forth its fruit in its season, and whose leaf shall not fall away."

It is also written, "The righteous man shall flourish as the palm:" and again, "Thou hast transferred a vine from Egypt. Thou hast cast out the nations, and hast transplanted it."

Be it therefore thine endeavour, from the instruction thou hast received, to live in meditation on that happy region; that thou mayest be illumined by the splendours of the divine light, where the beam of knowledge riseth; planted like paradise, in enjoyment. And if thou should conceive that paradise is the habitation of the holy; where they who shine forth in deeds of righteousness enjoy the *cœlestial* grace, that true and spiritual beatitude; thou wouldst not err in thy conception. There, rooted and engrafted, are the powers angelical, who minister to the saints; for man when begotten from above, is to them entrusted, as needing much of discipline in his march unto perfection. In that paradise, is the company of the righteous; in that paradise, are the orients of light; in that paradise, is the enjoyment of the soul. It is there that God placeth man!

Art thou corporeal in thy desires? Thou hast the delineation of a paradise, adapted to thy desires, and yielding a full enjoyment. Art thou bent on the gratification of the senses? Go, and revel. There, everduring pleasures are dispensed. Art thou spiritual in thine affections? Do thine aspiring thoughts tower above corporeal delights? Ascend on intellectual wings, and contemplate the glory of the angels. Observe the fruits of righteousness, which bloom among them. Behold the river of God, which is full of streams, whose fountains make glad that city of which the artificer and architect is God. Through it the river of God floweth. That is the river which hath its origin in Eden, which irrigateth paradise. All these things consider, and having considered, glorify the Lord; for unto him is fitly ascribed all glory; to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, throughout the eternal ages. Amen.

ST. BASIL'S
HOMILY ON THE CATHOLICK FAITH.

To discourse continually of God, is a righteous employment, and unto a pious soul it never can bring satiety; but worthily to discourse of God, is a thing impossible ; for the intellect of man is overpowered by the grandeur of the subject, and his words are outstripped by the conceptions of his intellect. Since, then, our language is inadequate to the elevation of our ideas, and the elevation of our ideas to the majesty of the theme ; doth it not behove us to sit down in silence, lest through the poverty of our speech, the wonders of theology should be profaned ?

The desire, indeed, of glorifying God, is natural unto all who are endowed with reason, but all must alike be baffled who would worthily discourse concerning him. No one is so infatuated, no one so deceives himself, as to imagine that he can arrive at the highest summits of comprehension. In proportion as a man hath made advances towards this heavenly knowledge, will he perceive and feel his imbecility.

Such was Abraham, such was Moses. When they beheld the Deity, as far as mortals could behold him, then, especially, did they account themselves as vile; the one declaring he was but earth and ashes; the other saying, he was slow and impotent of speech. He saw, he felt, he deplored the inefficiency of his tongue, which was unable to reach the sublimity of his ideas. But since, in this assembly, each ear is open to receive theological instruction, and since no satiety accrues unto the church, even from continued hearing, but she confirms the preacher's words, "The

ear will not be satisfied with hearing;" it behoves us to discourse according to the measure of our ability.

I purpose to enquire, not how great God is, but how far he may be apprehended. What, though our eyes be unable to pierce through the regions of unbounded space, shall we refuse to contemplate that portion of the universe accessible to our view? Let us then, by the tribute of our feeble words, discharge some portion of the debt of piety; but let us acknowledge, that the greatness and magnificence of the argument transcend the most exalted powers of eloquence. Not even the tongues of angels, whatever they may be,—not even the lips of the archangels, --not all the united voices of all intelligential natures, could worthily celebrate the smallest part, much less the whole of this stupendous subject. If thou desire to speak of God, or to hear him spoken of, burst asunder the fetters of the body, and break from the thralldom of the senses; leave the earth behind

thee, leave the ocean beneath thee, rise above this lowly atmosphere; escape the influence of the seasons; outstrip the march of time; pass by this lower world, and ascend above the firmament. Consider those resplendent orbs, those starry wonders, which blaze around thee; which astonish thee with their harmonious order, their stupendous bulk, the benefits they afford to man, their wondrous movements, their effulgence, their arrangement, their oppositions and conjunctions. Behold the milder lustre of the moon, and the more gorgeous glories of the sun. Having beheld them all, and having soared above them all; with thy pure unclouded intellect, contemplate the intellectual beauties, the coelestial armies, the chorus of the angels, the præfecture of the archangels, the glory of the potentates, the presidency of the thrones, the principalities, the powers, and the dominions. Having surveyed them all, having penetrated creation with a glance, upborne on the wings of intellect, continue thine aspiring flight, and

contemplate the nature of Divinity. A nature, permanent, unchangeable, undeviating, uncompounded, and indivisible. A being who dwells in splendour unapproachable; a potentate ineffable; a greatness uncircumscribable; a glory all-irradiating; a goodness all desirable; a beauty undefinable; a beauty which is apprehended by the ravished soul, but bids defiance to the powers of expression.*

There, in unclouded majesty, are enthroned the Father; the Son, and the Holy Spirit; an independent nature; a regal domination; an unoriginated excellence. Behold the Father; the cause of all things, the source of being to the things which be, the origin of existence. From him proceeded the fountain of life, the wisdom, the power,

* St. Basil has a very beautiful passage about the Deity, in the exordium of his first Hom. on the Hexaem. another at the close of the same Hom., and a third, a little way beyond the exordium of his Hom. on the first psalm. But if we wish to be transported by exalted passages, on the most exalted of all subjects, we must betake ourselves to Gregory Narianzen. Of those passages I shall speak in another place.

the unvarying image of God, who is invisible : the Son, who was begotten by the Father, the living Word, he who is with God, and is God ; essentially existing, not ascititious ; subsisting before the ages, not afterwards engendered ; the Son, and not the servant ; the Maker, and not the work ; the Creator, and not the creature. He is every thing which the Father is. You will observe that I say, “the Father and the Son.” Be careful to mark their peculiar distinctions. He, therefore, continuing to be the Son, is every thing which the Father is ; according to that saying of our Lord, whatsoever the Father hath, is mine ; for surely those things which are inherent in the prototype, must also belong unto the image. “We have beheld his glory,” saith the evangelist, “the glory as of the only begotten of the Father ;” that is, the glory, not of those wondrous powers, which were bestowed upon him by the munificence of God ; but the glory of the Son, who, from the sameness of his nature, possessed the

dignity of the paternal Godhead. To receive, is common to all created natures, but to have the natural right of possession, is the property of him who is the begotten Son. Wherefore, as the son, he possesseth by natural right, whatever belongeth unto his father; and as the only begotten son, he hath in himself the whole, not possessing any thing which is participated by another. Hence, we learn, from the very appellation of *the Son*, that he is participant of the Father's nature; not having been made by a decree, but having beamed forth from the paternal essence, indivisibly and eternally conjoined unto the Father; his equal in excellency, his equal in power, the participator of his glory. Tell me, what is the Son, but a seal and an image, representing the entire Father?*

* We here find Basil, in common with Gregory and indeed with all the Fathers, maintaining the eternal Sonship of Christ. It was an established doctrine of the Church, before as well as after the Nicene Council. It has ever been a doctrine of the Roman Church, of the Church of England, and of the Orthodox Dissenters. One Divine of our own times, a man eminently great and good, has opposed it. Let

When we descend from his divinity to his humanity; when we find him discoursing of his manifestation in the flesh, to effect the redemption of the world; when we find him saying, that he was sent forth, that he was unable to do any thing of himself, and had received a mandate; let not these things incline thee to detract from the Divinity of the only begotten Son. Let not that condescension which was occasioned by thy necessity, be brought forward to lessen the dignity of the Omnipotent. Understand, that his nature was such as became a God, and when thou meetest aught that is lowly and ignoble, refer it to the œconomy of redemption.—The œconomy of redemption!—Oh! if on this exhaustless subject I were now to attempt discoursing, I should be adding to my present argument an infinitude of ideas, and an infinity of words. I will, therefore, adhere to my proposition.

us not be drawn aside even by *him*. Let us remember that however preeminent were the virtues and the talents and the acquirements of Adam Clarke, he was a human being, and therefore fallible.

The soul, which is purified from material dross, and disengaged from terrene affections; the soul, which can leave behind it all created natures; which, like a fish emerging from the depths of ocean, can rise above its native element, can breathe cœlestial air, and swim on the pure waves of incorporeal existence; that soul will perceive the Spirit where it perceives the Father and the Son. It will see that the Spirit subsists in one common essence; that it is co-eternal, commensurate, and equipollent; possessing whatever they possess—goodness, righteousness, sanctity, and life. For the Scripture saith, “Thy good Spirit.” And again, “The righteous Spirit.” And again, “The holy Spirit.” The apostle says, “The Law of the Spirit of Life.” Of these perfections, not one is acquired or adventitious; but, as to cast a heat is inseparable from fire, and to shine is inseparable from light, so also to sanctify and to give life can never be separate from the Spirit.

There, exists the Spirit,—there, in that

blessed nature,—not reckoned with multitude, but contemplated in a Triad; enuniated by unity, not comprehended in the class of entities.

As the Father is one, and the Son is one, so also is the Spirit; but the ministering spirits arranged in their respective orders, indicate a multitude whose number transcends the powers of computation. Seek not amid created beings that which is above creation, nor degrade the Sanctifier to the condition of the Sanctified. This Spirit fills the angels, replenishes the archangels, sanctifies the powers, and gives existence to the universe. This Spirit, though distributed through all creation, though participated in various degrees and measures, is in nought diminished by the profusion of his bounties. He bestows on all the riches of his grace, and yet, his treasure is unexhausted; for they who receive are abundantly replenished, and he who gives is not impoverished. As the sun, shining upon various bodies,

and gilding them with various degrees of brightness, suffers not a diminution, so the Spirit diffuses over all his grace, yet endures, undiminished and undivided. He illuminates the minds of all with the knowledge of Deity; he inspires prophets, he enlightens legislators, he makes the priesthood perfect, he strengthens monarchs, he establishes the righteous, he dignifies the prudent, he sheds abroad his graces, he bids the dead to live, he liberates those who had been bound, he adopts those who had been estranged. These things he operates by the regeneration which is from above. Does he find a tax-gatherer? He constitutes him an evangelist. Does he meet with a fisherman? He renders him a divine. Does he behold a persecutor? He sends him forth an apostle of nations, a herald of the faith, a vessel of election. By him are the weak invigorated, the poor are enshrined in wealth, the illiterate are rendered wiser than the wise. Paul was infirm in body, but by the exuberance of the Spirit his

very garments extended health to the diseased. Peter also was subjected to corporeal infirmity, but through that spiritual grace which dwelt within him, the very shadow of his body expelled diseases. Peter and John were poor, for they had neither silver nor gold, but they bestowed health, which was more precious than gold, and more estimable than silver. For a lame man, though he had received the alms of many, was still a mendicant; but when he had been cured by Peter, he ceased from begging; he leaped like a hart, and magnified his God. John was unacquainted with the wisdom of the world; but in the power of the Spirit, he uttered words which no wisdom of man can fathom.—The Spirit is enthroned in heaven, but he pervades the earth, he is every where present, and by no bounds is circumscribed. In each point of space he is altogether present, and yet he is altogether enthroned in heaven. Not as one who is subservient, does he administer gifts, but of his own will he dispenses

blessings; for, saith the Scripture, "~~he~~ distributes unto each according as it pleases him." He is sent forth, with reference to the œconomy of redemption; but with inherent might he operates.

Let us pray, that he may be present to our souls, and may never fail us. Let us pray, that he may be present through the grace of Christ our Lord, unto whom be ascribed the glory and the power, for ever and ever. Amen.*

* The reader will probably have remarked, that St. Basil dwells much longer on the Spirit, than he does on the Father or on the Son. I therefore think it proper to state the reason, or rather what I conceive to have been the reason. During the latter period of St. Basil's life, the Divinity of the Holy Ghost was made a preeminent subject of controversy, and was assailed, if possible, with more rage and fury than even the Divinity of the Son. Basil was one of its most strenuous defenders, and on this account was exposed to considerable persecution. Besides preaching on the subject, he wrote and published an elaborate treatise "On the Holy Spirit." It is a most valuable work, and that man who should translate it into English, would confer a real benefit on the Church. In the 28th chapter there is a passage which eminently displays the fervency of his zeal, and which is so grand and noble, that I cannot refrain from introducing it in this place. He has been shewing that the expression, "with the Spirit," had been used from the earliest times by the most eminent preachers, in their doxologies. He then proceeds thus :

How then am I an innovator, and an architect of newly constructed phrases; I who have evinced, that whole cities and nations, that a

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custom more ancient than the memory of man, that prelates who were pillars of the church, resplendent in all the power and all the science of the Spirit, were the patrons and champions of this expression? On this account a hostile army is drawn up against me; and every city and every hamlet, and the farthest limits of the earth, are crowded with mine accusers. Melancholy are these things, and grievous to the hearts of those who sigh for peace. But are there not rewards unspeakable for patient endurance in suffering for the faith? Why, then, let the axe be sharpened, and the sword unsheathed; let a fire be lighted up more dreadful than the Babylonian furnace; let every instrument of torture and of destruction be roused against me; for to me at least, nothing appears more terrible than not to tremble at the judgments with which the Lord hath threatened the blasphemers of his Spirit.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN'S
ORATION ON THE NATIVITY.*

JESUS is begotten!—laud and glorify. He descends from heaven!—go forth to meet him. He stands upon the earth!—be ye exalted to the skies. “Let the whole earth sing unto the Lord ;” or, that I may comprehend in a word all nature, “let the heavens exult, and the earth rejoice,” on account of Him who existed in the heavens, and then

* The Benedictine editor supposes, that this oration was pronounced at Constantinople, A. D. 380 ; but from what Gregory says in the close of his exordium, about his being a stranger, &c. I should infer that it was delivered soon after his arrival at Constantinople ; that is, two or three years sooner.

appeared upon the earth. Jesus is manifested in the flesh!—rejoice at once with joy and trembling: with trembling, by reason of thy transgression; with joy, by reason of thy hope. Who adores not him who existed from everlasting; or glorifies not him who through eternity shall endure?

Again darkness is dispersed; again is light created; Egypt again is visited with darkness; Israel is again enlightened by the fire-girt pillar. Let the people who sit in the gloom of ignorance, behold the resplendent beam of knowledge. The ancient things have passed away, and, lo! all things are new. The letter recedes, the spirit abounds. The shadows flee away, and the substance enters. The antitype of Melchisedeck is come; He who had no mother in his divine generation, is without a father in his human geniture; and the laws of nature are dissolved. It is fitting that the supernal world should receive its destined population. Christ himself commands it; and shall we oppose him? Clap your

hands, ye nations ! for "unto us a Son is born, and unto us a Child is given, whose government shall be upon his shoulder." Let John proclaim, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I also will proclaim the potency of this wondrous day. The Incorporeal is invested with a form ; the brightness of the Word is dimmed ; the Invisible is beheld ; the Intangible is felt ; the Everduring is born in time ; the Son of God becometh the son of man. "Jesus Christ, to-day and yesterday the same, and throughout eternity !" Let the Jews be scandalized ; let the Gentiles scoff ; let the hereticks vexatiously dispute. Then, will they believe, when they shall behold him returning to the skies ; or, if not then, at least when they shall behold him descending from on high, and sitting as their Judge !

But these things hereafter. The subject of the present festival is the divine Epiphany or Nativity, for it is designated by both these names. God was revealed to man by human geniture ; being God, and being so eternally ;

the Son of the Everlasting, anterior to all causation, above all reason; for what reason could be higher than the Eternal Wisdom? and afterwards, for our sake, becoming man; that he who gave us our existence, might render that existence happy; or rather, when we had fallen from our felicity, might restore it to us by his incarnation. It is called the Epiphany, from his being manifested to man, and the Nativity, from his being begotten. Such is the present festival. We celebrate this day the sojourning of God with man, that man might dwell with, or rather return unto, his God; for it is more suitable thus to speak; that, having put off the old man, we might be clothed with the new; that as we died in Adam, so we might live in Christ, having been born with Him, and with Him crucified; having been buried with Him, and with Him raised. For it is appointed that I shall experience a blessed reciprocity; and that as sorrow proceeded from a state of happiness, so from a state of sorrow, shall happiness result.

“For where sin abounded, grace hath abounded more;” and if we have been condemned through tasting the forbidden fruit, how much more shall we be justified through the sufferings of Christ !

Wherefore, let us rejoice, not as if we were celebrating a festival, but as if we were engaged in divine employments; not as if we were inhabitants of the earth, but as if we were raised above it; not according to our human inclinations, but according to the will of Him who is become our own, or rather whose servants we are become; not according to our native weakness, but to the divine remedy; not according to our natural birth, but to the spiritual renovation. And how shall this be done? Let us not institute festive dances, nor enwreath the vestibules, nor decorate the streets with flowers; let us not prepare a banquet for the eye, nor delight the ear with melody, nor recreate the smell with fragrance, nor pamper luxuriously the appetite, nor gratify the touch in the ways that lead to

sin; on the threshold of iniquity. Let us not render ourselves effeminate with the delicacy and costliness of apparel, whose chiefest beauty is its inutility; nor with the splendour of transparent gems; the gorgeousness of gold; the device of painting, which beliieth natural beauty, and dishonoureth the image of the Creator. Let us not indulge in feasting and drunkenness, from which I am assured other immoralities result; for evil are the instructions of evil teachers, and the fruit of baneful seeds is baneful. Let us not recline on elevated couches, gratifying the appetite with things of luxury, nor be charmed with the delicious fragrancy of wine, or a profusion of costly ointments. Let not the earth and the sea bring in the tribute of their dross; nor let us strive to surpass each other in intemperance; for whatever is superfluous I deem intemperance, especially when many of those who are formed of the same clay, and fashioned like ourselves, are hungering for what we waste. Let us leave these things

unto the Gentiles ; to Græcian pomp, and Græcian festivals ; let us leave them unto men who denominate gods beings that delight in savouriness of viands, and most consistently worship their divinities, by pampering their stomachs ; men who are the nefarious fabricators of nefarious dæmons ; who celebrate their rites, and honour them as divine.

But for us, who adore the Word, if we must revel, let us revel in that which we adore. Let us rejoice in the sacred law, and in the other divine narrations, as well as that from whence this festival is taken ; that so our festivity may be consentaneous, and pleasing unto Him who hath summoned us together. Since then, I am the provider of this day's banquet, are ye willing that I should lay before you, my noble guests, as largely and munificently as I am able, a discourse on this high argument, that ye may know how a stranger can entertain the natives of the land ; a rustick, the inhabitants of a city ; one who is estranged from pleasure,

those who revel in delights; and one who is poor and houseless, those who are encanopied in wealth? I will begin from hence; and, since the theme and the discourse is holy, be purified in heart, and ear, and understanding; O ye who luxuriate in such enjoyments, that ye may depart surcharged with pleasures inexhaustible. It shall be at once copious and concise; that so it may neither offend by the poverty of its materials, nor displease by its prolixity and redundancy.

*God ever was, and is, and will be; or rather, he ever is. For the terms "was," and "will be," are portions of our fleeting

* In a former note I observed that if we would be transported with sublime passages respecting the Deity, we must betake ourselves to Gregory Nazianzen. The above is surely a fine example. Two very fine ones occur in the *Apologetick*. See Tom. 1. p. 32 and 42, ed. Par. 1609, and 1630, and ed. Colon. 1690. There is another in the exordium of the *Oration on Baptism*, and another in the exordium of the *Panegyrick on St. Athanasius*. In the *Poem on Virginity*, already mentioned, St. Gregory has arrayed in verse, the ideas contained in one of those passages of the *Apologetick*, to which I have referred above. I might point out many other splendid passages on this high argument; but it would extend this note too far. Although the editions which I have quoted, are all bad ones, I prefer citing them, because the pages of all three exactly correspond.

duration and transient nature; but he is always; and thus he designated himself when he appeared to Moses on the mount. For he comprehendeth all existence in himself, without a commencement, without an end; being, as it were, a boundless and unfathomable ocean of existence, rising above every conception both of time and nature. He is shadowed forth by the intellect alone, and that most obscurely and imperfectly; not from the things which are inherent in him, but from those which move around him. Ideas collected from all parts of the creation conspire to form a faint image of the truth, which escapes before it is seized, and flies before it is understood; beaming for an instant on our mind, as the evanescent lightning glances on our sight; in order, as I suppose, that by the small portion which is comprehended, it may allure us to itself; (for that which is wholly incomprehensible is un hoped for and unattempted;) and by what is unapprehended, may be admired; and, being

admired, may be loved the more ; and, being loved, may purify ; and, purifying, may render us divine : that when we are thus transformed, when we are become as it were, his family, he may associate with us ; (my words are somewhat daring ;) a God united unto gods, and apprehended by them, apprehended perhaps as much as they now are known ! We may therefore pronounce that God is infinite, and difficult to be contemplated ; and that the only thing respecting him, which may fully be comprehended, is his infinity. But since some one may consider, that a being which is simple in its nature must be either perfectly intelligible, or wholly unintelligible, let me inquire what it is to be of a simple nature. The nature of a simple being does not consist wholly in its simplicity ; as the nature of a compound being does not merely depend upon its being compounded. Infinity may be considered in two respects, with reference both to the beginning and to the end ; for that which is

beyond these, and not that which inheres in these, constitutes infinity. When the mind looks back on the abyss of past duration, not knowing where it may firmly root itself, in its contemplation of the Deity, it calls this infinite and impassable abyss, unoriginated duration; and when it looks forward to the future, it calls it immortal and imperishable; and when it unites the two, it denominates the whole eternal. Eternity is neither time nor any portion of time; for it is not possible that it can be measured: but that which to us is time, measured by the course of the sun, is eternity to an eternal essence, being extended as it were so as to be commensurate to its existence.

Thus far have I philosophized on the nature of Deity. The time admitteth not of protracted investigation; for the subject which I have proposed unto myself is, not the existence of God, but the œconomy of grace. Let me, however, add, that when I speak of God, I speak of the Father, of the Son, and of the

Holy Spirit. To extend the Divine Essence further, would be to introduce a multitude of Gods; and if we should circumscribe it more, we should be impoverishing the fulness of the Godhead. The one is heathenish, the other Jewish: danger is situate in both, although found in opposite extremes. This is that Holy of Holies, which is overshadowed by seraphic wings, and glorified in three sanctities, blended in one domination, and in one divinity.

Yet it sufficed not the divine benevolence to energize alone in the contemplation of its own perfections; but it was pleasing unto God, that his goodness should go forth and be diffused, so that innumerable might be the beings enjoying happiness; and this was the very summit of beneficence. *In his sacred

* On the subject of the Angels also, Nazianzen has many fine passages. He treats of them at length with all the pomp and grandeur of his lofty diction, in the Peror. of his 2nd Theological Orat. He does the same in the Poem on Celibacy, already quoted. See Tom. 2, p. 43. Many short but fine passages about the Angels, are scattered through his works. I shall point out two. The one is at the end of the Exord. of his Orat. on Baptism; the other in his 1st Orat. on Peace. See Tom. 1, p. 198. To the sublime passages on the Deity, I might have added one, which immediately precedes this about the Angels.

bosom he first devised the angelic and cœlestial powers; and * the idea conceived was the reality effected; accomplished by the Word, and perfected by the Spirit. Thus were formed the secondary beings of light and splendour, the ministers of that supreme resplendence; whether they be intelligential spirits, or immaterial and incorporeal fire; or whether we must consider that they inherit some other nature, approximating to those which I have mentioned. I would fain assert, that it is impossible they can be impelled to sin, and that their inclination is to virtue only; inasmuch as they encircle the throne of God, and are the primary outbeaming of his reful-

* *το εννοημα εργον ην.* St. Gregory has a similar expression, in the prayer which occurs in the oration occasioned by a violent hail-storm. He there says, *το θελησαι σου πραξις εστι συντετελεσμενη.* In the 2nd Hom. on the Hexæm. commenting on the words, "God said, let there be light," St. Basil says, *το προσταγμα εργον ην.* In the 3rd choral ode of the Supplices of Æschylus, at the last line but one, we find, *παρεστι δ' εργον ως επος.* And in the sublime invocation of Jove at the commencement of this ode, we read, *πειθου τε και γενησθω.* By the way, it has always appeared to me, that this Tragedy is less known and admired than it deserves. The last choral ode, and the last but one, are particularly beautiful and harmonious.

gence; for the works which we here behold shone forth a second radiation. But the case of him, who from his brightness was called Lucifer, and who now, through his pride, both is, and is denominated, darkness, compels me to believe, and to assert, that they may, though with difficulty, be inclined to evil. I am convinced too, by the fall of the apostate powers, who, in fleeing from the good, became the artificers of sin, and familiarized it to us.

In this manner, and on this account, was the intellectual world created, as I at least have ventured to philosophize, examining by my lowly reason a subject so exalted. But as the first productions of his wisdom were acceptable to the mind which formed them, he devises a second world, material and visible. This is that beauteous system, that fair assemblage of the heavens and earth, and intermediate objects; admirable indeed for the grace residing in each peculiar portion; but more admirable for the symmetry of the

whole; each part conspiring with the rest in harmonious accordance to form a universe of wonders. He thus demonstrated that he was able, not only to form a nature which had some similitude to his own, but also to create one in every respect dissimilar. For intelligential natures have some affinity to his, and are comprehended by intellect alone; but those which fall under the cognizance of sense are altogether foreign; and such of them as are lifeless and immovable are placed at a still greater distance.

But some one of those who delight in festivals, and are of ardent temperament, may exclaim "What are these things to us? Urge on thy steed towards the goal. Speak to us of the festival; of the banquet, which we are now seated to enjoy." I will do what you require, although I commenced with remoter subjects; my own inclination and the nature of the discourse compelling me. Intellectual and material natures, being thus distinguished from each other, were established within

their proper boundaries, and exhibited in themselves the magnificence of the all-creating Word ; the loud-tongued heralds, and silent proclaimers of his mighty energy. But there was not yet an union of both, nor a blending of contrarious elements, which would have been an indication of yet higher wisdom, and of the powers bestowed on nature ; nor were the riches of the divine munificence revealed in all their plenitude. The all-forming Word, however, desiring to make the wondrous demonstration ; desiring to produce an animated being out of both, (I speak of the visible and invisible substance,) creates man. Moulding his body from the matter which had already been brought into existence, and instilling that vital principle, which the Scripture calls the rational soul, and the breath of life ; he places him on the earth ; another angel, a new adorer, a spectator of the visible creation, a mystick of the spiritual, a sovereign on earth, subjected to the Sovereign on high, corporeal and intellectual, temporary and immortal,

terrestrial and cœlestial, the intermediate link between greatness and humiliation. He is at once spirit and flesh ; spirit, because of the grace which is infused ; and flesh, because of the pride which is contingent : he is the one, that he may persevere, and glorify his Benefactor ; and the other, that he may suffer ; and, suffering, be kept in continual remembrance ; and chastened, if excited to ambition, through the sublimity of his superior nature : a sentient being, disciplined in this world, that he may be translated to another ; and, which is the crowning of the mystery, deified in his ascent to Deity ! For the beams of truth, which faintly illuminate us here, induce me to believe, that hereafter we shall both contemplate and experience the unclouded lustre of God ; such a blaze of glory as becometh Him, who first uniteth and then dissolveth, and will hereafter reunite us in sublimer union.

God, having created man, placed him in paradise, (whatever that paradise may have

been,) and endowed him with liberty of will, that the practice of virtue might depend not less upon his choice than upon Him who had sown the seed. He made him a cultivator of immortal plants; meaning, perhaps, heavenly contemplations; naked in simplicity of mind, and in his inartificial life; without covering, and without defence; for it was congruent that the first-formed man should be thus conditioned. Moreover, he prescribed a law, the material for his will to work on; and this law was a command respecting the fruit of which he might partake, and the fruit from which he was to abstain. This was the fruit of the tree of knowledge; not incongruously planted at the first, nor invidiously forbidden; (let not the impious cavil, in emulation of the serpent;) for it was good in itself, if partaken of judiciously. This tree, as I conceive, was speculation, and could be securely approached by those alone who were of a more elevated nature; but was not beneficial unto those composed of less per-

fectelements, and less satiable in their desires; as solid food is unsuitable for the infant that needeth milk. But deceived through the envy of Satan, and the ruin of Eve, which she sustained as being of a more yielding nature, and imparted to Adam, as being more likely to persuade, (alas, my infirmity! for the infirmity of my progenitor is mine,) he forgot the commandment which had been prescribed, and was overcome by that bitter taste. Then, by reason of his transgression, was he exiled from the tree of life, the bowers of paradise,⁵ the favour of God, and clothed in garments made of skins, perhaps a more gross and perishable form; and hence he discovered his nakedness, and fled from his Creator. He is doomed to death; yet even here he experiences a benefit, the cutting off of sin, lest sin should prove immortal. Thus, the very punishment was an act of mercy; for I am persuaded it is in this manner the Lord chastises. *And having been

* The ideas contained in this passage are not very orthodox. St. Gregory

disciplined on various occasions, and at divers periods, on account of the numberless transgressions which blossomed from the root of evil; having formerly been disciplined by precept, by the law, by the Prophets, by benefits, by threatenings, by chastisements, by water, by fire, by wars, by victories, by defeats, by signs from the heavens, signs from the air, from the earth, and from the deep, by the unexpected vicissitudes of men, of cities, and of nations; of all which the end proposed was the uprooting of sin,—at length he needed a more potent medicine for diseases yet more dreadful; for murders, for adulteries, for perjuries, for lusts unnatural, and, Oh! that climax of iniquity, the worshipping of

however seems to have been somewhat pleased with them, for he has elsewhere arrayed them in splendid hexameters. See Tom. 2, p. 44. sub. fin. But in these places, he is speaking as an orator and a poet. When writing as a Theologian only, he is truly orthodox. In his 3rd Orat. on Peace, he thus expresses himself, *ὅλον πταισάντα καὶ κατακριθέντα ἐκ τῆς τοῦ πρωτοπλάστου παρακοῆς, καὶ κλοπῆς τοῦ ὀψιτικειμένου*. In the Peror. of his 2nd Orat. on the Son, summing up his various appellations, he says that he is called *ἀπολυτρώσις*, *ὡς ἐλευθέρων ἡμᾶς ὑπὸ τῆς ἁμαρτίας κατεχομένους, καὶ λυτρον ἑαυτὸν ὑπιδίδους ἡμῶν, τῆς οἰκουμένης καθαρσίον*.

Idols, the transfer of adoration to the thing that was made, from the God who made it.

As these things needed a greater remedy, they obtained a greater. This was He, the Word of God; He, the Everlasting, the Invisible, the Uncircumscribable, the Incorporeal, the Light outbeaming from the Light, the Beginning proceeding from the Beginning, the Fountain of life and immortality, the Impress of the all-beauteous Archetype, the indelible Character, the unvarying Image, the Word of the Father, commensurate to his illimitable nature. He approaches unto his own image; to redeem my body, he is invested with a body; and to redeem my soul, he unites himself to a rational soul, that, by human nature, human nature may be purified. In every respect, save only in respect of sin, he becomes a man, and is born of a virgin previously purified by the Spirit in soul and body. As God assumes this nature in the moment of its creation, and thereby prevents its individual subsistence, from two con-

trarious natures, the human and divine, one Christ is formed : of these, the one was stamped with divinity, and the other impressed that divinity upon it. O unprecedented union ! O ineffable conjunction ! The Everliving begins to be ; the Uncreate is formed ; the Infinite is circumscribed : he is circumscribed by a rational soul, the intervening link which connects the incorporeal nature of God with the grossness of a material form. He who inheriteth the riches of the universe is rendered poor ; he is clothed with the garment of my flesh, that I may be enriched with the treasures of his Godhead. He who is full of blessedness is emptied ; yea, for a little season, he is emptied of his glory, that I may participate for ever in his fulness. Oh ! what an exuberance of the riches of his goodness. And what is this mystery by which I am affected ? I partook of the celestial image, and I did not preserve it. He participates in my lowly flesh, that he may not only restore the image, but make

this flesh immortal. He is associated with me in a second participation, more august and more astonishing than the first : for then, he imparted that which was superiour to my nature ; now, he partakes of that which is inferiour to his dignity. This is more godlike than the other : in the eyes of all who can understand, this will shine with a more transcending lustre.*

What now will the slanderers say in opposition to these things ? those bitter cavillers at his divinity ; men who vituperate what merits praise ; darkened when gazing on the light, and ignorant when looking upon

* On the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation our Saint is always orthodox : on the Atonement he is generally so. I know not any writer, (the sacred authours excepted,) who has such sublime and original conceptions as St. Gregory ; of the effects resulting from the union of the divine with the human nature, and of Christ's wondrous method of cleansing us from our sins. Some of his ideas shine forth in the above paragraph. But he who would fully enter into his views, must study his two Orations on the Son, the Oration on the Holy Lights, and his 2nd Oration on the Holy Pascha. Some extracts from these may be seen in the present volume. In his Poems, St. Gregory often arrays in the charms of elegant versification, the ideas which he had already clothed in the garb of his splendid oratory. See especially p. 45, p. 120, and his Poem on the Son, p. 161, Tom. 2.

wisdom ; men for whom Jesus freely died . the ungrateful workmanship of his hand remoulded by Satan ! And dost thou bring as a charge against him, the benefit thou hast received ? And is he of an inferiour nature because he humbled himself for thee ? because the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep, came unto the erring flock, to the mountains and the hills whereon thou wert sacrificing, and found the lambs which had gone astray ; and, having found, carried them on his shoulders, those shoulders on which he bore the cross ; and, having carried, restored them to the meads of paradise ; and, having restored, numbered them with his cœlestial flock ? because he lighted a candle ; that is, offered up his flesh ; and swept the house—purified this world of sin ; and looked for the coin—the divine image, defaced by evil passions ; and, having found it, summoned his friends—the angelick host ; and made them partakers of his joy, whom he had made the mysticks of his incar-

nation? because that orb of splendour followed the herald-light; the Word of God, the desert-voice; the Bridegroom, the conductor of the bride; preparing for the Lord a peculiar people, and purifying them by water for the reception of the Spirit? And dost thou object to his divinity, and consider him as inferiour, because he was girded with a linen cloth, and washed the feet of his disciples, evincing that humility was the surest path to exaltation? because he humbled himself in the dust, that he might raise, together with himself, the soul yet grovelling in its sins? (thou shouldst rather accuse that soul :) because he ate with publicans, and abode with publicans, and instructed publicans, that he might thereby derive some profit to himself? And what profit? The salvation of sinners. Perhaps some one will blame the physician also, because he bends over distempered bodies, and endures their fœtid smell, that he may give health to the diseased; or him who through his humanity leans over a pit,

that he may, in obedience to the law, preserve the cattle which had fallen in.

He was sent forth; but as a man; for he possessed a twofold nature. So also, he was wearied; he hungered, and was athirst; he was agonized; and he wept: but it was in his earthly form. Yet, supposing he was sent forth in his divine nature also; what then? Consider that this was the “good pleasure” of his Father, to which he referred his every action; honouring him as the eternal Fountain of Deity, and combining in unity of purpose. So also, he is said to have been betrayed; but it is likewise written, that he rendered up himself. It is said, that he was raised by his Father, and was carried up to heaven; but it is likewise written, that he raised himself, and returned thither. That evinces the “good pleasure” of his Father; this demonstrates his inherent power. Thou dwellest on those circumstances which prove his humiliation, passing by those which are proofs of his preeminent dignity: thou

speakest of his suffering, but dost not add, that he suffered willingly. Oh! what doth the Word even now endure?*

By the one party, he is honoured as God, but the hypostases are confounded; while, by the other, he is dishonoured as man, and severed from the Divine Essence. Against whom will his anger be most displayed; or rather, to whom will his mercy remit the most; those who profanely confound, or those who impiously disunite? It behoves the former to distinguish; the latter to conjoin; the former, in the number of hypostases; and the latter, in the unity

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that he here alludes to the Sabellians, and the Arians. St. Gregory discusses and exposes their errors in so many parts of his writings, that it would be almost impossible to enumerate them. I regret to state, that with respect to the terms applied to the Trinity, and the Incarnation, the Benedictine Editors are more profound and accurate Theologians, than any of the Protestants. The reason is obvious. They are far more deeply versed in the Greek Fathers. Modern Divines have followed the Latin Fathers, and they committed blunders. Besides other mistakes, they confounded *ὑποστάσις* and *οὐσία*, through the narrow limits of their language, and the poverty of their expressions; as Gregory has observed, near the close of his eloquent Panegyric on Athanasius. Schleusner himself has given *persona*, as one of the meanings of *ὑποστάσις*. The Greek Fathers never confounded *ὑποστάσις* and *πρόσωπον*.

of the Godhead. Dost thou stumble at the flesh? This thing did the Jews. Dost thou call him a Samaritan? I will not name the rest. Dost thou disbelieve his divinity? The very dæmons did not this. O thou, more incredulous than the dæmons, and more infatuated than the Jews! The Jews recognized in the title of Son, the assumption of equality: the dæmons knew the God they fled from. They knew him by what they suffered. But thou dost neither admit his equipollent dignity, nor confess his nature to be divine. I hesitate not to assert, that it were better for thee to be in the circumcision and possessed by an evil spirit, than, being in uncircumcision and in soundness of mind, to live in this profaneness.

In a little while, thou shalt behold him purified in Jordan, or rather, with his own purity hallowing the water; for he needed no lustration, who removed the iniquity of the world. Thou shalt behold the heavens opened, and his mission attested by the

kindred Spirit: thou shalt view him tempted and victorious, and ministered to by angels; healing every disease and every infirmity; restoring the dead to life; (Oh! that he may quicken thee, dead in thine impious doctrine,) expelling dæmons, partly by his own energy, and partly by means of his disciples; with a few loaves feeding thousands; walking on the deep; betrayed; crucified, and at the same time crucifying my sin; led to the sacrifice as a lamb, but conducting the sacrifice as a Priest; buried as a man, but rising as a God, and returning to the skies, that he may descend from thence in his native glory.

Oh! how many are the festivals presented to my mind, by each of the mysteries of Christ, conspiring to one common end!—the renewal of my heart, the perfecting of my nature, and my return to the primæval Adam. But now, receive with gratitude, this gift of the conception. Leap and exult, if not like John in the womb, at least like David at

the resting of the ark. Respect that enrolment, by which thou hast been registered in the heavens; and venerate that birth by which thou hast been freed from the chains of thy nativity. Honour lowly Bethlehem, for it hath restored thee unto Paradise: revere that manger, through which, when devoid of knowledge, thou wert nourished by the Word. Whether thou be one of the pure, and subject to the law, and meet for sacrifice; or whether thou have hitherto been impure, unfit to be offered, and of the portion of the Gentiles; move on, in unison with the star; and with the Magi present thine offerings,—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh; as thou wouldst unto a King; unto a God; unto Him who died for thee.* Glorify with the shepherds; join the dance of angels, and swell the chorus of archangels! Let there be an harmonious concelebration of the earthly and supramun-

* St. Gregory has the same idea in his *Orat. in Julianum*. Tom. 1. p. 156. Synesius seems to have imitated one or both these passages. See his 7th Hymn, v. 26. *αγε, δωρα κομίζετε κ. τ. λ.*

dane powers ! For I am persuaded that they also rejoice this day with us, and celebrate with us the festival ; if, indeed, they be lovers of man, and lovers of their God ; like those whom David introduceth, ascending with Christ after his passion, and coming forth to meet him, and prescribing to one another the elevation of the gates. Let one circumstance connected with his birth excite thy loathing and exprobration ;—the murder of the infants by command of Herod : and yet, thou shouldst reverence this also ; regarding it as an oblation of those whose age was the age of Jesus ; the forerunner of that novel sacrifice. Doth he flee into Egypt ? Eagerly participate his flight : it is an ennobling thing to flee with Jesus in his persecution. Doth he linger in Egypt ? Summon him from thence, by adoring him even there. Pass blamelessly through every age of Christ, and through all his virtues. Be purified as becometh his disciple ; be circumcised in heart ; rend the veil of thine

earthly generation. Teach in the temple, and drive from thence the traffickers in sacred things. Consent to be stoned, if it be needful: thou shalt escape thy persecutors, and shalt pass securely through the midst, as did thy Saviour; for the Word was not stoned. If thou should be brought before Herod, answer not. He will respect thy silence more than the protracted speech of others. If, like Christ, thou should be scourged, be emulous of the sufferings which yet remained. Since thou hast tasted sin, thou must taste the gall, and must drink the vinegar. Seek to be spit upon, to be stricken, to be buffeted; submit to be crowned with thorns,—the sharp trials attendant on a life of holiness. Be invested with the scarlet robe; receive the reed in thy hand; and be scoffingly adored by those who deride the truth.

At last, be crucified with him; die with him; be buried with him; that with him thou mayest arise; with him mayest be glorified; with him mayest reign; beholding

God in the fulness of his magnificence; adored and glorified in a Trinity of Persons. Oh! may he now irradiate your minds, as far as in this prison-house of the body, ye can endure his brightness; through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom be ascribed everlasting glory. Amen.*

* Let me avail myself of this opportunity of pointing out some other magnificent passages in Nazianzen. He was an ardent lover of solitude and contemplation. I know not any thing on these subjects, comparable to what he says in his Apologetick, Tom. 1, p. 9. He has a passage nearly as sublime, and very similar, at p. 146. He was a great admirer of the ascetick life. He gives us a most elaborate and finished picture of the Monks of his time, in the 1st Orat. against Julian, Tom. 1, p. 77. He presents us with another very similar and nearly as fine, in his 1st Orat. on Peace, p. 191.

THE BEGINNING

*Of the First Book of St. Chrysostom's
Treatise on the Priesthood.*

I ONCE enjoyed the society of friends whose hearts were noble and whose attachment was sincere; who accurately understood and faithfully observed the laws of friendship: but there was one among them who far outstripped the others in his regard towards me, sedulously striving to surpass them, as much as they surpassed my commonest acquaintance. From the period of childhood our lives had been spent together. We trod the same paths of learning, and listened to the instructions of the same preceptor; our zeal and

interest in the studies we pursued were equal mutual were our wishes, because engendered by the self-same circumstances: for not only when we went to *our instructor, but also when, our education being perfected, it behoved us to consider what course of life were preferable, our desires, our sentiments were the same. And beside the reasons I have mentioned, there were other causes which preserved this unanimity inviolate. With regard to the celebrity of our country, neither of us could be more elated than the other: with regard to fortune, I was not gifted with abundance, and he depressed by poverty; but the correspondence of our wealth æmulated the æquability of our desires: with regard to nobleness of birth, our families were equally respectable: in a word, every thing was in unison

* *εις διδασκαλον*. Let it not be thought that Chrysostom wrote bad Greek. His language is here elliptical, *οικον* or *δωμα* being understood. The purest Greek writers thus expressed themselves. For instance, in the *Ερασται* of Plato, we find *εις Διονυσίου του γραμματικού εισηλθον*. The preposition *εν* occurs in the same way with a genitive. Thus, in that sublime passage beginning with, *Ου γαρ αμελεθησει*, in Plato's tenth book *De Legibus*, we find *εν Αδου διαπορευθεις*.

with our sentiments. But when he felt himself impelled to follow a monastick life, and to embrace that philosophy which alone is genuine, the balance of our minds was no longer equal. His scale immediately was borne aloft; while I, encumbered with worldly affections, depressed my own, compelling it to remain below, and weighing it down with the illusions of a youthful imagination. From this moment, although our friendship remained uninterrupted, our intimacy declined. It could not be expected that they whose pursuits were so essentially different would spend a large portion of their time together. But when I had recovered myself a little, and had lifted my head above the wave of worldly cares, he received me as before, extending his hands towards me. But never again could we cherish the equality which had once subsisted. Having at an earlier period devoted himself to God, and

* Compare Heliod. *Æthiop.* p. 128, p. 258, edit. Coray.

evinced a zeal more ardent, he again outstripped my imbecile endeavours, and attained a far higher elevation. Yet, being by nature most benevolent, and regarding my friendship as though it had been worthy of regard, he estranged himself from all beside, and devoted his whole time to me. This he would have done before, had he not been obstructed, as I have said, by my negligence and sloth. For it could not be expected that he who attended the courts of law, and was immoderately attached to theatrical amusements, would court the society of a man nailed to his books, and never going to the Forum. By these causes he was formerly prevented. But now that he had induced me to spend my time with him as before, at once he brought to light the desire he had long since conceived; and not an instant could he endure to be absent from me, but persevered exhorting me, that, forsaking each of us our native home, we should share one common habitation. At length I was per-

suaded, and the business was on the eve of its accomplishment; but me the alluring blandishments of my mother restrained from granting that favour unto him, or rather from receiving that kindness at his hands. For, when she understood that I was meditating such counsels, she took me by the hand, and led me to her private chamber. There, having seated me by her side, on the bed where I first beheld the light, she poured forth a flood of tears; and addressing me in words more piteous than her tears, she thus gave utterance to her affliction.

But a little, O my child, was I permitted to enjoy your father's virtues; such was the will of Heaven. His death succeeded to the pains which your birth occasioned, bequeathing orphanage as your portion, an unseasonable widowhood as mine, together with the griefs of widowhood, which none can tell save those who like me have borne them. Alas! what language can portray the terrours of that storm to which a

maiden is exposed issuing scarce fledged from her paternal home, and unacquainted with the world; then precipitated into a sea of anguish, and involved in cares too weighty for her youth, too arduous for her sex! Surely she must inspect the negligence of servants, she must scrutinize their nefarious deeds, she must repel the stratagems of relations, she must endure with a noble resignation the frauds of the tax-gatherers, and their relentless cruelty in the collection of the tributes. If her departed husband have left a child behind him, and that child a daughter; she will create an anxiety in her mother's breast, but her expenses will be trifling. If he have left a son, he will prove to her the source of ten thousand terrors, and the cause of perpetual disquietude. I omit to mention the pecuniary charges she must sustain, if she adorn his mind with a liberal education. Yet nothing, no nothing could induce me to embrace a second marriage, and introduce a second husband to your father's bed. I heard

undaunted the roaring wave; I braved the storm; I did not flee the iron furnace of widowhood; for I was especially aided from on high, and I enjoyed the sweetest consolation when I gazed upon your features, and recognised there the image of your father's countenance glowing with life, and wearing an inimitable semblance. Thus, when you were yet an infant, and your lips had not learned to speak; at a season when parents chiefly derive pleasure from their children, you afforded more than pleasure; you gave me consolation. And truly you never can complain, that while I bore my widowhood with patience, I expended your paternal substance to support me in it; a case which hath happened unto many whose hard fate was orphancy. For I have not only preserved the whole inviolate, but I have neglected nothing which might further your improvement, and spread abroad your fame; from my own hereditary fortune defraying the expense. Think not, O my child, that I recount these

things by way of reprehension. I wish not to reproach, but, in return for all, to entreat one kindness; invest me not with the sad habiliments of a second widowhood, nor rake up the decayed embers of an extinguished sorrow, but wait in patience my decease. Exhausted nature whispers that I shall not trespass on you long. Reasonably may you hope that the young and healthy will arrive at an extended age, *but I who am grown old already, have nothing to expect but death. When you shall have consigned me to the tomb, and mingled my ashes with your father's dust, then undertake whatever journey, and explore whatever sea you will; for there will be no one to exclaim, I have the privilege of detaining you. But, while I linger on the scene, endure to abide with me,

* οἱ δὲ γεγηρακότες ἡμεῖς. And a little after, we read ἡμᾶς ἠδικοτάς οὐδεν. Some may imagine, that Chrysostom forgot himself, when he made his mother speak, as if she were a man. The learned will remember the Dawesian canon, Cum mulier de se loquitur, &c. Thus, in the Tragedy of the Medea, Medea says, ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν, οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.

Eurip. Med. v. 1059, edit. Porson.

lest you should rouse the displeasure of your God, by plunging in such bitter grief one who has not offended. If you can complain that I have involved you in the business of the world, and in the perplexity of my own affairs, respect not the laws of nature; remember not that you were reared by me, that you shared every thing with me; but abjure me as a deceiver, and fly me as an enemy. But if I have said every thing and done every thing, that you might peacefully enjoy your loved retirement; though nothing else have influence, let this constrain you to my will. You will tell me, you have a thousand friends who love you; but which of them would toil that you might live free from toil? O my son, which of them is wrapt up, like me, in your life, your welfare, your reputation?

Thus, and yet more fully, to me discoursed my mother; and every thing which she said, I repeated to that noble friend. But he was so little influenced by her words,

that he assailed me with redoubled ardour—
exhorting me to that which he had former-
desired. While we were situated thus, he
entreating, and I rejecting his entreaties,
report was spread abroad, which filled us
both with consternation. The report was
that to the dignity of the priesthood we were
soon to be advanced. When I was informed
of this, I was seized at once with terrour and
uncertainty; with terrour, lest against my
will I should be made a captive; with un-
certainty, wondering how an intention such
as this could ever have been engendered in
their breasts. For, considering, deeply con-
sidering myself, I found I had nothing worthy
of such an honour. But my generous com-
panion, coming to me in private, and com-
municating the affair as if I had been
unacquainted with it, entreated me that, in
this case also, the world might be a witness
of our unanimity in sentiment and conduct;
assuring me he would pursue whatever
path I might prescribe, whether it behoved

me to decline or to embrace the offer. Perceiving his ready zeal, and feeling a conviction that the universal church would sustain an injury, if, because of my own unfitness, I deprived of so excellent a youth the flock of Christ; I revealed not the intention which I formed, though never before had I concealed from him a single thought, a single resolution. Telling him it would be better to defer our consultation, as the business was of no immediate urgency; I both persuaded him to dismiss it from his thoughts at present, and gave him reason to be convinced, that, if ever it came to a crisis, I would adopt the same plan with him. A short period having elapsed, and the day in which we were to be ordained arriving, I concealed myself. He, unacquainted with these circumstances, is led forth as if for some other purpose, and receives the yoke. To this he consented, believing, from the promises which I had made, that I most assuredly would follow him, or rather imagining that I had gone to

the church before. For some who were present there, observing his unwillingness and reluctance, contributed to deceive him; saying, it would be strange indeed, if the the other, who was deemed more vehement and self-willed (meaning me,) should yield with all submission to the judgment of the elders; while he, who was far more prudent and more tractable, should become impetuous, and filled with vain-glorious conceits, evading, retreating from the altar, and making opposition to their will. Overpowered by these inducements he submits. But when he was informed that I had fled, coming to me with much dejection, he seated himself by my side. It was evident that he desired to speak; but restrained by his consternation, and unable to delineate the feelings which oppressed him, with a vacant stare he continued silent, grief interrupting his discourse before it had passed the threshold of his lips. I therefore, beholding him surcharged with tears, and agitated in mind, and knowing

full well the cause, smiled upon him with much delight; and taking his right hand compelled him to salute me, glorifying God that my contrivance had been blessed with a favourable result, and such as I had always prayed for.

THE PERORATION

*Of St. Chrysostom's Third Oration on The Incomprehensible, and against the Anomæans.**

HAVING made mention of the prayers which for dæmoniacs are offered, I feel an imperious impulse, which prompts me to assail your affectionate dispositions, and eradicate from your breasts a disease most grievous. It were indeed unnatural, that he who laboured in the service of the stranger should prove neglectful of his own loved family. What then is this disease ?

* The Anomæans were a set of heretics, who, in addition to the Arian blasphemy, maintained that the nature and attributes of the Deity may be as clearly comprehended by and as fully known to us, as they are to God himself !

At the fearful and tremendous season, desiring to behold this countless multitude, which now is wedged like a phalanx and riveted to my words, I have sought around in vain; and bitterly have I wept, reflecting that when your fellow-mortal is discoursing, eminent is the zeal, resistless the enthusiasm, of the crowds pressing against each other, and continuing to the end: but when Christ is to be exhibited in the mysteries, when your God is to be revealed; the Church is empty, forsaken, desolate! Oh! how can this be pardoned? By your unholy negligence, ye render of none effect the encomiums ye had merited. Who is there that will not reproach you, that will not reprehend me also, when he shall perceive the fruits of my instruction immediately wasted? For, if with diligence ye received my sayings, your conduct would evince it; but to depart when the discourse is finished, is a proof that ye derived no benefit, that ye laid up nothing in your hearts. If my doctrines were treasured

there, ye would continue in the church; illumed with the flame of piety, ye would rush to the tremendous altar: but now, as if ye had been hearing some performer on the lyre, without profit ye depart when the preacher's lips are closed. How poor, how frivolous the excuse that will be offered! Ye will tell me, I can pray at home, but at home I cannot hear the homily. My friend, thou hast deceived thyself. To pray at home is possible; but to pray as in the church thou wouldst; where so many elders are assembled, where, on devotion's wing ten thousand supplications ascend together; this is not possible. Thou canst not by thyself invoke thy Lord so fervently as when in company with thy brethren. Here there are superiour incitements: the union of voices, the unity of hearts, the bonds of love, the supplications of the priest. For this purpose, the ministers of Heaven stand foremost, that the prayers of the multitude, inefficient in themselves, may be aided by their more powerful petitions,

and be made acceptable to God. Ineffectual were the homily if unaccompanied by prayer : first prayer, and then instruction. Thus the apostles say, "Let us persevere in prayer, and in the teaching of the word." This is the conduct of Paul, who prays in the beginning of the Epistles, that so the light of prayer like a lamp may usher in his discourse. If thou wouldst accustom thyself to pray with fervency, thou wouldst not need the instructions of a fellow-mortal ; for God himself, without human intervention, would illuminate thy soul. But if the prayer of a private person be of such exceeding benefit, much more the supplications of a multitude. This is manifest from the words of Paul : "We trust that God, who hath preserved us from so many deaths, will still preserve us while you cooperate in your petitions for us." It was thus that Peter escaped from prison. Numerous and fervent were the prayers which were offered up. Now if the prayer of Christians could avail so much, that it

rescued from the prison that pillar of the church; how wilt thou presume to despise its potency, and what excuse wilt thou have to offer? Listen unto God himself, who declares that a multitude with sincerity invoking him can touch, can move him. For, apologizing to Jonah, by reason of the gourd, he says, "Thou hast been sparing of the gourd, for which thou sufferedst no toil, which thou didst not rear; and shall not I spare Nineveh, that great city in which reside more than twelve myriads of men?" He does not casually record their number, but that thou mayest know that the prayers of an united multitude have a wondrous influence.

That such is their marvellous effect, I will evince from a circumstance in our history. About ten years ago, some persons in this city were accused of treason, as ye may well remember. One of them, a man of authority in the state, and beloved by his fellow-citizens, being found guilty of the charges which were brought against him, was led forth to

execution, and dragged as a common criminal with a rope about his neck. Then the whole city ran unto the Hippodrome, and drawing after them all who were in the Forum, the workshops, or the places of amusement, the collected people approached their sovereign, and by a spectacle so moving saved from the royal anger the culprit who had been condemned. When ye would preserve your fellow-citizen from the anger of an earthly monarch, with your wives and children ye went forth zealously: and when ye may render the Sovereign of heaven propitious, and rescue from his wrath, not one human being as then ye rescued, nor two, nor three, nor a thousand, but all the sinners inhabiting the world; can ye sit calmly without the church's precinct, and not enter, in one multitudinous body, that God, touched by the union of your hearts and feelings, may both remit their chastisement, and smile forgiveness on your transgressions? Whether thou be employed at the Forum, or occupied in thy house, engaged in business however important, however

indispensable; when thou shalt be told, It is the season of the Eucharist,—bursting asunder all impediments with the ardour of a hungry lion, wilt thou not rush to the common scene of supplication?

In a moment so sublime, how exalted should be thy hope, how great thy longing for salvation!—Heaven's canopy resounds not with the piercing cry of mortals only: angels fall prostrate before their Lord: arch-angels kneel before their God. The season itself becomes an argument on their lips; the oblation an advocate in their cause. And as men in the office of intercession, cutting down branches of olive wave them before their king, by the blooming plant reminding him of mercy and compassion; so likewise the host of angels, in the place of olive-branches extending the body of their Lord, invoke the common Parent in the cause of human nature!—

Methinks I hear them even now exclaiming, We entreat for those whom thou didst love with so God-like an affection, as to yield

up thy life for theirs ! We pour our petitions in behalf of those for whom thou didst shed thy blood ! We supplicate for them, for whom this very body thou gavest in sacrifice ! —What ! Do ye applaud my words ? Do ye receive my spiritual instruction with clapping of hands and tumultuous uproar ? Away with an encomium like this ! I ask no other mark of your approbation, than the amendment of your lives and manners. My instructions should be followed by your prayers. Let them be my wreath of praise, and my crown of glory. By your conduct manifest your zeal. Exhort one another to persevere, as ye have hitherto persevered. If but one should become degenerate, and fall off from the flock of Christ, sustain him in his fall, and lead him back unto the fold. Thus, receiving the reward, of anxiety for your own welfare, and the welfare of your brethren, in all the fulness of holy confidence ye may offer up your prayers, and, rendering God propitious, become inheritors of the present

and the future blessings; which may we all obtain, through the grace and mercy of our Redeemer, to whom with the Father and with the Holy Spirit be ascribed all glory for evermore! Amen!

PART OF THE PERORATION

Of St. Chrysostom's Fifth Oration on The Incomprehensible.

BUT that we may not trifle, by dwelling upon subjects which need no proof and require no defence, let us here conclude our discourse to the Anomœans, and devote ourselves to prayer. In proportion as their impiety increases, let us increase our fervency, imploring the common Parent to rescue them from their delusion. Thus shall we be made acceptable in the presence of our God. Oh! may we never fail to pour in their behalf our supplications; for prayer is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine

which never is exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a haven unruffled by the storm: it is the root, the fountain, and the mother, of a thousand thousand blessings. It transcends a monarch's power. Often, when a king hath been the victim of disease, when the fever hath scorched his blood, when he hath writhed on the bed of anguish, the physicians have been at hand; his life-guards, his generals, his attendants have flocked around; and neither the wisdom of physicians, nor the potency of medicine, nor the presence of his friends, nor the assiduity of his servants, nor the magnificence of his palace, nor the multitude of his riches, nor any thing that was human could charm away his pain. But when a man hath entered, beloved of Heaven, and familiar with the graces of the Spirit, though he but touched his body and offered up a prayer, he hath expelled the malady; and that which no wealth could have effected, no multitude of domesticks, no skill of the physician, no pomp

of royalty,—that hath an individual achieved, perhaps the lowest of the indigent.

I speak not of the prayer which is cold, and feeble, and devoid of energy: I speak of that which proceeds from a mind outstretched; the child of a contrite spirit; the offspring of a soul converted: this is the prayer which mounteth to the heavens.—

As a stream of water, while flowing on an even soil and enjoying an unimpeded progress, is calm, and never rises above its level: but, when it is depressed, and imprisoned in a narrow channel, bursts forth, and overflows, and dashes on high its foam; so is it with the mind. As long as it enjoys tranquility, it flows on without emotion, and wastes its strength; but when misfortune's hand depresses it, its energies are roused, and it sends on high the impassioned prayer. To convince you that those petitions will especially be heard which are breathed in tribulation, I will cite the prophetic psalmist: "I cried to the Lord in my affliction, and he heard

me." Wherefore, let us awaken the flames of conscience; let us afflict the soul with the remembrance of its sins; let us afflict it, not for the purpose of distressing it, but that we may prepare it to be heard with acceptation, that we may make it vigilant, and enable it to ascend the heavens. Nothing so soon eradicates our negligence as contrition, which steals away the heart from extraneous objects, and turns it to itself. If thus afflicted we bend in prayer, we shall feel a preeminent consolation. And as the gathering tempest at first obscures the canopy of heaven, but when the warring winds have discharged the showers, the face of nature is more bright, more lovely; so likewise our affliction darkens for a time and overwhelms us; but when through the aid of prayer it is exhausted in penitential tears, the soul shines forth in redoubled splendour, and the knowledge of God, unclouded as the sunbeam, illuminates the heart.—

The potency of prayer hath subdued the strength of fire; it hath bridled the rage of lions; hushed anarchy to rest; extinguished wars; appeased the elements; expelled dæmons; burst the chains of death; expanded the gates of heaven; assuaged diseases; repelled frauds; rescued cities from destruction; it hath stayed the sun in its course, and arrested the progress of the thunderbolt: in a word, it hath destroyed whatever is an enemy to man. I repeat, that I speak not of the prayer engendered by the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart. For, as the tree whose roots are buried in the earth, though assaulted by a thousand tempests, knows not to be rent asunder, and defies the storm; so the prayer deeply implanted in the soul, and springing up from thence, ascends on high; nor can all the incursions of unhallowed reason remove it from its place.

THE PERORATION

*Of St. Chrysostom's Sixth Oration on The
Incomprehensible.*

BUT now, concluding my discourse to the Anomœans, and deferring to another season the remainder of my subject, I shall again descant on the benefit of prayer. Although on this holy argument I have frequently enlarged, it still behoves me to illustrate and enforce it. When garments are being dyed, those which are immersed but once, are gifted with a perishable hue; but those which repeatedly absorb the purple, retain the brilliancy of their tint unfaded and unimpaired. So is it with the human mind. When we

hear the same doctrines continually enforced, imbued with the word of knowledge as a vestment with the dye, we never suffer it to be effaced. It behoves us therefore to be constant auditors.

Assuredly there is nothing of more potency than prayer: yea, there is nothing comparable to it. A monarch arrayed in gorgeous habiliments, is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. And as, when a mighty army is assembled, and generals and præfects and rulers stand around; if an obscure individual approaching should hold a private conversation with the king, he would draw the eyes of all towards him, and thus become an object of their reverence; so likewise will it happen to those who pray. Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present, and archangels throng around, and cherubim and seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne; that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse

with heaven's dread Sovereign! Oh! what honour was ever conferred like this? And not honour only, but blessings the most exalted accrue to us from prayer, even before we receive the object of our petition. For when a Christian stretches forth his hands, and invokes his God, in that moment he leaves behind him all terrestrial pursuits, and traverses on the wings of intellect the realms of life: he contemplates cœlestial objects only, and knows not of the present state of things during the period of his prayer, provided that prayer be breathed with fervency. If his soul be inflamed with anger, that anger is lulled to rest: if passions rage within him, those passions are extinguished: if envy consume his peace, with facility it is expelled. As when the orb of day arises in unclouded glory, the wild beasts of the desert are dispersed, and seek the shelter of their dens; so when prayer, refulgent as a sunbeam, arises from our hearts, and sits enthroned upon our lips, the whole intellect is

illumed, and each unreasonable and each unholy passion flees away. Could we but pray with fervency; could we pray with a soul resuscitated, a mind awakened, an understanding quickened; then were Satan to appear, instantaneously he would fly; were the gates of hell to yawn upon us, they would close again. If, when a slave is conversing with his sovereign, no one of his fellow servants, nor even of those who have the readiest access to their prince, would dare to interrupt the conference; much more would that fell spirit, who is consigned to all ignominy and abasement, be unable to interrupt our thoughts, and sever us from our God.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter; a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the

cloud of our calamities. Do temptations assail us? Oh! how easily are they repelled. If we are afflicted by the loss of fortune, or by any other of those ills which are written in the dark catalogue of human sufferings; do we not rise superiour to them all? O prayer, O blessed prayer! how shall I pourtray thee? Thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of everduring joy, the mother of philosophy! The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest penury, is richer than all beside; while the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as monarch of the nations, is of all men most indigent. Ahab was a king, and his treasures of gold and silver were too numerous to be counted; but possessing not the gift of prayer, he went about to seek Elias, a man who had scarce a pillow on which to rest his head, whose only garment was a squallid sheep-skin. What prodigy is this? Inform me. Thou that

inheritest mountains of gold, seekest thou the poor, the contemned Elias? I do, saith he; for what benefit can I derive from my treasured store, while this man shutteth up the windows of heaven, and rendereth Nature's gifts unfruitful?—And now, my brethren, do not we understand how much more abundantly this man was gifted than the other? As long as he continued silent, the monarch and his army were a prey to want. Oh! wondrous sight. He possessed nothing upon earth, yet his influence extended to the skies. For this reason he could bar the portals of heaven, because he had nothing upon earth. His poverty was here: his treasure there. Opening his lips alone, he caused unnumbered blessings to descend.—O voice commanding the springs of the rain! O tongue unloosing the fetters of the cloud! O mouth distilling with the dews of heaven!—

To him then our thoughts directing, to him who was poor, yet rich, rich because that he was poor; let us overlook the enjoy-

ments of the present, and desire the blessing of the future; for so shall we obtain the blessings both of the present and the future. Oh! may we all obtain them, through the grace and bencficence of Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be ascribed all glory, now and for evermore!* Amen!

* It is surely admirable, with what richness, copiousness and variety, Chrysostom has discussed the same subject in three successive homilies. In some passages, to use the words of Homer, he is μέλιτος γλυκίων καταλειβομενός while of others Longinus himself might have exclaimed, δίκην σκηπτου πάντα διεφόρησε, καὶ τὴν τοῦ ρήτορος εὐθεὶς ἀθροῶν ἐνεδείξατο δύναμιν!

THE PERORATION

*Of St. Chrysostom's Eighty-Second Homily
on St. Matthew.— [He has been commenting
on the betrayal of Judas, and the denial
of Peter.]*

FROM hence we learn a mighty truth ; namely, that the ready will of man is not sufficient, if he receive not an impulse from on high ; and again, that we are benefited not by an impulse from on high, if our ready will be wanting. These truths are attested by Judas, and by Peter. The one, enjoying much heavenly assistance, derived no benefit, because he was unwilling to contribute any thing from himself. The other, though of

ardent inclination, experienced no cœlestial aid, and therefore fell; for of these two things, is the web of virtue woven.

Wherefore, I exhort you that ye should neither negligently slumber, leaving every thing to God; nor, when diligent in your endeavours, imagine that by your own exertions the whole work is achieved. God willeth not that we should be supine, inasmuch as he operateth not the whole, himself; nor is it his will that we should be vain-glorious, inasmuch as he consigneth not the whole to us; but subtracting from each the injurious consequence, he bestoweth on us that which is beneficial. On this account he permitted the Coryphæus of the Apostles to sustain a fall; thereby rendering him humble, and anointing him for deeds of more fervent love. For he to whom much hath been remitted, will love the more. Let us therefore, in every thing trust to God, and let us in no wise contradict, although the thing which is asserted may seem opposed both

to our reason and to our sight. Let his word be to us of more authority than our reason, or our sight. Thus also we should act, with regard to the holy mysteries; turning not our eyes to that which is placed before us, but directing our attention to his words. For his word is exempt from error, but our sense may easily be deceived: the one can never deviate; the other is often led astray. *Since therefore the word hath said, "This is my body," let us be persuaded of it; let us believe it truly; let us behold it with intellectual eyes. For Christ hath committed to us nothing which is perceptible to sense; but, under a form perceptible, things intellectually discerned are given. Thus also, in baptism, the gift is conferred upon us by means of a perceptible substance, to wit the water;

* It might seem from this sentence, and the preceding, that Chrysostom held transubstantiation; but the sentence following plainly shews, and what is said about baptism *absolutely demonstrates*, that he held no such thing. Baptism is here considered a case parallel to the Lord's supper. But no one will maintain, that any but a *spiritual* change takes place in baptism. The *whole passage* annihilates the Popish doctrine.

but the regeneration which is effected, is inwardly discerned. If thou had been made an incorporeal spirit, He would have given the same unto thee revealed in its native form; but since thy soul is united to a body, He bestows on thee a gift intellectually perceived, in a form perceptible to sense. How many now exclaim, I would that I could gaze upon his form, behold the majesty of his manner, and view the fashion of his raiment! Lo, thou dost behold him, thou touchest him, thou feedest on him, and yet thou desirest to view his raiment! He giveth himself to thee, not only that thou mayest see him, but that thou mayest touch him, mayest feed upon him, and receive him in thy body.

Let no one, therefore, approach with loathing, no one dispirited and weak; but come, all clothed with fire, all animated with zeal, all quickened with expectation. If the Jews received the passover, standing, and having ready their shoes and their staves, how much more is it befitting that thou

shouldst be girt up and vigilant ! They were about to go forth to Palestine, and therefore did they assume the semblance of travellers : thou art about to commence thy journey to the skies, and therefore it behoveth thee, on all sides to be watchful. Great and terrible will be the chastisement of those who participate unworthily. Remember how vehement was thine indignation at the Betrayer, and at those who crucified thy Lord ! Be careful, lest thou thyself should become guilty of the body and blood of Christ. They massacred indeed that all-holy body, but thou with a soul impure receivest thy heavenly guest, though laden with blessings so transcendent. To him it was not sufficient that he should become a man, that he should be scourged, and crucified : he even commingleth himself with us, and not merely by faith, but also in very deed, we are made the substance of his body.—O God ! how unsullied should be his purity, who enjoys thine unspotted sacrifice ! how much purer than the sun-beam,

the hand which administers thy sacred flesh ; the mouth which is clothed with spiritual fire ; the tongue empurpled with thy tremendous blood !—Consider, O man, with what an honour thou art ennobled ; and what a banquet it is given thee to enjoy ! That body, from which the angels recede with trembling, unable to soar against its blaze, and confront the terrors of its majesty ; by that body we are nurtured, with that we are commingled, becoming with Christ one body, and with Christ one flesh ! What shepherd with his own members would feed his flock ? Yet wherefore do I name a shepherd ? Mothers there oft have been, who, after the pains of childbirth, to the breast of strangers have consigned their offspring ; but this he cannot endure, for lo ! he sustains us with his native body, and in every way unites us to himself. Reflect that He was born of our substance. But this, you will say, appertaineth not to all. Certainly it appertaineth unto all. For, if he came unto our nature, it is manifest

that he came to all: and if to all, to each single individual. But how happens it, you will ask, that all enjoy not the benefit of his coming? This depends not upon him, who for the sake of all assumed our nature, but upon those who will not receive him. To each of the faithful, by means of the mysteries, he unites himself; and those whom He has regenerated, he nourishes by himself, and consigns them not unto another. Wherefore, we should not be negligent and supine; we who are deemed worthy of a love so fervent, of an honour so exalted. Mark ye not the infants, with how great a longing they desire the breast; with how great an eagerness they apply to the teat their lips? With such a longing let us seek the altar, approaching the spiritual cup, as the breast of a tender mother:—or rather, with transports more ecstatick let us quaff the cœlestial grace; and let this be our only sorrow, not to feel the blessing of its due. The work which is there achieved, is not the

result of human operation. He who effected those things at that memorable supper, the same now effects these to us. We indeed perform the ministry of servants, but it is He who sanctifies and transforms the elements. Let no Judas, therefore, here be present; no one who thirsts for gold. If here there be any one who is not a disciple, I counsel him to withdraw. Our hallowed table doth not acknowledge such. For saith He, "With my disciples I celebrate the passover." This table is the same as that: it is in no respect inferiour. For Christ did not institute that, and a mere mortal, this; but this also hath He appointed. This is the same supper at which the apostles sate.—From thence he proceeded to the Mount of Olives. Let us proceed to the service of the poor. This place may be called the Mount of Olives. The poor are olive trees planted in the temple of the Lord, distilling that precious oil which there will benefit us; that oil which the five virgins had. The others who possessed it

not, for that reason perished. Receiving this, let us enter in; that so, with our lamps fresh trimmed, we may meet our bridegroom. Receiving this, let us retire. Let no one here be seen, who is cruel in disposition; no one ferocious and unrelenting; no one, in a word, who is unclean.

These monitions, I offer both to you who receive, and to you who administer the mysteries. For it is needful that to you also I should discourse, inciting you, with diligence and zeal to distribute this gift of Heaven. Dreadful will be your doom, if ye permit any one to participate, conscious that he is stained with guilt; for the blood of Christ at your hands will be required. Should a general, with his military pomp; a consul, with his dignified authority; an emperor, with his diadem, approach, and approach unworthily, restrain him. Thou art invested with a power more preeminent than his. If a stream of water were given thee in charge, that thou shouldst preserve

it pure and unsullied for an unsullied flock, and thou wert to perceive a multitude of sheep approaching, their mouths distained with mud; thou wouldst not suffer them to bend down their heads, and pollute the fountain: and now that thou art entrusted, not with rivers of water, but with the stream of his blood, with the fountain of his spirit; when thou beholdest a sinner laden with impurities most foul, and yet approaching; art thou not indignant? dost thou not reject him? For this purpose hath God ennobled thee with so high an honour, that thou shouldst distinguish such men as these. This is thy brightest crown; this thine unfading wreath; this the ornament thou shouldst wear, not glittering in gold, not decked with jewels.—But you will say, How can I know such a one, or such a one?—I speak not

* This passage proves to a *demonstration*, that auricular confession, was unknown in the days of Chrysostom. The Papists regularly confess to a priest; and they do so especially, before they receive the Eucharist. The priest therefore, who administers the wafer, must *know positively*, that they are considered to be fit communicants. In

of those you are ignorant of, but of those who are well known. Shall I declare a truth most awful? It is not so grievous, that the man possessed by a dæmon should kneel before the altar, as that they should kneel before it, who, as Paul declares, have trampled upon Christ, have made common the blood of the covenant, and insulted the grace of the Spirit. He who sins, and yet frequents this table, is worse by far than the man possessed. The one, being subject to a dæmon's power, will not be consigned to chastisement; but the other, since he participates unworthily, will be doomed to punishment eternal. Wherefore, let us not reject these alone; let us exile all who unworthily may approach. Let no one be a partaker who is not a disciple: let no one receive like Judas, lest he should suffer as Judas suffered. This assembly *also is the body of Christ. Be care-

Chrysostom's 5th Hom. on the Incomprehensible, Tom. 6, p. 424, Ed. Savil, there is a passage, which equally overturns the Popish doctrine.

* The word *also* plainly refers to the consecrated bread; this assembly, as well as that bread, is the body of Christ. Will the Papists assert

ful, therefore, thou that dispensest the mysteries of God, lest thou should offend thy Lord, preserving not his body pure; lest thou should give it a sword instead of nutriment. Should any one from ignorance of his condition seek to be a partaker, forbid him. Be not afraid. Fear God, not man. If thou fear man, by man wilt thou be contemned; but if thou fear God, then by man wilt thou be revered. If thou have not the courage, to me consign the office; for never will I permit such deeds of daring. I will yield up this mortal body, or e'er I will impart the body of my Lord unworthily: I will pour out my blood upon the earth, or e'er I will impart unlawfully that sacred blood.*—If, after a studious enquiry, there be any nefarious persons of whom thou still art ignorant; to thee no crime will be imputed:

that Chrysostom believed his congregation to be literally *changed* in Christ's body? I shall notice in another place, a passage equally conclusive.

* Every man of common sense, will perceive at once from this passage, that in the days of Chrysostom, the cup was given to the Laity.

my words have reference to sinners undisguised. Should we labour to reclaim these, God will discover those unknown : but should we give way to these, how can we expect that he will make manifest the others? Remember, it is not sufficient that we restrain them from the altar, and separate them from the holy : it behoves us, by reclaiming, to lead them back ; by labouring in their behalf to save them. Thus we shall render our God propitious ; thus we shall behold many righteous partakers of his supper ; thus we shall inherit the reward of anxiety for our own salvation, and concern for that of others : which reward may we all obtain, through the grace and the beneficence of Jesus Christ our Lord ! Unto Him with the Father, unto Him with the holy and life-bestowing Spirit, be ascribed all glory and authority ; be paid all homage and adoration, now, and for evermore ! Amen !

AN EXTRACT

*From the Third Book of St. Chrysostom
Treatise on the Priesthood.*

THE office of the priesthood is exercised upon earth, but it is enrolled among the celestial functions: and justly is it the enrolled; for no mortal man, no angel, archangel, nor any other created power but the Spirit of God hath established this holy order, appointing unto men, who dwellers in the flesh, to wear the semblance of angelical ministration. Wherefore, it behoves a priest to be as saintly, as pure, spotless, as though he were standing in the full blaze of heaven, encompassed by

cherubim and seraphim. Fearful, and indeed tremendous, were the symbols of the Mosaick institution before the days of Grace; such were the bells, the pomegranates, the gems which glittered on the breast and on the shoulder; the mitre, the bonnet, the garment descending to the feet, the golden breast-plate, the holy of holies, and the awful solitude therein. But contemplate the wonders of the Christian dispensation, and you will perceive those fearful and tremendous symbols to vanish in the air, to crumble in the dust; you will perceive that what hath been asserted of the Law is true in this place also, that the glory with which it was endowed became inglorious, by reason of a far surpassing glory. For, when thou beholdest the Lord of life—a prostrate victim: the God of nature—a bleeding sacrifice; the priest bowing reverentially his head, and breathing heavenly benediction on the multitudes empurpled with that sacred blood—beholding these things, canst thou believe

that thou art still an inhabitant of earth, and a dweller among men? Hast thou not already soared to the temple of God's own presence; and, leaving far behind each feeling that is sensual, each thought that is terrene, in all the radiance of unclouded intellect, in all the purity of regenerated spirit, dost thou not breathe the heaven above the heavens? O wondrous miracle! O beneficence divine to man! He who on high is seated with the Father, at that season is comprehended by the hands of all, giving himself to those who are desirous to enfold him in their arms, and receive him in their hearts! And of this they all are witnesses viewing it with the eyes of Faith.*

* Some modern divines confound the real presence, and transubstantiation; but they are two distinct things. The latter implies the former, but the former does not imply the latter. The real presence is *unquestionably* a doctrine of the Church of England. St. Chrysostom held it, but it is evident from various parts of his works, that he held nothing farther. In his 24th Hom. on the 1st Epist. to the Corinthians, he says, "What is this bread: the body of Christ. What do they become, who are partakers of it? The body of Christ." It is clear, that both the clauses must be taken *literally*, or both

Is this an office to be regarded with irreverence and contempt? a subject against which the insolence of man may vaunt itself? What if I illustrate by the narration of another miracle, the peerless dignity of the Christian priesthood? Imagine then that Elias stands before you, that an assembled nation is present to your view, the victim lying on the altar, universal silence reigning through the crowd, and only the prophet praying; instantaneously is precipitated from heaven to earth a fire which devours the sacrifice: wonderful is the sight, and pregnant with astonishment! But turn the eye of contemplation to the rites which are now performed, and you will behold a scene not wonderful alone, but far transcending all astonishment. The priest standeth at the altar, calling down, not fire, but the holy Spirit! His prayer is poured, his petition breathed; not that a blazing meteor descend-

figuratively. If literally, then an absurdity will follow, which no Romanist will maintain: if figuratively, then Chrysostom agrees with our church. See the note at p. 177.

ing from on high may consume the victim ; but that Heaven's grace, alighting on the sacrifice, through the medium of that sacrifice, may illuminate the hearts of all, and make them more resplendent than silver refined in fire. A ministration thus terrific, and thus sublime, what mortal not bereaved of understanding can pretend to undervalue ? Are you ignorant that human nature could not have endured that former sacrifice, but that all had been immediately destroyed, had not the grace of the Omnipotent sustained them ?

AN EXTRACT

*From the Sixth Book of St. Chrysostom's
Treatise on the Priesthood.*

OF those who are governed by a priest, the greater portion is entangled with worldly cares, and this renders them more indifferent to the benefits of spiritual instruction. Wherefore, it behoves the instructor each day to sow the seed, that, by frequency of recurrence, the word may be retained in the memory of his hearers. For the pride of wealth, and the excess of power, and the slothfulness which luxury engenders, and many other causes, repress and stifle the seed which has been sown. Often, too, the

thickness of the brambles permits not the scattered grains even to reach the surface. Moreover, the weight of tribulation, the constraint of poverty, the continual insults of the world, and other causes contrarious to the former, impede the soul on its march to immortality. Of the sins which are committed, not a thousandth part can become known to him; for,* how can he be acquainted with their sins, to whose faces, for the most part, he is utterly a stranger?

Such is the arduousness of the duties which regard his flock: but, if we investigate the nature of his duties with respect to God, we shall find that those are nothing in comparison; a zeal so ardent, an accuracy so consummate, do these demand. When we reflect, that in behalf of an entire city—yet wherefore did I say a city? when we consider that for each country of the earth he maketh intercession, entreating the com-

* We have here another proof, that there was no such thing as auricular confession in the time of Chrysostom. See p. 176.

mon Lord to smile forgiveness on the transgressions of all his children, not only of the living, but likewise of the dead; Oh! how godlike should be the spirit of a priest! Scarcely can I persuade myself that the holy confidence of Moses or Elias would be completely adequate to so high an embassy. For, as if the whole world were intrusted to his charge, and He the common parent of the nations, thus he approaches unto God; imploring him that all wars may be extinguished, all anarchies be quelled; that Peace may spread wide her wings, and golden harvests diffuse their blessings; that every calamity which privately or publickly assails us, may for ever be expelled. It is also necessary, that in every respect he should be as superior to those he prays for, as it is that a ruler should excel his subjects. But when he invokes the all-holy Spirit, when he offers up that most tremendous sacrifice, containing in his grasp the universal Lord;—tell me, if thou

can tell me, where shall he be enrolled?—How unstained a purity shall we expect of him, a devotion how sublime! What should be the nature of the hands which administer those mysteries ineffable; what the nature of the mouth pronouncing those words so hallowed; how immaculate in purity, how infinite in holiness, the soul receiving so august a spirit!—In that hour the angels surround the priest; each marshalled host attunes the note of gratulation, and all the sanctuary, and all the altar, is thronged with heaven's radiant tenantry, in reverence of him who lies there*! This might easily have been credited from the nature of the rites which are then performed. But I have heard a man relating that an aged person, an admirable saint, and one who was in the habit of beholding visions, informed him, that he was once blessed with such a sight. He assured

* See my notes at p. 169, and p. 182.

him, that when the sacrifice was offered, he beheld instantaneously a multitude of white-robed angels encompassing the altar, and bowing down their heads, as soldiers do homage to their prince. And I, at least, believe it. Another person told me, not receiving at second-hand the account, but being himself deemed worthy of the vision; that when the soul is parting from the body, they who at that awful period have with unsullied conscience received the eucharist, are wafted on the wings of seraphim, and guarded by the glittering hosts, for the sake of that which they have received.—And dost thou not yet tremble, alluring a soul like mine to a ministry so hallowed; attracting to the office of the priesthood, one who in squalid vestments is arrayed, whom even from the meanest seat at the marriage-supper Christ has banished? Like an orb of fire whose splendours irradiate the universe, the soul of a priest should beam refulgent; but mine, by reason of a guilty

conscience, is veiled in clouds; my star has set, and never, ah! never with a Christian's confidence shall I gaze upon my Lord.*

* I would embrace this opportunity of stating an important fact. Although the writings of Chrysostom, even without note, comment, or version, occupy several folio volumes; not one word in favour of purgatory, is to be found in them. They however contain some things, which make decidedly against it. Is it possible, that Chrysostom could have been a Roman Catholic? It is truly awful, to see the arts employed to deceive the ignorant. The Unitarians still maintain, that the earliest Fathers were of their Creed! A more unprincipled, a more unblushing falsehood never proceeded from the corrupt heart of fallen man! The Fathers of the Church, from the very Apostolic age, held the Divinity of Christ.

AN EXTRACT

From the Sixth Book of St. Chrysostom's Treatise on the Priesthood. [In a Dialogue with his Friend Basil, he has been stating various reasons which induced him to decline the Sacerdotal Office.]

BUT surely it is incumbent on me, that I should at length disclose the only circumstance as yet unmentioned. Perhaps to many it may appear incredible; but not on that account shall I be deterred from openly acknowledging it. Although the confession may convict me of an evil conscience, and of innumerable sins; yet, when I reflect that I am to be judged hereafter by a God omniscient, what benefit can result from the unconsciousness of mortals? Hear then my

untold secret:—From that inauspicious morning on which thou didst inform me that I was destined to the priesthood, I have been in continual danger of sinking to the grave; so great a terrour, so vehement a despair usurped dominion in my breast. For, when I considered the transcendent glory of the bride of Christ, her spiritual charms, her wisdom, her chaste deportment, her unsullied holiness; and when I gazed on the sad spectacle of my own deformity, I ceased not to weep for her, and to bewail myself; and sighing heavily, and fluctuating in mind, I meditated thus: Who, Oh! who could have counselled this? What dire transgression hath the church of God committed? How hath she incensed her Lord so highly, that she is betrayed, ah me! to the most inglorious of mankind, exposed to the extremity of abasement? Thus reasoning with myself, and unable to endure the very thought of a measure so preposterous, like the thunder's blasted victim I lay immoveable, destitute of speech,

and bereaved of hearing. But, when this consternation had relaxed its influence, (for there were periods when it would subside,) tears and sorrow succeeded to its place; and when I had wept unto satiety, terroure again invaded me, perturbing, and affrighting, and harrowing up my soul. Exposed to such a tempest have I for some time past continued: thou meanwhile wert ignorant, imagining that I sailed on an unruffled sea. I will now endeavour to convey to you an idea of the storm which has agitated my mind. You then perhaps will pardon me remitting your accusations. But how, Oh! how shall I communicate it? If you desire to comprehend it fully, it were necessary that I should lay open my heart before you. As this, however, is a thing impracticable; by means of an imperfect image, as far as it is possible, I will unfold the immensity of my grief. But, remember that from this my illustration, you will be enabled to conceive my sorrow only.—Let us suppose that to a worthy lover

is betrothed the daughter of the most illustrious monarch on the earth; that the virgin is gifted with a beauty which no language can describe, which rises superiour to human nature itself, and outstrips the assembled charms of all the females that have lived; that she is ennobled by a virtue so sublime, as to transcend the congregated virtues of all that are immortalized by fame; that, in the perfection of her morals, she makes imperfect the most rigid rules of the most august philosophy, and that the very graces of her form are eclipsed by the wonders of her countenance. Let us too suppose, that he to whom she is betrothed, not only glows with affection for the maid, but, in addition to our common passions, is thrilled with a certain indescribable sensation, engendering a love more ardent than the most ardent lovers have yet experienced. Then, while the torch of his affection is flaming with unabated fury, let him be informed that she, the glorious object of a love so enthusiastick, is about to

be married to a wretch, by birth obscure, in manners vile, of soul degenerate, lame and mutilated in person, in a word, a deformity and a stain on the page of nature.

And now have I afforded you a moderate idea of my affliction : and here shall the picture cease ? As far as regards my affliction I may have said enough, for to this purpose did I employ the image ; but that I may communicate some faint idea of my terrour and consternation, I will betake myself to a second picture. Imagine that you behold before you a stupendous host of infantry, and cavalry, and naval warriors : the sea is obscured by the number of the vessels ; the multitude of the plains, and the summit of the mountains, are covered with the phalanxes of horse and foot. The brazen arms glitter in the sun, and to his refulgent blaze *the helmets and the shields oppose their lustre. The clashing of the spears, and the neighing of horses, are

* Compare *Heliod. Æthiop. Lib. 9, p. 368, edit. Coray.*

raised to the canopy of heaven ; the bosom of the sea is darkened, no earth appears, but wherever the eye is turned, there is one wide world of brass and iron. An adverse host, fierce in demeanour and terrible in strength, is drawn up in array against them: every thing is prepared: the battle is on the eve of its commencement. Bend your footsteps to the adjoining hamlet, and seizing on a peasant boy, one reared in the bosom of the mountains, and ignorant of every thing, (save only his rural flageolet and shepherd's crook,) invest him with brazened armour, conduct him through the camp, and initiate him in the horrors of the scene. Let him gaze on the cohorts and their leaders ; on the bowmen, the slingers, the præfects, the generals, the infantry, the cavalry, the darters of the javelin, the galleys and their commanders, the close-wedged troops, and the engines of destruction deposited in the ships. Point out to him the marshalled hosts of the opposing enemy, their grim and frowning

visages, the tremendous nature of their warfare, and their countless numbers; the declivities, and the precipices, and the inequalities of the mountains. Point out to him horses flying, as it were by magick, and warriors carried through the air, and explain the nature and effect of the enchantment. Next recount the calamities of war. Let him figure to himself the cloud of darts, the shower of arrows, the obscurity in the air, the increasing gloom, the terrific night, which is caused by the missile weapons, whose density intercepts the sunbeam; the dust in concert with the darkness rendering the eyesight ineffectual, inundations of blood, the cries of the fallen, the shouts of the triumphant, the mountains of the dead, chariots bathed in blood, horses and their riders overthrown by the multitude of obstructing corse; the earth teeming with indiscriminate desolation; clotted gore, shattered armour, splintered javelins, the hoofs of horses and the heads of men together

prostrate : here are seen an arm, and a chariot wheel ; there the greaves of a warrior, and a breast transfixed ; brains sticking to a sword, the fragment of a spear with an eye upon its point. Fail not to describe the naval conflict ; some of the ships blazing in the midst of the waters, while others are swallowed by the deep ; the* roaring of the waves, the clamour of the mariners, the tumult of the soldiery, a deluge of blood confederated with ocean's foam, and in one mingled torrent desolating the vessels : of the dead bodies, some are strewn upon the benches, some buried in the main, some floating on the surface, some dashed with violence on the shore, and others are whirled around by the billowy surge, impeding the progress of the ships. Then, when he shall have beheld each heart-appalling scene of war's dread tragedy ; when he shall have thoroughly perused and thoroughly digested this stupendous catalogue

* Compare Naz. Tom. 1, p. 33, sub. fin. and Heliod. Lib. 1, p. 47, edit. Coray.

of accumulated horrors ; unfold the griefs of slavery, and assure him it is an evil worse than death. And having so informed him, address him in words like these : Now, young man, ascend immediately on horseback, and take the sovereign command of that mighty army ! Think you, the untutored stripling would be adequate to the charge ? Would he not rather, from the first moment that he beheld it, have been ready to expire with terror ?

AN EXTRACT*

*From St. Chrysostom's Fourteenth and Fifteenth
Homily to the People of Antioch, on the Sin
of forcing Men to swear upon the Gospel.*

AGAIN I shall return to my accustomed theme, and labour to eradicate from your breasts the fatal practice of administering oaths. But lately I exclaimed, Oh! when ye

* It is well known, that the great and unrivalled tragedian John Kemble, had received a classical education, and was a man of extensive learning. When quite young, he delivered at Cheltenham two lectures on the Belles Lettres. In one of these, he gave the above passage as a specimen of eloquence; in the other, the speech of St. Paul before King Agrippa. He told a friend of mine, that when a young man, he read a good deal of St. Chrysostom. I have been informed by an eminent scholar, the learned Edmund Barker, that Burke was a great reader of Chrysostom. The illustrious Isaac Barrow had read *every page* of his voluminous writings.

depart from this assembly, and mix again in the business of the world, think that ye behold the Baptist's head weltering in the charger, that it fixes upon you its expiring eyes, and that its quivering lips address you thus : Fly, and abjure swearing, for it robbed me of my life, and leads to the blackest crimes.—That which no reproaches could effect, an oath effected. That which the exasperated tyrant dared not do, that was he compelled to do, by the necessity of an oath. When the venerable saint reproached him, meekly he endured reproof; but when he was bound by an irrevocable oath, he severed from its body the holy head. Again I repeat the exhortation. I never will cease entreating you, that wheresoever ye bend your steps, ye will bear with you the Baptist's head, that ye will hold it up to the view of all, instructing in death, and condemning oaths. However negligent, however weak our nature, when we behold his eyes piercing to the soul, his ghastly countenance frowning destruction

on the swearer; we shall be able to extinguish our desire, and to preserve our lips from the poison of an oath.—

O man! led captive by thy passions, in what art thou engaged? At the holy table, dost thou prescribe an oath; and where Christ is offered up in sacrifice, dost thou offer up thy brother? The robbers murder their victims on the highway; but thou murderest the child in the presence of its mother, perpetrating a deed more heinous than that of Cain. He slew his brother in the desert, and doomed him to a temporary death; but thou destroyest thine in the midst of the temple, consigning him to a death which can never die. The church was not erected that we should swear within its walls: it was erected that we should pray therein. The altar was not appointed, that we should force our brethren to swear: it was appointed, that we should put a period to our sins, and not continue them. If nothing else constrain thee, reverence at least the volume

which thou extendest for the oath. Open the tremendous page, and, reading what Christ discourseth there upon the subject, tremble and desist. And what saith Christ there? "I say unto you, Swear not, altogether." And wouldst thou make that law which interdicts an oath, the foundation of an oath? Oh! infatuation of the mind. Oh! insult to the majesty of God. I do not weep so much, when I hear that a hapless traveller is murdered on the highway, as I weep, and lament, and tremble, when I see a fellow-creature ascending to the altar, stretching forth his hands, receiving the holy Gospel, and swearing by it. If you believe that your neighbour is an upright man, wherefore do you require an oath? If you are conscious that he is an unprincipled man, wherefore do you tempt him to swear falsely? You will tell me, you do it to have a full assurance. Ah! my brother, desist from your attempt, and then indeed you will have a full assurance. Should you persist in your design, you will

return to your abode, and, pierced with the stings of conscience, you will exclaim, Have not I compelled him to an oath? Is not he forsworn; and am not I the guilty cause? If you should desist, you will return to your abode, contented, cheerful. You will bless God, and say, Blessed* be God, I did not bind my neighbour by an oath! perish all the gold in the universe! My best assurance is the reflection, that I have neither transgressed the precepts of my God, nor forced another to transgress them.

* In Chrysostom's Homilies to the People of Antioch, the words "Blessed be God" occur several times, and in every case we find *εὐλογητός ὁ Θεός*. It seems that any Greek writer would have thus expressed himself. Whenever "Blessed be God" occurs in the Greek Testament, and in the Septuagint, the words are *exactly the same*. This fact renders inadmissible the Unitarian interpretation of the clause in Romans, ch. 9, v. 5. See the Supplement to my Essay on the Greek Article, at the end of the notes on Ephesians, in second edit. of Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary.

AN EXTRACT

*From a Sermon of St. Chrysostom on the
Propagation of the Gospel.*

WHEN they had examined John and *Peter, and had sent them to the prison ; mark how they fluctuated with doubt, how they trembled with apprehension. No sooner had they dismissed them from the assembly, than they said to one another, “ What shall we do with these men ? ”

* The Papists found the Pope's claims to Supremacy, on Matth. ch. 16, v. 18, pretending that Peter was the rock, on which the church was to be built. Thus they explain the text. If the Christians had been Roman Catholics in the fourth century, they would undoubtedly have explained it in the same manner. It unfortunately happens, that Chrysostom's explanation is wholly different from theirs. He agrees with us ; for he says *τουτεστι τηπιστοι της ομολογιας*. See his 54th Hom. on St. Matth. The man who asserts that Chrysostom was a Papist, may assert any thing, and every thing.

world; they trembled at its power; they feared two captives, whom they had ensnared, whom they had accused, whom they had scourged; they feared two fishermen, the outcasts of Society.

THE PERORATION

*Of Bishop Flavianus's Speech to the Emperour
Theodosius, as related in St. Chrysostom's
Twentieth Homily, to the People of Antioch.
A. D. 388.*

*The object of the Bishop was to persuade the
Emperour to pardon the inhabitants of Antioch
who had rebelled. Having employed every
argument which genius could devise, and elo-
quence could display, he at length observed;
that if in future times a similar rebellion
should arise, the example of Theodosius would
be held forth; and if some prince should
imitate his clemency, Theodosius would divide
the glory with him. He then proceeded in
the following manner.*

Even if time should bring forth no similar event, and if no one should arise to follow thine example, yet still thy praises will increase with every generation.—Oh ! how the unborn nations will glow with rapture, on being informed of a magnanimity like this ! When so great a city, a city so renowned, was subjected to severest chastisement, when the highest trembled with the lowest, when generals, præfects, judges, dared not plead for their afflicted country ; one solitary individual, wearing no other honour than religion's garb, by that single circumstance overcame the monarch of the world ; and that favour which he refused to the great and wealthy, that favour he bestowed on a poor old man, whose profession was his only boast. And truly, O prince, our city hath honoured thee with most exalted honour, in choosing me to be the bearer of their petition. By this very deed they have proclaimed their opinion of thy worth ; they have testified, that thou wilt honour the servants of thy God, however

poor, however lowly, above thy lords, above thy rulers.

Yet, think not I stand before thee, the mere ambassador of created man. Deputed from the Sovereign Lord of men and angels, I approach thy most gentle, most compassionate disposition, announcing unto thee, that if thou forgive men their trespasses, then will thy heavenly Father forgive thee thy transgressions. Reflect on that tremendous day, when all must render an account, even of the minutest circumstance. Reflect, that how great soever be thine offences, thou wilt be able to obliterate them all, by the judgment thou shalt this day pass, without labour and without fatigue. Other men, when they go upon an embassy, bear with them gold and silver, and such perishable gifts; but I have approached thy majesty with no other present than the holy Gospels: instead of jewels I offer these, and I exhort thee to imitate thy master, who, insulted every hour by us, ceases not from the treasury

of his love to dispense his blessings. Ah sir! frustrate not the hopes of a fond old man, nor render his promises fallacious. Of this I would have thee, I would have all men, rest assured. If it be thy will to restore our city to thy love, to bless it with thy wonted favour, and to remit this anger, which we own is just; I shall depart in all the plenitude of joyous confidence. But if thou should cast it off from thine affections, I not only will not revisit it, will not gaze from afar on its once loved soil, but I will tear it from my heart for ever, and enroll myself among the inhabitants of another land. For Oh! may it never be my lot, to account that country mine, to which the meekest prince that ever ruled upon the earth, would not extend his pardon!

AN EXTRACT

*From St. Chrysostom's Second Panegyrick
on the Apostle Paul.*

ONE thing he feared and dreaded, to offend God; and he had no other fear. So also, there was nothing so desirable unto him, as to please his Lord. And I speak not of present things, but of things yet future. Tell me not of cities and nations, of kings and armies, of empire, and wealth, and power; for the spider's airy mansion was more substantial in his eyes. But think of the cœlestial glories, and then may you conceive the fervour of his love to Christ. Compared with the magick of

that charm, he admired not the dignity of the angels, or the archangels, or any created power ; for, in his bosom, he had something greater—the love of Christ. Possessing this, he deemed himself the most blessed of mankind ; devoid of this, he sighed not for worldly dignities, but rather chose, possessed of this love, to be the lowest of the indigent—than, destitute of this, to sit on the pinnacle of grandeur. For him, there was one punishment—to lose this love : this was his affliction, this his torment, this his hell, this an abyss of misery. Unto him there was one enjoyment—to experience this love ; this was his life, this his world, this his angel, this was time, this was eternity, this the kingdom, this the promise, this a mine of blessings. Whatever was irrelevant to this, he considered as neither painful nor delectable. All sublunary things he regarded as the herb that perisheth. The rage of tyrants and the fury of the multitude, were to him the murmuring of insects ; and afflictions, and chastisements,

and death, he looked upon as the sports of children, save when he suffered them in the cause of Christ—then, even these he embraced with joy.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Chrysostom's First Homily on The Incomprehensible. [He has been showing from the writings of the Prophets and Apostles, that the wisest of mankind never attempted to investigate or explain the Divine Nature.]

AND NOW, if you be willing, passing over the words of Paul, and the declaration of the Prophets, let us ascend unto the Heavens, and see if there be any there who comprehend the nature of the Deity. Let us recollect, however, that if there be any in Heaven acquainted with it, this pertains not unto us; for almost infinite is the distance between men and angels. But that thou mayest abundantly be convinced, that no cœlestial nature, nor any created being, can under-

stand it, let us listen to the angels. And how are they engaged? Do they converse respecting the Divine Essence? Do they propound questions to each other? By no means. What then is their employment? They worship, they glorify, they adore: with awe and trembling they awake the enraptured strain. Some of the Hosts angelical chaunt, "Glory in the Highest unto God;" the Seraphim repeat, "Holy, Holy, Holy," and avert their eyes, unable to endure even the eclipse of Deity; while the cherubim exclaim, "Blessed be his glory from his place!" —And is there, O my God, such reverence in Heaven; such hardihood on earth? The Angels glorify; men investigate: Angels lift high the note of praise; men the voice of disputation:—those cover with their wings their countenance; these, with unwinking eyes would contemplate thine unutterable glory! Who would not weep; who would not bewail this extremity of madness, this climax of infatuation?

AN EXTRACT

*From the 16th Chapter of St. Basil's Treatise
on the Spirit. [He is showing that, in
every Divine operation, the Spirit is in-
separable from the Father and the Son.]*

WITHOUT the Spirit there is not any sanctification. Even the cœlestial powers are not by nature holy, (if it were so, they would in nothing differ from the Holy Spirit,) but according to their respective excellency they derive from Him their measure of sanctification. Wherefore, if the Almighty Spirit should withdraw his countenance for a moment, the angelick choirs would be annihilated, the arch-angelick dignities would be destroyed, and Heaven itself would become

a chaos! For how could the angels cry, "Glory in the highest unto God," unless they were invigorated by the Spirit?

No one can call Jesus, Lord, except in the power of the Spirit; and no one speaking in the Spirit, can pronounce Jesus to be accursed. But the rebellious and unholy angels did so; whose fall confirms our doctrine, that the potentates invisible are equally prone to virtue and to wickedness, and therefore need the assistance of the Spirit. Never will I believe that Gabriel himself could prophecy the future, save only in the pre-science of the Spirit; since prophecy is among the gifts which he distributes. And that angel who to the man of desires announced the mystery of the vision;—by whom illumined but by the all-holy Spirit, could he have revealed such wonders? How could the thrones and dominations, the principalities and powers, have continued in their blissful life, unless with eternal gaze they had contemplated the Father's countenance?

And without the Spirit they could not have beheld it. As when the earth is veiled in darkness, if the lights in a house be suddenly extinguished, ineffectual are the eyes, un-availing the senses of those within it, objects the most valuable are undistinguished, and gold and iron are trampled on promiscuously; so, in the intelligential orders, every thing would be darkness and anarchy and desolation, if bereaved of the enlightening Spirit. As easily might an army preserve its order when the general was absent; or a company of singers its harmonious agreement, though destitute of a leader to direct and modulate. How could the Seraphim repeat "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord;" unless instructed by the Spirit, how often it were suitable to chaunt that mystick melody? If then, the seraphick choirs resound their Creator's glory, it is by the energy of the Spirit. If thousands of angels and myriads of archangels stand by the throne adoring; in the power of the Spirit, irreproachably they perform their

office. All those supernal strains and heavenly warblings, whether poured in open ministration before the throne, or breathed in the unobtrusive symphonies of supramundane powers, would die on immortal lips if unassisted by the Spirit!*

* A few lines after, St. Basil speaks of the dispensations with respect to men, *τας ὑπο του μεγαλου Θεου και σωτηρος ἡμων Ιησου Χριστου, κατα την αγαθοτητα του Θεου και πατρος γενομενας*. This passage is very important, for he evidently alludes to Titus, ch. 2, v. 13. and understands the words according to Mr. Sharpe's canon. His language immediately after, respecting the Father, shows that he wrote agreeably to the rule. I regret that I overlooked this testimony, when I formerly wrote my Essay on the Greek Article, and when I lately revised it for a second edition.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Basil's Second Homily on Giving Thanks, in which he takes occasion to enforce the duty of continual prayer and praise.

WHEN thou sittest down to table, offer up thy prayers. When thou partakest food, pour forth thy thanks to him from whom that food proceeded. If thou call in the aid of wine, to sustain thy drooping strength; Oh! think on him who bade the vine to flourish, that it might cheer thy heart, and alleviate thy pains. Is the hour of refreshment past? Let not the memory of thy Benefactor pass with it. Dost thou put on thy garment? Breathe blessings on the name of Him who gave that

garment to thee. Dost thou cover thyself with thy cloak? Love God with redoubled fervour, who hath bestowed upon us raiment, adapted to the wintry blast and summer-heat; which tendeth to preserve our being, and to conceal our shame. Is the day finished? Extol the beneficence of Him, who hath lighted up the sun to recreate our daily toils; who hath bestowed upon us the gift of fire to illuminate the darkness, and minister to the necessities of life. Let night afford thee fresh sources of adoration. When thou considerest the azure vault, with fascinated eyes surveying the pure lustre of the stars; then pour out thy soul to Nature's Lord, and adore the wise Artificer of the universe, who, seated in peerless majesty on the throne of intellect, created all. When thou beholdest universal nature lapped in the bosom of repose, again adore that Being, who appoints the sweet interval of rest to our harassed limbs, and, after a short cessation, repairs our strength, and renews our energy.

“What retribution shall we give unto the Lord, for all the gifts which he hath bestowed upon us?” From the cheerless gloom of non-existence, he waked us into being; he ennobled us with understanding; he taught us arts, to promote the means of life; he commanded the prolifick earth to yield its nurture; he bade the animals to own us as their lords. For us the rains descend; for us the sun diffuseth his creative beams; the mountains rise, the valleys bloom; affording us a grateful habitation and a sheltering retreat. For us the rivers flow; for us the fountains murmur; the sea spreads wide its bosom to extend our commerce; the earth exhausts its precious stores; each new object presents a new enjoyment; all Nature pouring her treasures at our feet, through the bounteous grace of Him who wills that all be ours!

But why do I descant on lesser subjects, when nobler themes should grace the preacher's tongue? For us, God dwelt with man!--For sinful, perishable flesh, the Word

was embodied in the flesh, and abode with us. The Benefactor tarried with the ungrateful; the Deliverer came unto the captives; in the realms of benighted man, arose the Orb of Righteousness.—He, who was exempt from suffering, was stretched upon the cross; Immortality was wedded to Death; Light descended into darkness.—He rose again for them who had fallen; he sent forth the spirit of adoption; he diffused his cœlestial grace; he proclaimed the crowns of glory; he proclaimed blessings, too numerous to be counted. How just, how suitable are the prophet's words! “What remuneration shall we offer to the Lord, for all the blessings which he hath conferred upon us?”

THE PERORATION

*Of a Homily of St. Basil, entitled An
Exhortation to Baptism.*

BEWARE then, lest procrastinating from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year, and providing no oil to sustain thy lamp, thou should light upon a day thou never hadst expected ; a day when the means of life shall fail, when consternation shall invade thee, when an anguish that knows no comfort shall overtake thee ; thy domesticks despairing, the physicians despairing also ; when gasping for thy breath, as the infuriate fever parches and consumes thy substance, thou shalt groan from the depths of thy heart,

but no one will sigh responsive; thou shalt utter some half-formed ejaculation, but no one will attend; and every thing thou shalt say will be accounted words of raving. Who, in that hour, shall administer the rite of baptism? Who shall admonish the expiring sinner, sinking in the slumber of death?—Thy relations? they are overwhelmed with grief.—Strangers? they take no interest in thee.—Thy friends? they are unwilling to exhort thee, lest they should perturb thy dying moments. Even the physician contributes to deceive thee, and thou thyself despairest not wholly of existence, so natural it is to cling to life.

It is night. No auxiliator is at hand; no one present, who hath power to baptize thee. Thy distemper rages. Death is near. His ministers are urgent. Who is he that calls thee hence? The God whom thou hast despised. And will he listen to thine entreaties? Most undoubtedly he will. Thou hast hearkened so diligently to his precepts! And

will he defer the appointed hour? Most assuredly he will. Thou hast made so good an use of the time allotted thee already!—Let not any one deceive thee with fallacious arguments. Swift destruction will rush upon thee, and perdition will approach, ruthless as the whirlwind. The angel of despair will come, hurrying away thy polluted soul; which with inward mourning will bewail its fate, the organ of lamentation being closed for ever. Ah! how will remembrance, in that moment, rack thee! What spiritual groans wilt thou not then send forth! Ineffectually repenting thy former counsels, when thou shalt behold the rapture of the just, in the brilliant distribution of rewards; and the despair of sinners, in darkness the most profound! what piteous words will not the affliction of thy soul extort from thee!—Alas! I neglected to cast off the burthen of my sins, when their abdication would have been so easy. Miserable wretch! I washed not my stains away, in the sweet waters of baptism, and lo! I perish,

a loathsome spectacle of guilt. E'en now, might I have been sitting in the chorus of the angels: e'en now, might I have shared the delights of Heaven. Oh! nefarious counsels! For temporary enjoyments, I am excruciated for ever: for the pleasures of the flesh, I am consigned unto the flames. Just is the sentence of my God. I was summoned, but I did not obey; I was instructed, but I did not attend: they entreated, and I despised them.—Such will be the voice of thy complaint, if thou should be snatched away, unbaptized, unsanctified. O man, there is no alternative! Look forward to Geenna, or to Paradise. Do not neglect the call. Tell me not, thou must excuse me for this reason, or for this; since no pretext is sufficient to excuse thee. I am unable to repress my tears, when I consider that thou dost prefer the deeds of shame to the bright glories of thy God; and, by adhering to thy sins, dost exclude thyself from the promised blessings; when I consider that thine eyes must ne'er

behold the heavenly Jerusalem; that country of the living, where night erects not her sable standard; where there is no sleep, the image of death; no luxury, which administers to our infirmities; no pains, no disease, no medicine; neither forums, nor commerce, nor arts, nor wealth, the origin of evils, the foundation of wars, the root of enmity: a country of those who truly live, who die not in consequence of transgression, but flourish through eternity. There, are myriads of angels, the assemblies of the first-born, the thrones of the apostles, the seats of the prophets, the sceptres of the patriarchs, the crowns of the martyrs, the praises of the just.*

* Chrysostom, whose genius transcended that of Basil, has described the happiness of Heaven, and the state of glorified spirits, with all the splendours of his rhetoric. See his Panegyrick on Philogonius, tom. v, p. 506; and his first Discourse to Theodorus, tom. vi. p. 70: and compare Homer's *Odyssey*, lib. vi. ver. 41; Lucretius. lib. iii. ver. 18; Pindar's second Olympian, ver. 102 to 148, and tenth Pythian, ver. 57 to 72; Lucan's *Pharsalia*, the opening of the ninth Book; and the fine Poem delivered by the Oracle of Apollo, preserved in Porphyry's *Life of Plotinus*.

EXHORTATION TO BAPTISM. 231

**Mayst thou conceive and cherish a desire
to be united unto these ; to be cleansed and
sanctified by Jesus Christ our Lord, for he
possesseth everlasting power and dominion !
Amen !**

AN EXTRACT

*From St. Basil's Homily on the Thirty-Third
Psalm. [He is commenting on verse 12.]*

THERE is a fear conducive to our safety, a fear which leads to holiness, the offspring of reflection, not of passion. This fear, if thou be willing, I will illustrate. When thou art about to rush on the commission of a sin, stay thee for a moment, and think on the judgment-day of Christ; that day tremendous, insupportable; when upon a throne sublime the Judge shall be exalted, while the whole creation trembles at his resplendent manifestation, and millions are summoned to their trial. To those whose life has been nefarious,

approach the angels, sad and terrible; looking fire* and breathing fire by reason of their dreadful purpose, dark as the brow of night, by reason of their gloomy disposition. Think of the fathomless abyss, a gloom impervious, fire without light†, in darkness burning but not shining; a race of serpents emitting poison and feeding on thy flesh, unceasingly devouring but never satiated, and causing by

* Πῦρ βλέποντες, πῦρ ἀναπνέοντες. Basil, in this passage, seems to have been warmed with an unusual ardour, and to have caught the genuine spirit of Æschylus. The classick reader, anticipating the citation, will already have called to mind that sublime description of the Seven Chiefs, ver. 42 to 53, which concludes with

σιδηρόφρων γὰρ θυμὸς ἀνδρείᾳ φλέγων
ἔπνει, λεόντων ὡς ἔρην δεδορκότων.

The same figure again occurs at ver. 494. edit. Blomfield;

βαχχῆ πρὸς ἄλκην, Θυίας ὡς, φόβον βλέπων.

† We now see from whence Milton derived that celebrated passage in the first book of his *Paradise Lost*:

———— yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible——

He may also have been indebted to the expression, “dark as the brow of night,”—for

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; (Book vi.)

unless Basil and Milton both borrowed the idea from Homer:

ὁ δ' ἦτε νυκτὶ εἰκώς. Iliad. lib. i. v. 47.

their bite an agony intolerable.—Reflect too, upon that punishment, of punishments most grievous, the ignominy and shame which will endure for ever. At these things tremble, and, disciplined by this fear as by a curb, restrain thy soul from its propensity to sin.

THE EXORDIUM

Of St. Basil's Homily on the First Psalm.

THE books which contain the oracles of Heaven were inspired and connected by the Spirit, in order that from thence, as from a storehouse of spiritual medicines, each man might derive his peculiar remedy. One species of instruction is given us by the prophets: another is presented by the historians: the Law furnishes a third; and a fourth is administered in the form of proverbs. But the Book of Psalms unites and concentrates the excellencies of all. It prophesies events yet future: it commemorates facts

historical : it teaches rules for the government of life : it prescribes the bounds of duty :— in a word, it is a treasury of countless blessings, for each afflicted sufferer, replete with consolation. To the wounds of the soul long rankling, it administers a cure ; those which are more recent it speedily removes ; to the soul diseased it ministers ; the soul which is uninjured it preserves inviolate, and every passion which rules despotick it subdues. And how does it effect its purpose ? It allures and fascinates the heart : it thrills it with a poetick ecstasy, of which the offspring is reflection sapient. For when the eternal Spirit looked down upon our race, and beheld it averse to virtue ; when he beheld us, through our propensity to pleasure neglectful of the life divine—what counsel did he adopt ; what expedient did he employ ? He tempered with the charm of melody the voice of precept, that, while by harmonious sounds our ears were ravished, we might imbibe insensibly the blessing of instruction. But so have I

seen an experienced physician, who, giving to his patient an unpalatable draught, anointed the cup with honey. Wherefore, in mellifluous numbers these hymns were framed, that the young in nature and the young in holiness, while they seem by poesy to be enchanted, may in truth be disciplined by wisdom. No one of the slothful multitude ever departed from the church retaining a prophetick or apostolick sentence ; but verses of the Psalms they chaunt at home, and repeat when passing through the forum. If a man be even infuriate with rage, should a holy psalm steal on his ear melodious ; he feels at once the influence of its enchantment, and departs, subdued and harmonized by musick's power.

Psalmody is the calm of the soul, the repose of the spirit, the arbiter of peace: it silences the wave, and conciliates the whirlwind of our passions, soothing that which is impetuous, and tempering that which is unchaste. Psalmody is an engenderer of friendship, a healer of dissension, a reconciler of

those who were inimical ; for who can longer account that man his enemy, with whom to the throne of God he hath raised the strain ? Wherefore that first of blessings, Christian love, is diffused by psalmody, which devises the harmonious concert as a bond of union, and connects the people in choral symphonies. Psalmody repels the dæmons ; it lures the ministry of angels ; a weapon of defence in nightly terrours, a respite from daily toil ; to the infant a presiding genius, to manhood a resplendent crown, a balm of comfort to the aged, a congenial ornament to women. It renders the desert populous, and appeases the forum's tumult ; to the initiated an elementary instruction, to proficients a mighty increase, a bulwark unto those who are perfected in knowledge. It is the Church's voice. This exhilarates the banquet ; this awakens that pious sorrow which has reference to God. Psalmody, from a heart of adamant can excite the tear : psalmody is the employment of angels, the delight of Heaven, and

spiritual frankincense. Oh ! the sapient design of our Instructor, appointing that at once we should be recreated by song, and informed by wisdom ! Thus, the precepts of instruction are more deeply engraven on our hearts : for the lessons which we receive unwillingly have a transcient continuance ; but those which charm and captivate in the hearing, are permanently impressed upon our souls.— From hence may not every thing be acquired ? Hence mayest thou not be taught whatever is dignified in fortitude, whatever is consummate in justice, whatever is venerable in temperance, whatever is sublime in wisdom ? Here the nature of penitence is unfolded ; patience is here exemplified. Is there a blessing to be named, which here resides not ? The splendours of theology beam effulgent ; Jesus is predicted ; the resurrection is announced ; judgment is proclaimed ; the sword of vengeance is unsheathed ; crowns of glory glitter ; speakless mysteries astonish. All these are treasured up in the book of Psalms, as in a common treasury of the soul.

Though various and diversified be the instruments of musick, the prophet hath adapted these sacred compositions to that which is called a psaltery; denoting, as I suppose, the grace which sounded to him from above: (for this alone of all instruments deriveth from above its euphonical accents*. In the harp, and in the lyre, the brazen chords return from beneath, a sound to the quill that strikes them; but the psaltery hath in its upper part the causes of its musick.) Intimating also, that we should tend to higher objects, and not through the charms of sound be riveted to sensual enjoyment. I think too, that the Psalmist wisely and judiciously reminds us, by the structure of the instrument, that they who are modulated and attuned to virtue, may ascend with ease

* St. Augustin tells us, (Comment. in Psal. lvi.) that the psaltery is an instrument which has extended chords, and that the place from whence they receive the sound, the concave piece of wood, which hangs loose, is in the upper part of it; but the harp has this concave piece of wood in its lower part. Eusebius (Proemium in Psal.) speaks to the same effect.

to the supernal regions.—But let us hear the beginning of the Psalms*.

* Among the poems of Gregory Nazianzen, there is one in Iambick Trimeter, in which he gives us a catalogue of those books of Scripture, which he considers genuine. He then adds,

Εἰ τις δε τούτων ἔκτος, οὐκ ἐν γνήσιαις.

Tom. 2, p. 98.

In his elegant poem to Selenus, he again gives a catalogue of the sacred books. He then says,

Οὗτος ἀψευδέστατος

Κανὼν ἀν εἰη, τῶν θεοπνευστῶν γραφῶν.

Tom. 2, p. 195.

From both these catalogues, *the whole* of the Apocryphal writings is excluded. It is well known, that the Roman Church has pronounced *almost the whole* of the Apocrypha, to be divinely inspired. Gregory positively asserts that they are not genuine. Is it possible that he could have been a papist? But we know it to be a fact, that he was an orthodox Bishop of the Church, existing in his day. I ought also to mention, that he rejects Nehemiah, Esther, and the Apocalypse. In the latter poem indeed, he merely says that the greater number of Christians, consider the Apocalypse to be spurious. Every one knows that the Church of Rome places all the three in the sacred Canon. She must have an immense deal to achieve, before she can establish her extraordinary claims.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory's Apologetick ; pronounced
at Nazianzum, A. D. 362.*

HE has been stating, that the threats denounced in scripture against faithless pastors,

* It is well known to those who are familiar with ecclesiastical antiquity, that St. Chrysostom's Treatise on the Priesthood is a plain and palpable imitation of Nazianzen's Apologetick. That Chrysostom has in some respects improved upon his great original, I readily acknowledge. His diction is more exquisitely polished ; his periods are more uniformly flowing ; and he has adopted the pleasing form of dialogue. But in Gregory, there is more nerve, and strength ; more grandeur, and sublimity ; and the original design, and almost the whole of the ideas, must be referred to him as to their source. There is scarcely any topick of importance agitated by the one, which has not been previously touched upon, or at least alluded to, by the other. If the reader will compare the passage which is here translated, with those extracts from the Treatise on the Priesthood, which are given in a former part of this volume, he will see how far my observations appear to be correct ; and he will have an opportunity of comparing and appreciating the talents of these illustrious oratours, engaged in the discussion of the selfsame subjects.

were among the principal causes which induced him to flee the sacerdotal office.

In these considerations I am employed by day; I am occupied by night. These are the reflections which feed upon my marrow, and consume my strength; which suffer me not to be bold and confident, which suffer me not to walk with elevated head. These overwhelm my soul, and cast down my spirit, and impose a seal upon my tongue; forbidding me to discourse of sacerdotal administration, of reclaiming and directing others; but whispering it were better I should for myself provide, and cleanse my soul, if it be possible, from the rust of sin. It behoves me to be first purified myself, then to render others pure; to be filled with wisdom, and so to make others wise; to become a light, and to enlighten; to approach to God, and then to guide others unto Him; to be sanctified, and then to sanctify; possessing hands, to lead others on the way; endowed with prudence, to offer counsel unto others.

But when shall these things be? is the inquiry of those who are hasty and not cautious; who easily erect, and easily overturn. But when shall thy lamp be lighted? and where is deposited thy talent? thus designating the grace of Heaven. Such are the words of those whose friendship exceeds their piety.— Do ye ask, when these things shall be, and would ye have the reasons of my conduct? To defer them to extremest age, should not be deemed an immoderate procrastination; for gray hairs accompanied by wisdom, are preferable to inexperienced childhood; the tardiness chastised by reason, is preferable to inconsiderate impetuosity; and better were it to be a monarch for an hour, than through fifty years to be a tyrant. Surely, the least portion of estimable goods is better than a multitude of unprofitable possessions; one d. than mountains of lead; one an infinitude of darkness. o fear, lest this unstable like those seeds, which,

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falling on a rock and immediately springing up, cannot endure the glowing sunbeams ; or that foundation which is laid in sand, which cannot even for a time resist the tempest ? “ Woe unto that city whose monarch is too young a man ! ” are the words of Solomon. “ Be not precipitate in speech,” is the precept of the same Solomon, asserting also, that impetuosity of speech is a lesser evil than hastiness of conduct.

And is there any one, who, regardless of these salutary counsels, prefers an unreasonable celerity, to that which is secure, to that which is beneficial ? Is there any one who would fashion the champion of truth, as a statue which in a day is moulded ? him, who with angels is to stand, and with arch-angels is to glorify ; to send up to the altar of Heaven his victims and oblations ; him, who is to minister with Christ ; to repair His work ; to present His image ; to offer himself an architect of the cœlestial city ; and (which is yet more dignified) him, who is to become

a god, and to make gods of others?—I know whose ministers we are, in what situation we are placed, and whither our petitions are directed. I know the omnipotence of God: I am conscious of the imbecility of man, and conscious also of his power. “The heavens are high, the earth low:” and who shall there ascend, that still in the abyss of sin, lies prostrate? Who that is yet shrouded in terrestrial darkness, entombed in this dismal sepulchre, shall contemplate with cloudless vision the unclouded essence of divinity, and, in the midst of perishable elements, be associated with angels, be mingled with the blest? Scarcely can those, who have attained the highest purity; although they may perceive the image of the good,—as men behold the sunbeam in the waters. “Who is he that hath created all things by his word, and in his wisdom hath constructed man;” uniting nature the most contrarious, connecting with dust intelligence, and forming this complex animal; visible and yet invisible,

transitory and permanent, terrestrial and ælestial, attaining unto God but never comprehending him, approaching near and yet far distant?—"I said, I will be wise," saith Solomon, "and wisdom departed from me further than before." Assuredly the man who increases knowledge increases sorrow; that which is discovered not more delighting, than that which eludes afflicts him. So fares it with those who thirst, when severed from the cooling stream: so fares it with the traveller, when the cheering ray which gleamed for a moment on his path is followed by impenetrable darkness.

This is the mighty theme which has overwhelmed my faculties, and bowed me in the dust; convincing me it were better I should listen to the anthem of his praise, than become an interpreter of subjects which transcend my powers.—The peerless elevation—the awful majesty—the august magnificence—the pure angelick natures, scarcely able to comprehend the effulgence of the Deity,

whom the abyss hideth ; “ whose secret abode is darkness ; ” of him who is the purity of light, a splendour unapproachable to the many ; of that being who pervades the universe, and yet from the universe is separate ; who comprises the sum of good, and above all goodness is exalted ; who illumines the intellect of man, yet baffles its inquiry ; receding ever from the view in proportion as his perfections are discovered, and to the sublimest Heaven alluring the soul that seeks him, by flying from its grasp in the very instant he is apprehended !

Such, and so exalted, is the object of our desires : such should be the betrother and affiancer of souls. Alas ! I tremble, lest from the bridal chamber I should be driven ; cast forth as one uninvested with the marriage garment, an intruder amid those who are there admitted. And yet, from earliest childhood I was called ; (that I may reveal a circumstance unknown to many ;) from my mother's womb I was cast upon his hands ;

agreeably to her promise I was offered as a gift. Moreover, I was invigorated by dangers, and confirmed by trials : my affections were increased ; my understanding was enlightened ; and every thing which I had, I devoted unto him who adopted and redeemed me ; health, riches, reputation, eloquence itself ; of which the choicest fruit was the reflection, that I was possessed of something which I might despise for Christ ! The precepts of God were sweeter than honey in the comb : I summoned prudence to my aid, and gave my tongue to wisdom. With respect to other things, such as the moderating of anger, the bridling of the tongue, the government of the eye, the restraining of the appetite, the contempt of terrestrial greatness ; (foolishly though I speak, yet still it shall be mentioned ;) in these perhaps, I was not inferiour to the many. But this more august philosophy, the care and governance of souls, exceeds my circumscribed abilities. I, who have scarcely learnt to obey the pastor, whose soul is yet

unpurified from its dross—shall I be intrusted with the guidance of a flock? intrusted in times like these, when he may be accounted fortunate, who, warned by the increasing darkness, and conscious of the impending desolation, betakes himself to flight, and seeking some lonely covert is sheltered from the storm?*

* The man of taste, as well as the man of piety, must admire that noble passage wherein our saint declares, that the highest gratification his eloquence afforded him, was the being possessed of something which for the sake of Christ he might contemn. The discourse from whence the above extract has been taken, abounds with sentiments of equal elevation and sublimity. Alluding to the apostate Julian, who at that time was cruelly persecuting the Christians, he exclaims, The war which assails me from without, I fear not: I fear not that savage of the wild, who now desolates the church; nor all his assembled hosts. Let him threaten me with wild beasts, and precipices, and torrents, and sword, and flame; let him prove more ruthless and infuriate than all the tyrants who have raged; in addition to our present sufferings let him devise calamities yet more terrible: for these I have one efficient antidote; one path which leads to victory—to die in the cause of Christ!

THE EXORDIUM

*Of St. Gregory Nazianzen's First Invective
against Julian.—[This Oration was composed
soon after the Death of that Emperour, who
was slain A. D. 363.]*

HEAR these things, all ye nations: incline your ears, all ye that are dwellers in the universe. Standing as it were upon a watch-tower, conspicuous in the centre of the earth, I summon the race of man, with a great and an elevated call. Hear me, ye people, tribes, and tongues; every degree, condition, age: ye who exist at present, and ye who shall be born hereafter. To make my proclamation more solemnly impressive, I invoke the potentates

of Heaven. Hear me, ye hosts angelick, by whom hath been achieved the extermination of the tyrant; not destroying Seon the king of the Amorrœans, nor Og the prince of Basan; (inconsiderable rulers these, and aggrieving Israel, an inconsiderable portion of mankind;) but cutting off this dragon, this apostate, this vaunting spirit, this Assyrian, this common foe and adversary of all, who threatened devastation to the earth, and meditated deeds of daring against the heavens. "Hear, O Heaven, and give ear, O Earth!" Suitably may I employ the language of Isaiah, in sublimity of speech the first of prophets; excepting, indeed, that he invokes all nature, because of Israel who had transgressed; I, by reason of a tyrant, who has both transgressed, and has been precipitated by a downfall commensurate to his iniquity. Hear also, thou Spirit of the great Constantius, *if now thou perceivest aught; ye shades

* St. Gregory here probably alludes to a passage in the Exord. of Isocrates's Panegyric on Evagoras. *εἰ τις ἐστὶν αἰσθησις κ. τ. λ.*

of holy emperours that ruled before him; but especially thou shade of him, who cherished in common with the inheritance of Christ, and cherishing and establishing it with a zeal which rendered him the most illustrious of monarchs, betrayed an ignorance (O blur to so bright a name!) unworthy of piety like his. In the midst of Christians, he reared, unknowingly, an adversary of Christ*; and in this solitary instance he displayed an improvident benevolence, preserving, and elevating to a throne, one who evilly was preserved, and evilly was raised to empire. Wherefore, as he will derive an abundant consolation when he shall be told that impiety is subverted, and that the affairs of Christians are re-established and redeemed,

He may however, allude to a passage towards the end of the Funeral Oration in the Menexenus of Plato. *εἰ τις ἐστὶ τοῖς τετελευτηκοσιν κ. τ. λ.* It is evident from this, and from other passages of his *Invective against Julian*, that Gregory esteemed Constantius a holy and blessed saint; yet he considered it a *matter of doubt*, whether he was conscious of what passed on earth. Let the reader attend to this.

* Julian had been reared and educated by Constantius.

so will he rejoice in my discourse. For I will consecrate to God a discourse surcharged with gratitude, more holy and more pure than all irrational unmeaning offerings; not according to his nefarious fables, and orations, and yet more nefarious sacrifices, of which the power was a power of impiety, of which the wisdom was a cloud of ignorance. For all the greatness and the knowledge of this present world proceed in darkness, and never attain to the brilliancy of truth. Such was their wisdom: in such minds it dwelt, and corresponding actions it engendered. It has passed away like the blossom of the field, disappearing with its possessors, whose catastrophe was terrible, who are made more eminent by their fall than ever their impieties could make them. But unto me, offering this day the incense of thanksgiving, and performing the unspotted rites of a bloodless sacrifice; who shall afford a theatre, boundless as the grace we have received? What tongue can be adequate to the marvellous

narration? Who will listen to my discourse, with an appropriate ardour and a consonant enthusiasm*?

* Throughout the whole of this *Invective*, Gregory speaks of Julian in the same strain as that with which he commences. It is curious to contrast with his, the declamations of Libanius the celebrated Sophist, who represents Julian as the most exalted of mortals, as a God upon the earth! He begins his monody with these words: ὦ πόποι, ὦ μέγα πένθος! οὐκ Ἀχάϊδα γῆν μόνον, ἀλλὰ καὶ πᾶσαν, ὅπῃσιν ὁ Ῥωμαίων κοσμεῖ θεσμός, κατείληφε! Tom. i, p. 507, edit. Reiske.

In the conclusion of his Funeral Oration on the Apostate, he addresses him with a warmth of feeling, and an elegance of diction, which, had they been bestowed on a worthier subject, would have afforded us no inconsiderable pleasure: ὦ πατράσι μὲν παῖδων, παισὶ δὲ πατέρων, ἀδελφοῖς δὲ ἀδελφῶν ποθεινότερε! ὦ μεγάλα μὲν δράσας, μείζω δὲ μάλλον! ὦ θεῶν μὲν ἐπίκουρε, θεῶν δὲ ὁμιλητά! Tom. i, p. 626.

AN EXTRACT

*From St. Gregory's First Invective against
Julian.*

MOST impious, most unwise of mortals, uninstructed in whatever is great and holy! and seekest thou to depopulate so wondrous an inheritance; to destroy a harvest whose increase hath overspread the earth, whose fruitfulness enriched the nations; overspreading and enriching it through the poverty of the Word, and the foolishness, as thou wouldst style it, of the Evangelical Proclamation; a proclamation which hath subdued the wise, hath restrained the dæmons, hath outstripped the march of time? And ragest

thou against the inheritance of Christ (in its nature how exalted, in its origin how august!) which shall endure and flourish, though future enemies may assail it with a fury more devastating than thine; which as a God he founded and as a man inherited; which the Law prefigured and the season of Grace accomplished; which the Prophets laboured to cement, the Apostles conspired to consolidate, the Evangelists to perfect and establish? Comparest thou with the sacrifice of Christ, thy polluted offerings? with that blood which purified the world, thy victims? Comest thou with war to dissolve his peace? Opposest thou thy hand unto those hands, which for thee and through thee were transpierced with nails? unto his gall the coarseness of thy fare? unto his cross thy standard? to his death subversion*? to his resurrection insurrection? to his Martyrs the refusal of the privilege of

* This passage is certainly obscure. The sense of Gregory is probably this: Dost thou labour to frustrate and subvert the benefits which result from the death of Christ, and to weaken the evidences of his resurrection?

martyrdom? after Herod a persecutor, and after Judas a betrayer; (although thou didst not by a halter evince thy penitence) after Pilate a murderer of Christ; after the Jews an adversary of God! and dost thou not revere the victims which were slain for Jesus? and dost thou not tremble at those mighty champions, John and Peter and Paul and James and Stephen, Andrew, Luke and Thecla, and those who, with them and before them, contended for the truth; who opposed themselves to sword, and flame, and wild beasts, and tyrants, to the evils which were present, to the evils which were threatened, as dreadful and undismayed as though they had existed in other bodies, or had been incorporeal altogether? Whose are the exalted honours and the solemn festivals; by whom dæmons are dispersed and diseases healed; whose are the appearances* and the predic-

* The Greek Scholiast explains this passage thus: Whose privilege it is to appear unto those who are in peril at sea, or otherwise in danger, and by their predictions to make known events yet future. See Naz. Inveet. p. 36, Edit. Montagu.

tions; whose very bodies, if touched or revered, are of equal potency with their holy spirits; the smallest drop of whose blood, the slightest token of whose sufferings is of equal power with their bodies!

But if the Christians of those ages thou regard not, reverence at least the present; O most philosophick, most illustrious of emperours; thou that admirest Epaminondas and Scipio for their fortitude; who marchest on foot together with thine army, contented with those provisions which are at hand, and magnifying the expedition of which thou wert the deviser! surely it is the token of a generous and philosophick spirit, not to depreciate the virtue of an enemy, but to prefer his grandeur and elevation of soul to the weakness and degeneracy of a friend. Behold those votaries of Heaven severed from the joys of life, estranged from the comforts of existence; almost bereaved of flesh, destitute almost of blood, and by a discipline so rigid approaching unto God; whose feet are un-

washed and naked, whose pillow is the cold damp earth; who sojourn in this lower world, and above this world are elevated; who abide with men, and to human affairs are strangers; captives yet unconfined, fettered and yet unshackled; who possess not any thing upon earth, but look to an inheritance beyond it; who through their mortification are made immortal, and by their death are linked to Deity; who burn not with sensual desire, but glow with a love divine, a love which knows not perturbation; of whom is the fountain of light, and of whom e'en now are its out-beaming splendours; of whom are the angelick psalmodes, the nocturnal stations, the anticipated enlargement of the enraptured soul; to whom is given to purify others, and to be pure themselves, knowing no limits to their coelestial flight, no measure of their increasing holiness; who inhabit caves, yet dwell above the heavens; who are outcast and degraded, yet seated upon thrones; whose limbs are naked, yet clothed with a

raiment incorruptible ; who hide themselves in the desert, yet shine in the synod of the angels ; who trample on terrestrial pleasure, and revel in those enjoyments which are ineffable and immortal ; whose guilt-effacing tears become the lustration of the world ; whose extended hands extinguish the flaming fire, appease the lion's rage, blunt the edge of the sword, turn back the embattled phalanx, and shall silence thine impieties, be well assured ; although for a time thou mayest be exalted ; although for a season thou mayest exhibit the drama of thine iniquity, in concert with thy dæmons*!

* If the reader will compare what is said in the above Extract, of the Apostles and primitive Christians, with what Chrysostom says of Prayer (see p. 159 of this work,) he will perceive that in this instance, also, the orator of Antioch was indebted to the bold and daring genius of Nazianzen.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory's Second Invektive against Julian. [He is showing how Christians ought to rejoice in the fall of the Apostate.]


IN the first place, my brethren, let us celebrate the festival, not with hilarity of countenance and manner, nor with profusion and costliness of raiment, nor with feasting and drunkenness, of which ye know that immorality is the fruit. Let not the streets be garlanded with flowers, nor let our tables be adorned and our vestibules decorated with the luxury of ointments : let not our houses be illuminated with material light, nor let them resound with the warbling of flutes, and

with tumultuous plaudits. These are accompaniments of the Græcian festivals. Let us not attempt so to honour God, or to celebrate the present season with rites unworthy. Let us honour it with purity of soul, and with cheerfulness of heart, and with lamps which diffuse a lustre over the whole body of the church, (I speak of heavenly thoughts and contemplations,) with lamps which are exalted upon sacred stands, and pour their radiance on the world. Compared with the splendour of this light, how poor is the brightest blaze which men in their publick or private festivities have ever kindled !

I too have an ointment, but it is that with which the faithful are crowned, both as priests and kings ; diversified and costly, and poured out for me. Oh ! that I had more of this ointment's fragrancy to offer unto God. I too have a banquet ; this holy and spiritual table, which the Lord hath prepared as a refuge from my oppressors. It is here that I find repose ; it is here I revel ; I become not

insolent through excess, but lull to rest each warring passion's insurrection. I too have flowers, than all the flowers of the spring more blooming far, and fragrant; blossoming in the luxuriant field which the Lord hath hallowed; holy pastors and instructors, odoriferous in sanctity, and those of the people who are select and pure. With these I desire to be crowned; with these to celebrate my triumph; having combated in the noble combat, and perfected my course, and preserved the faith, according to the blessed Apostle.

A LETTER

 *St. Gregory, in answer to one of St. Basil, who complained that he appeared to slight him. [It was probably written at the period when Basil had retired to his Pontian Solitude.]*

AND saidst thou, that thine interests by me were disregarded, and that thou wert left as the refuse of the vintage by the gatherer? How could such words escape thee, or how couldst thou dare to utter such a sentiment, if I may presume to employ such language? How could thy heart imagine it, or thy pen write it, or thy paper receive it? Thy con-

cerns to Gregory indifferent?—O Athens* !
O studies of our youth! O generous emula-
tion! O common toil of learning! Tho
perceivest that thine epistle has almost give
me the pomp of tragedy.—Is it of me, or o
thyself, that thou art ignorant? Thou tha
art the eye of the world, its voice, its trum—
pet, the mighty sovereign of eloquence! o
thee can Gregory be regardless? What is
there a mortal may admire, if Gregory ad-
mire not thee? One spring blooms among the
seasons, one orb of day blazes amid the stars,
one heaven spreads wide its canopy; and
thy voice is heard pre-eminent, if I on such
a subject may pronounce, and friendship's
charm deceive not. I feel it does not de-
ceive me. If thou dost complain that my
admiration is incommensurate to thy worth,
complain of the human race; for no one but
thyself could truly laud thee; thy voice
alone is adequate to the grandeur of the sub-

* These holy saints had studied together, in their youth, at Athens.

ject: but modesty forbids that we should praise ourselves, and the laws of speech forbid it. Dost thou accuse me of contempt? Why not rather of the loss of understanding? Perhaps thou art offended, because to philosophy I have resigned myself. Permit me to say, that this philosophy (but this alone) is better than e'en thy converse.

THE PERORATION

*Of St. Gregory's Funeral Oration on ~~his~~
Brother Cæsarius, preached in the Church
of Nazianzum, A. D. 368.*

AND now, the highly endowed Cæsarius is ~~is~~
deposited in the tomb. His dust is revered ;
his body, embalmed in praises : from one
sacred song he is transmitted to another : he
is borne with pomp to the sanctuary of the
martyrs ; honoured by the holy ministration
of his parents ; by his mother, who precedes
him in snowy vestments, and bids affliction
resign to piety. He is honoured by that
philosophy which overpowereth her tears ;
by those psalmodes which lull to rest her

lamentation; and he reaps the fruit of a newly created soul, which, through the medium of water, the Spirit had remoulded!

Such, O Cæsarius, is my funereal tribute. These are the first-fruits of my discourses, of which thou hast oft complained that they were buried in the shade, and lo! thou art the first to render them conspicuous. This is the ornament which I present to thee, and I am assured, it is far dearer in thy sight than all the ornaments of pomp and grandeur. I offer not delicate and embroidered webs of silk, which ne'er afforded aught of pleasure unto thee, ennobled by virtue only: I offer not luxurious robes of transparent linen, nor effusions of costly myrrh, whose fragrance a few hours would destroy; nor any other of those trivial gifts, which are deemed so precious by trivial minds, and which this day had been buried all, together with thy fair body.—Depart from me, ye Græcian games, and fables, by which the miserable youth are honoured; ye libations and first-

fruits ; ye garlands and fresh-culled flowers, with which they sanctify the deceased, rather subservient to their country's customs, and their immoderate affliction, than obedient to the laws of reason. But my offering is a discourse, which, perchance, e'en future ages may receive ; always flourishing, and not permitting him who hath departed, altogether to depart, but cherishing in the minds of men him honoured there, and exhibiting his image desired and loved, more durable than the painter's tablet.—Such is my meed to thee. Is it unworthy ? Is it inferiour to thy merit ? Yet even unto God, acceptable is the will. A portion of my debt I have now discharged : the rest I will discharge, yearly bearing to thy grave, tokens that I revere thee, and proofs that I remember thee ; if indeed I may yet survive.

Oh ! may the heavens be now thy dwelling-place, spirit divine, æthereal ! and in the bosom of Abraham (whatever that may be) mayest thou sweetly rest ! Mayest thou

survey the chorus of the angels, the glory and the lustre of enraptured saints ; or rather, mayest thou join the angelick dance, and exult with blest immortals ! from thine earth-deriding eminence looking down with pity on this mortal scene ; that pile denominated wealth, those dignities cast off by thee, those fallacious honours, that error which the senses cause, the ambiguous toils of life, and that confusion, as in a battle fought by night : standing near to the King almighty, and by Him, replenished with streams of light and glory, whose slender rivulet we here discern, faintly viewing it, in glasses and ænigmas.— Oh ! may we reach the fount of good ; viewing with unclouded intellect, the unclouded lustre of truth, and crowned with this reward of our labours here, the contemplation and enjoyment of the blessings there ! That such will be the end of our mystick discipline, the sacred books proclaim, and enlightened minds predict.

What yet remains?—To administer to those who mourn, the consolation which reason offers. Potent is the remedy which is proffered by a fellow-sufferer. It is natural that they who equally participate the sorrow, should be better able to administer the cure. To mourners, therefore, my discourse is now directed, for whom I should have cause to blush, if, while in all other virtues they excelled, they bore not the palm away for pre-eminence of resignation. Though more than all other parents they have loved their children, yet more than all other parents have they been lovers of wisdom and lovers of Christ; unceasingly they have pondered on their departure hence; or rather, the whole period of their life has been a meditation upon death. Yet if, notwithstanding all, your sorrow like a cloud obscures your reason, and, like a film which overspreads the eye, permits you not to behold your path; deign to accept the consolation, ye elders, of a youth; ye parents

of a child ; ye who have admonished many, and have accumulated the experience of years, deign to be taught by him, who should rather listen unto you. Let it not excite your wonder, if a youth presume to instruct the aged ; for it is owing unto you, if in aught I have acquired a clearer comprehension. Ye venerated pair, even now approaching unto God, can misfortune sport with those silver locks much longer ? Can the evils of the world much longer grieve you ? The most extended life is circumscribed, when contrasted with that existence which is infinite in duration ; much more the scanty remnant of your life, which I may denominate the parting breath of expiring nature, the last moment of a fleeting hour. Hath Cæsarius gone many days before us ? Shall we bemoan his departure long ? Are not we hastening to the same abode ? Shall we not soon repose in the same grave with him ? Shall we not soon become the same dust that he is ? If here we tarry longer, what greater profit

shall we gain, than beholding, and suffering; perhaps committing more of evil; to pay, in deference to the universal law, the common tribute; to follow those, to precede these; to mourn for those, to be deplored by these; in a word, to receive from others the same tributary tear, which we on others have bestowed?

Such is the life of man, transitory and frail. Such is our piteous condition upon earth; not being, to exist, and having existed, to be dissolved. We are indeed a dream that vanishes, a vision which eludes the grasp, the flight of a swiftly-passing bird, a vessel which leaves upon the wave no furrow, a particle of dust, a vapour, the morning-dew, a flower which springs up in its season, and in its season dies. As the smoke that vanishes, as the flower of the field, so are the days of man. The flower fades; his verdure withers. Admirably also, in the following words, hath the holy David philosophized on our nothingness: reveal to me the fewness of my days:

and again, He appointeth the days of man to be the measure of a palm. What wilt thou say of Jeremiah, who reproaches e'en his mother, complaining that she had brought him into the world, and this for the sins of others? I have considered every thing, saith the preacher; I have pondered in my mind all sublunary things; wealth, luxury, authority, glory which is never permanent, wisdom which eludes the grasp oftener than it is retained in our possession. Again considering luxury, meditating again on wisdom; again revolving in my mind the pleasures of the appetite, delightful gardens, a multitude of domesticks, a multitude of possessions, male and female cup-bearers, singers male and female, arms, soldiers, nations crouching at my feet, collected tributes, and the pride of empire; whatever are the superfluities, and whatever are the necessities of life, in which I have surpassed all the monarchs that went before me.—And what saith he to all these? Vanity of vanities; all things are vanity, and

assumption of the spirit ; meaning as I suppose, a certain ungovernable impulse of the soul ; a distraction, as it were, of the faculties of man, perhaps in consequence of the Fall. In the end of his discourse he saith, The conclusion of the whole is this : Fear God. Here he prescribes the limits to his doubt ; and this is the only benefit thou derivest from thy present life, to be led through the perplexing wilderness of things visible and fleeting, to those which are unperturbed and endure for ever. Wherefore, let us not bewail Cæsarius, knowing from what evils he is freed ; but let us rather deplore ourselves, conscious of the evils to which we are exposed, and of the evils we shall engender to ourselves, unless, approaching unto God, and disregarding all things which regard not us, we hasten forward to the life above ; while we are yet dwellers on the earth, forsaking it, and yielding to the guidance of that Spirit, which charms and allures to the realms of day. This may be a task of difficulty to ignoble

spirits, but it is light and facile to the resolute of soul. Let us reason thus : Will Cæsarius have no slaves to govern ?—But he will not be enslaved by others. Will he inspire none with awe ?—But he will not tremble at the nod of a rigid master, perhaps a master unworthy of his power. Will he accumulate no wealth ?—But he will not be liable to envy, nor exposed to the destruction of his soul, evilly accumulating, and desirous to receive an increase, always proportionate to what he hath gained already. Such is the infectious disease of wealth, knowing no limits to the desire of further acquisition, but making the constant draught the remedy of its thirst. Will he display no stores of eloquence ?—But by eloquence he will be made a theme of admiration. Will he philosophize no more upon the doctrines of Hippocrates*, and Galen, and those who were their adversaries ?—But neither will his sensibility be

* Cæsarius was an eminent physician, and was also skilled in mathematicks.

pained by the dire distempers he would read of, engendering misery to himself from the miseries of others. Will he no more demonstrate the truths of Euclid, of Ptolemy, and of Hero?—But neither will he be exposed to the insufferable pride of uninstructed ignorance. Will he adorn no more his mind with the theories of Plato and of Aristotle, of Pyrrho and Democritus, of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras, and Cleanthes and Epicurus; and I know not how many disciples of venerated Academe and Stoa?—But neither will he be perplexed with the tedious labour of unravelling their subtleties. Wherefore should I enumerate instances additional? Yet some things there are most dearly prized, most highly estimated by all. Will he not enjoy the sweet solace of a wife, the endearing smiles of children?—But he will not bemoan their loss, nor be by them deplored; leaving them to others, or left himself, a standing monument of woe. Will he not become an inheritor of riches?—But he will be inherited

by those, by whom to be inherited will prove a blessing; by those whom he himself desired, that so he might depart from hence enshrined in wealth, bearing his whole treasure with him. O munificence unexampled! O newly-springing source of consolation! O magnanimity of those who on themselves imposed it! A declaration was heard worthy of being heard by all; and a mother's sorrow is exhausted, a mother's tears are dried, by that generous, that holy promise, in which she pledged herself to give unto the poor the possessions of her child; to give as a funereal present the whole of his estate, that nothing might be left to those who in the course of things expected it!—

Is all which I have uttered insufficient to console you?—I will employ a more potent medicine. *I am persuaded by the reasoning

* Plotinus, in his exquisite Treatise on the Beautiful, has many fine ideas, which it would be interesting to compare with this brilliant passage of Nazianzen. See particularly p. 55; see also the last book of the sixth Ennead, p. 768, Ed. Bas, 1580. It may be necessary to refer even the classical scholar to these passages; but it is unnecessary

of the wise, that every pure and holy spirit, when springing from its mortal tenement it journeys hence ; (instantaneously beholding, instantaneously apprehending the blessings that await it ; from material darkness purified, redeemed, resuscitated, and—Oh ! that I had words as towering as my ideas ;) is thrilled with a wondrous, a surpassing joy, is enveloped in a blaze of ecstasy, and flies, enraptured flies, to the bosom of its Lord ; and there is overflowed with a torrent of enjoyments, having escaped from this transient abode as from a dreary prison, having burst the fetters that enchained it, by which the wings of intellect were repressed ; and a little after, again receiving its kindred body from the earth, which primarily gave it, and was afterwards intrusted with it, according to the ineffable operation of him, who connected and disunited them ; becomes its joint inheritor of cœlestial glory : and as it partici-

to refer him to that fine passage in Plato's *Phædon*, from ἡ δὲ ψυχή down to μετα θεῶν διαγούσα.

pated on earth in the sufferings of the body, by reason of their close alliance, so likewise now does it impart unto the body its inherent joys ; and transforming it to its own immortal nature, it becomes with it one essence indivisible, one spirit, intellect, divinity, the seeds of corruption and of death being absorbed by the principle of life. Hear what Ezekiel teaches, concerning the reunion of the bones and nerves : listen to the words of Paul, respecting an earthly tabernacle, and a habitation not made with hands. He declares, that departure from the body is presence with the Lord, and bewails his existence here as a departure and an exile, and therefore sighs for dissolution. Why am I languid in my hopes ; and wherefore am I wedded unto things of time ? Yes, I will look forward to the archangel's voice, to the extreme trumpet, the transformation of the heavens, the renovation of the earth, the liberty of the elements, universal nature's change ! Then shall I behold Cæsarius himself, no longer

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shrouded in the tomb, no more departing to another country, no longer deplored, no longer wept; resplendent, glorified, sublimed; e'en as thou hast oft appeared to me in a dream, O best loved brother, and most affectionate of brothers! whether fond fancy raised the vision, or whether thou truly didst appear.

And now, dismissing these lamentations for the dead, I will look unto myself: I will meditate my own condition, and inquire, if I bear not in my breast a cause for mourning. Ye sons of men, for to you my discourse pertaineth, how long will ye be degenerate of soul, and dull of comprehension? Wherefore do ye love vanity so dearly, and seek after errors and delusions; esteeming this present life a mighty acquisition, accounting these scanty days as numerous, and the dissolution of our frame (a dissolution how enviable, how sweet!) regarding as a pestilential curse, and a terrific prodigy? Should we not understand ourselves? Should we not condemn material objects, and look to

those which are intellectual? If we must have a cause of sorrow, should we not rather grieve because of our protracted sojourn; with David denominating this earthly scene, the abode of darkness, the house of misery, the mud of the abyss, and the shadow of death? Should we not rather grieve, because we linger in these sepulchres which we bear about with us; because as mortals we are exposed to the death of sin, although as gods we were created? I have touched upon a theme which makes me tremble. It assails me by day; it harasses me by night; and scarcely can I breathe, when I reflect upon the glory which is there, and the tribunal which is there: for the one I pant with so great a fervour, as to exclaim, "My soul, O Lord, fainteth for thy salvation;" while from the other I shrink with loathing, and recoil with horror. I fear not, lest this my body, mouldering in the dust or scattered on the wind, should perish altogether; but lest his especial workmanship, the glorious

mind;—for glorious it is when adorned by virtue, as it is degenerate when blurred by sin;—lest this my mind, in which hath been implanted the principle of reason, the law of God, the hope of happiness, be doomed to the same dishonour with the brute, and death be followed by annihilation. I would it were so for the wicked, for the inheritors of eternal fire!

Oh! that I could mortify my affections upon earth; that each sensual feeling could be extinguished by the spiritual! Oh! that I could tread that path so narrow, and open to so few; that after this mortal scene heaven's glory might burst upon me, and joys unspeakable be mine! “What is man, that thou regardest him!” and what is this mighty mystery? I am, at once, insignificant, and great; lowly, and exalted; perishable, and immortal; terrestrial, and cœlestial! At once, I am an inhabitant of the earth and a tenant of the skies; a material body, an incorporeal spirit! It is ordained on high, that with

Christ I must be buried, and with Christ must rise; must become an inheritor with Christ; become the Son of God; yea, God himself!*—Ye perceive to what an elevation my reasoning hath conducted me: I am almost a debtor to mine affliction, by which I have attained a speculation so sublime; through which I am become even more an idolater of death. This is the union which is signified by that chief of mysteries; by Christ, who for us put on mortality, and for

* See the note at p. 122. In that note I observed, that St. Gregory has some sublime ideas on the Incarnation, and the sufferings of Christ. In the poem to which I have three or four times referred, he has devoted above 50 lines to these high arguments. See Tom. 2, p. 45. The latter part from *Πρωτον εγω το αντι κακοιο*, consisting of 26 lines, is particularly fine. He says among other things, that God came unto human nature, and

Πειρασι δ' ἀπλωσας ἱερὸν δέμας, ὃν βροτὸν αὐτὸς
 Ἐκ περατῶν συναγείρε, καὶ εἰς ἓνα δῆσατο φῶτα,
 Καὶ μεγάλης θεότητος ἐν ἀγκουρησιν ἐθήκε.

Almost immediately after, there is an apostrophe to Christ, the first three lines of which I shall here give.

ὦ ἀνα, τίς δέ κε σείῃ νοῦον καὶ βένθος ἀνευροί,
 Ὅς σταγονῶν ὑέτοιο, καὶ ὅς ἄλιης ψαμαθοῖο
 Οἶδας ἀριθμὸν ἅπαντα, καὶ ὅς ἀνεμοῖο κελευθὸς;

Perhaps these citations may awaken in the reader's breast, a desire to become acquainted with the Poems of our Saint.

us was humbled, that he might raise the body, and preserve his image, and renovate the man; that we all might become with him one substance, who in the plenitude of Godhead will become one with us; that we no more might be distinguished, as male and female, Barbarian, Scythian, slave or free, (terrestrial appellations these,) but that we might bear alone the impress of Divinity, from which and unto which we were created; so exquisitely fashioned, so wondrously assimilated to Him, as from Him alone to be distinguished.

May all our desire be fulfilled according to the mighty mercy of Him, so mighty in his bounties; who demanding little, bestoweth much upon those who sincerely love him! May we continue, enduring all things, and submitting unto all, by reason of our hope and love towards him; blessing him alike for the evil and the good; (since both these instruments of salvation, his wisdom oft employeth) and commending to his care

our souls, and the souls of those who have gone before us ! Which having so commended, let me desist from my discourse. And desist also from your tears ; ye who are hastening to that tomb, which Cæsarius now receives from you ; a sad and lonely present ; seasonably provided for his parents, and the aged ; on their son, and on a youth, unseasonably bestowed : incongruous to the course of nature, but not incongruous to the ways of Him who disposes our affairs.—

O Creator, and Sovereign of all beings, but especially of man, thy peculiar workmanship ; O God of thine own people, their Parent, and their ruler ; O Arbiter of life, and death ; O Guardian and Benefactor of our souls : Thou that createst and changest all things, by thine energizing word, as it seemeth best, in the depths of thy wisdom and administration ; may'st thou receive Cæsarius, the first-fruits of our departure hence ! If it be thy pleasure to take the youngest first, we bend before that unerring

wisdom by which the great whole is governed. May'st thou receive us hereafter, in thine appointed hour, having ruled us in the flesh, as long as it subserved our spiritual welfare : and Oh ! may we arise prepared to greet our Judge ; not perturbed, nor recoiling with affright, from the closing day of nature, like those who are lovers of the world, and lovers of the body ; but joyfully ascending to the blessed and sempiternal life ; that life which is in Jesus Christ our Lord, unto whom is due the homage of exhaustless ages ! Amen.

A LETTER

Of St. Gregory to Philagrius.

CÆSARIUS is no longer with me; and I will confess, although philosophy may condemn the feeling, I cling to every thing which concerns Cæsarius. If I meet with aught which reminds me of Cæsarius, I press it to my lips, I press it to my heart; and methinks I still gaze upon his form, still hear his converse, and impart my own. A similar sensation your letter has excited. As soon as I beheld the epistle's signature, the name Philagrius, a name to me transporting, the joys of other years danced again in my bosom;

and memory retraced our lives ~~that~~ had been spent together, the frugal board, the willing poverty, the loved society of congenial companions, sometimes sportive, sometimes serious; the applause of our preceptor refreshing the weary brow of literary achievement, the ardour of our hopes, and that flow of pleasures unembittered, which even in remembrance impresses me with no common joy. Wherefore, that we may be again associated, awaken the energy of your pen, and gratify your friend by frequency of correspondence. This will be no inconsiderable solace, although of the highest of enjoyments, your society, invidious fortune has bereaved me.

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Funeral Oration on his Sister Gorgonia, pronounced A. D. 370. [He had been stating, that while she was expiring, she faintly pronounced the following words of David:—"I will lay me down in peace!"—Ps. 4. 8.]

THESE things, O peerless among women, were chaunted by thee, and happened unto thee : the psalmody which thou didst breathe, was the event which did befall : thine epitaph accompanied thy departure. Unruffled by the passions' storm, calmly and serenely thou didst live, my sister ; and when it was appointed thee to die, the slumbers of the just were superadded to the sleep of nature. In

both, thy lot was suitable; for, living and dying, thy words were the words of piety.

I am assured, that the wonders which now burst upon thee, are more glorious and inestimable far, than the objects of material sense: the melody of rejoicing saints—the chorus of the angels—the bright, seraphick host—the purer and more perfect splendour of the most exalted Trinity; no longer fleeing the imprisoned mind, no more eluding the ineffectual sense, but possessed and contemplated in cloudless majesty by unclouded intellect, and beaming on our souls in the full blaze of Deity!—All these objects mayest thou enjoy, whose radiance even upon earth enlightened thee, because the aspirations of thy soul* were fervent! And if in my con-

* In the poem which I quoted at p. 285, the love of the Bride of Christ, is thus beautifully pourtrayed by Gregory.

Τον μὲν ἐγὼ ποθεύουσα, λίπον βίον, οὐδὲ δυνάσθην
 Ὀμμα βαλεῖν ἑτέρωσε, γλυκύς δὲ με δεσμός ἐρυκεῖ
 Καλλεὸς ἰσκανώσαν, ὃ μὲν φρένας ἐπτοίησε
 Δερκομένης, ἐπ' ἐμοὶ δὲ τιναζάτο παμφανώοντα
 Πύρρον, ὅλην καλὴν τε καὶ αἰγλήσσαν εἴηκε.

cerns thou still have aught of interest,* if unto holy spirits the perception of such things be granted ; mayest thou receive, instead of, and in preference to, funereal offerings, this tribute of a discourse, which unto Cæsarius before thee, and after him, to thee, I have devoted ; since I am reserved to celebrate my kindred's obsequies ! Whether any one will scatter o'er my grave, the flowers I now strew on thine, I am unable to pronounce ; but Oh ! may I at least be honoured by my God : sojourning here, or translated there, may I be enwreathed with that honour which is in Christ ; to whom is due everlasting glory.—Amen.

* In St. Gregory's Funeral Orat. on his Brother, he expresses an humble hope that he may be received into glory. He is now more confident. He feels convinced that his Sister is in Heaven, and yet he considers it doubtful, whether she knows what is passing upon earth. Let the reader keep this in mind. In one part of the Oration from whence the above extract has been taken, St. Gregory, speaking of the consecrated elements, calls them *αντιτυπα του τιμιου σωματος η του αιματος*. The same expression has Cyril of Jerusalem, *Catach. Mystagog. 5*. When I can bring forward such passages as the above, will any one have the effrontery to tell me that the Greek Fathers believed in transubstantiation?

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Oration to the People of Nazianzum, who had rebelled, to the Magistrates, and to the Governour whose wrath he labours to appease. [It was held A. D. 373.]

I KNOW that thou art a holy sheep of my sacred flock ; a nursling of the mighty Shepherd : that thou art led by the Spirit from on high, and illumined equally with myself, by the splendour of the all-holy and blessed Trinity ! Wherefore, my discourse to thee shall be concise and brief. With Christ thou rulest : with Christ thou administerest justice : he hath given thee a sword, not to punish, but to threaten ; not to destroy, but to appall

the sinner: sully not its purity, but preserve and devote it to Him who gave it thee. Thou art the image of God: the image of God is to thy care intrusted, disciplined in this life, and tending to the next, to which we all shall be transplanted, when in this present world we have fulfilled our destiny; whether it be regarded as a dreary prison, or a school of trial, or a prefiguring and adumbration of the future. Regard that nature which is allied to the Divinity; revere the archetype from whence it was formed: walk with God, not with the ruler of this world; with Christ a righteous master, not with Satan a ruthless tyrant. He from the beginning was a destroyer of man. By the sin of disobedience he ruined the author of our race, embittering his life with tears and mourning, and appointing it as his lot, to afflict and to be afflicted. But thou, O servant of the Most High, remember whose workmanship thou art, and whither thou art called; how much thou hast received, and how much thou

owest; from whom descended the Law, and the Prophets, and the Gospel; the very knowledge of Deity; the firm assurance of future blessedness. Wherefore, æmulate the divine benevolence; for never does man so nearly resemble God, as when dispensing benefits. Lo! it is given thee, without exertion to become as he is. Lose not the glorious opportunity of being assimilate to Him. Some men yield up their treasured wealth; others mortify each carnal feeling, are dead in Christ already, and estranged from the world's enjoyments; others consecrate to Heaven the dearest pledges of their affection. Thou well rememberest the sacrifice of Abraham, who offered up his only son, a child of promise, and a child in whom promises were centred; resigning him with more joy and gladness than when he at first received him. No abdication of thy wealth, no surrender of worldly interests, no heart-thrilling sacrifice, I exact: instead of these I sue for clemency; clemency in which, more

than all, the Deity rejoices; that genuine tribute; that offering of the heart, purified from the heart's corruption; a gift awakening the beneficence of God. Mingle with thy threats encouragement: with meekness season thy reproof: let mercy temper justice.—

And now, art thou persuaded by these inducements; overpowered by this voice, which thou wilt confess has so often moved thee; most exemplary, most just of rulers, and Oh! that I could add, most merciful! Or must I present gray hairs in the room of suppliant addresses; must I plead the number of his years*; his long and unspotted service in the church; which perchance the very angels regard with reverence, as worthy of their own high ministry?—Do these persuade thee; or shall I call in aid a more presumptuous argument, for my affliction makes me daring?—I offer unto thee—Christ! The emptying out of Christ for us; the suffer-

* He means his Father, who had been for many years the Bishop of Nazianzum.

ings of Him, who from all suffering was exempt; and the cross and the nails by which my deliverance hath been wrought;* the gushing blood, the pious sepulture, the resurrection, the ascension.—I offer unto thee this holy table, to which we have all one common access, and these types of my salvation, which I receive in the selfsame mouth, which now pours forth its mercy-craving accents. Though each of these things may not singly move thee, wilt thou not acknowledge their united power? Grant this kindness to us, and to thyself. Grant it to thy native city; to the Church in which thou

* I have shown what were our Saint's views of original sin, the incarnation, and the atonement. The reader may wish to know what he thought of the *extent* of the atonement. He may gather his ideas from some expressions which have already occurred in this volume; but the following words, taken from his Orat. against the Arians, will place them in the clearest light.

αὐτὰ (πᾶσι being understood) τὰ Χριστοῦ παθῆν, δι' ὧν ἀνεπλάσθημεν, οὐχ' ὁ μὲν ὁ δ' οὐκ ὅτι πάντες θεοὶ δι' τοῦ αὐτοῦ Ἀδάμ μετασχόντες, κ. τ. λ.

Tom. 1, p. 436.

Such is the doctrine of St. Gregory; and I think I may assert that such is the doctrine of every writer without exception, whose *native language* was the language in which the New Testament is written. What sensible person can withstand a fact like this?

hast been reared ; and Oh ! extend it to this fair company of Christ ; whom thou mayest consider as bowing down with Gregory at thy mercy's footstool ; although to him they have resigned the office of intercession, as worthier of reverence through his sacred ministry ; and also, because they are restrained by the laws of government. In this one instance, consent to be overcome, and conquer us with thy benignity. Lo ! I present my suppliants unto thee ; in the face of earth and heaven, in the sight of men and angels, in the presence of God himself, and of those rewards which are treasured up in the sempiternal mansions. Regard that faith with which I have been entrusted, and with which I have entrusted others ; that so thy faith may be regarded, with respect to subjects greater, and more exalted. To sum up all ; thou thyself hast a Sovereign in the skies. Mayest thou find him hereafter, that Judge to thee, which thou shalt prove, this day, to thy people !

May we obtain the blessings which are here diffused, and the blessings which flourish there, in a more luxuriant abundance and a richer bloom ; through the benign dispensation of Christ our Lord ; to whom with the Father, and with the Holy Spirit, be ascribed all glory, and power, and preeminence ; as it was in the olden time, as it is now, and shall be throughout the everlasting ages !
Amen !

THE EXORDIUM

Of St. Gregory's Funeral Oration on his Father ; pronounced in the Church of Nazianzum, A. D. 374, before the Great Basil, to whom the Exordium is addressed.

O MAN of God, thou faithful minister and steward of the mysteries of God, thou man of the desires of the Spirit: for thus the Scripture addresseth those who are advanced and exalted above the objects of material sense ; I also call thee the God of Pharaoh*,

* That is, of Arius and his followers. See Exodus, ch. vii, ver. 1. The allusion is peculiarly happy ; for Arius, whose impious doctrines Basil so powerfully refuted, was not only an enemy of God, but was likewise an Egyptian by birth.

of all the Ægyptian and adverse power; and the pillar and the foundation of the church, and the will of the Lord, and a light in the world; holding fast the word of life, and the bulwark of the faith, and the resting-place of the Spirit!—Yet wherefore should I enumerate all the titles which thy virtues have acquired; each virtue inducing and affixing its peculiar title?—Declare what region thou hast left, and what is the service that calls thee here, and what kindness thou comest to confer. For I am assured that all thine actions are prompted by the counsel, and directed by the arm, of God, to the benefit of those by whom thou art received.—Com'st thou hither, to visit me, or to seek the pastor, or to inspect the flock? I dwell no longer with the living, but am buried in his grave; and in this abode of sorrow I bear mine evils with impatience; especially when I have lost the skilful pilot, or rather the effulgent beacon of my life, by which I was guided in my course, illuming from on high the path

to my salvation. He hath departed to another country, together with all those virtues, and all that pastoral discipline, which during many years he had acquired; laden alike with wisdom and with age, and, if I may employ the words of Solomon, enwreathed with the old age of exultation. The flock is destitute of counsel, overwhelmed with consternation; and thou perceivest with what dejection and despair they are cast down; no longer resting in their place of pasturage; no longer nurtured with the waters of refreshment; but seeking the precipices, and the deserts, and the floods, where they will be scattered and destroyed; mistrusting that they ever shall obtain another wise and prudent pastor; confident they never shall behold his equal; and deeming themselves fortunate indeed, should they meet with one who is not in every respect inferiour.

These being the three causes which equally render thy presence necessary; myself, the pastor, and the flock; I implore

thee that thou wilt discourse as is suitable to each, disposing thy words with judgment, that we may admire thee, e'en more than we admire wisdom. And how shalt thou dispose them?—Praise and magnify the deceased, not only that thou mayest offer, as a funereal gift, an unsullied oration to a spotless mind; but that thou mayest prescribe to others, as an exemplar of piety, the virtues which he practised, and the precepts which he taught. Philosophize a little unto me concerning life and death; the union and disjunction of the body and the soul, and concerning the two worlds; that which flourishes at present, but will shortly fade; and that which is intellectually discerned, and will bloom for ever: teach me to despise the allurements of the one; insidious, inordinate, irregular; perturbed and agitated as the billows of the main: teach me to embrace the firm, and steadfast, and godlike nature of the other, always uniform in its course, alike exempted from anarchy and change. Thus the loss of

the departed will afflict us less; nay it would even soothe and please us, if thy discourse, stealing us from hence, should elevate our souls to heaven, veil the present sorrow in the prospect of future blessing, and persuade us that we also are hastening to a kind and good Master, and that it is better to tarry for a time, than to depart. To wretches buffeted by the storms of life, the harbour of the skies is a sacred asylum, an inviolable retreat: and as those who have accomplished a tedious journey are more secure from toil than those who still labour in their course; so they who have gained a resting-place on high, are more peaceful in their state than they who still tread the perverse and rugged paths of life.

Thus shalt thou console me; but how wilt thou console the flock? In the first place, promise them thy paternal care and government; thou, beneath whose wings all would desire to rest; whose voice we thirst for more than a parched traveller for the purest

thee that thou wilt discourse to us, persuade
to each, disposing thy words that we not deserted us,
that we may admire thee, and his safety for
admire wisdom. And how he still is present,
them?—Praise and magnification still guides them on
not only that thou mayest give his own, and is
gift, an unsullied oration of his own; not beholding
but that thou mayest be still present in a spiritual
an exemplar of piety, he still fights their battles
practised, and thou art not alone, and suffers no one who
Philosophize a little, to ensnare their hearts
and death; thou art not alone, and suffers no one who
body and thou art not alone, and suffers no one who
worlds; thou art not alone, and suffers no one who
will shortly be with us, more with his intercession
thou art not alone, and suffers no one who
tually do, as he standeth nearer unto
teach us, from the bondage of the flesh,
one; in the presence of his intercession
turbid, as he standeth nearer unto
main: in the presence of his intercession
steadfast, as he standeth nearer unto
always, as he standeth nearer unto
from an

Agamemnon, desiring to make her husband
to her, concludes a long series of very beau-
tiful images :

ὅρα δὲ ψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.

Ver. 874, edit. Blomf.

St. Gregory pronounced his funeral Oration on
a discourse in the presence of Gregory Nyssen,
the martyrs *mediate*. The funeral Oration on
died two years after the one just mentioned.
fully received the doctrine of intercession.

...on which stained the
 ...and dwelling with the
 ...tellect, an incorporeal
 ...corporeal majesty of God ;
 ...I may dare to utter it) of
 ...the liberty of angels. These
 ...illustrate, and discuss, with
 ...of word and spirit, better than
 ...to direct : but lest, through an
 ...of his virtues, thine oration should
 ...ort of the magnitude of his worth ; I
 ...lightly sketch and faintly shadow a few
 ...lines of his praise, and will intrust to
 ...ee (of such subjects a most worthy painter)
 ...to finish with richest colouring the fair like-
 ...ness of his virtues, and present it to the eyes
 ...and the hearts of all.*

* I have taken the liberty of altering a word in this sentence, to avoid the confusion of metaphor, which there seems to be in the original. St. Gregory says *ταῖς πάντων ἀκοαῖς τε καὶ διανοαῖς*.

fountain*. In the second place, persuade them that our pastor hath not deserted us, who with warm regard exposed his safety for the sheep: assure them he still is present, still cherishes his flock, still guides them on their way: acknowledges his own, and is acknowledged by his own; not beholding with corporeal eyes, but present in a spiritual manner: tell them he still fights their battles against the wolves, and suffers no one who approaches to the fold, to ensnare their hearts established in the truth. And I am confident, he will prevail more with his intercession† now, than he was wont with his precepts here; inasmuch as he standeth nearer unto God; liberated from the bondage of the flesh,

* Clytemnestra in the Agamemnon, desiring to make her husband conceive how dear he was to her, concludes a long series of very beautiful similitudes with this pleasing image :

ὁδοιποροῦ διψῶντι πηγῶν ῥέος.

Ver. 874, edit. Blomf.

† Two years after St. Gregory pronounced his funeral Oration on Gorgonia, he delivered a discourse in the presence of Gregory Nyssen, and in that he says that the martyrs *mediate*. The funeral Oration on his Father, was pronounced two years after the one just mentioned. He seems now to have fully received the doctrine of intercession.

freed from that corruption which stained the purity of his soul, and dwelling with the first and purest Intellect, an incorporeal spirit, with the incorporeal majesty of God; deemed worthy (if I may dare to utter it) of the rank and the liberty of angels. These truths thou wilt illustrate, and discuss, with thy potency of word and spirit, better than I am able to direct: but lest, through an ignorance of his virtues, thine oration should fall short of the magnitude of his worth; I will lightly sketch and faintly shadow a few outlines of his praise, and will intrust to thee (of such subjects a most worthy painter) to finish with richest colouring the fair likeness of his virtues, and present it to the eyes and the hearts of all.*

* I have taken the liberty of altering a word in this sentence, to avoid the confusion of metaphor, which there seems to be in the original. St. Gregory says *ταῖς πάντων ἀκοαῖς τε καὶ διαφοαῖς*.

THE PERORATION.

After having given a full account of his Father's birth, life, and profession, his various acts of publick and private munificence, especially of his building a church; he proceeds thus :

SUCH is the temple which he built. And since it was needful that there should be a priest ; from his own family he gives a priest unto it : if worthy of the temple, I am unable to pronounce, but still, *he* gives it. And since it was requisite that there should be an offering ; he brings an offering unto it—the sorrows of his son, and his fortitude in suffering ; that so, God may from him receive an intellectual holocaust, a spiritual

victim; in the place of a legal sacrifice worthily consumed.

And now, my Father, what sayest thou? Are these sufficient? And dost thou accept this tribute to thy worth, as a recompense of thy care for me; whether it be considered as a last farewell, or a funereal epitaph? Dost thou give, as thou wert wont, the signal of peace to my discourse? Dost thou prescribe its termination here, that it may be consistent and compact; or art thou willing it should be prolonged? I know thou wilt prescribe it here. It hath already surpassed its limits: yet suffer me to add a little more. Reveal to me, in what glory thou art enshrined; what light encircles thee, and thy children whom thou didst send before thee, and will soon encircle thy sainted relict; and take me also to thy heavenly rest*; me,

* St. Gregory here brings to our recollection the sorrowing Electra, who in like manner entreats her brother's spirit to receive her in his abode of rest:

ἀπώλεσας δὴτ' ὦ κασίγνητον κἀρα!
τοιγὰρ σὺ δέξαι μ' ἐς τὸ σὸν τοῦδε στέγος,

little affected now with this world's sorrows. Yet, before I enter thy bright abode, receive me in this beloved tomb, which thou didst erect for thyself and me; honouring even here, the priest of thine election and the inheritor of thy name. Pardon the frailty of my discourse, through modesty defective, or redundant through excess of love: and may'st thou securely administer to the flock, and to all those prelates of whom thou wert called the father; but most especially unto him who was compelled by thee; led captive to the altar by paternal influence, and by the impulse of the Spirit.

(He here addresses Basil.)

And how have I acquitted myself to thee,
O thou arbiter of my words and actions?
If this discourse have been sufficient, and

τὴν μηδὲν εἰς τὸ μηδὲν, ὥς ξύν σοι κἀγὼ
ναίω τὸ λοιπόν.

Sophocles Electra, ver. 1164, edit. Brunek.

See also the Antigone of Sophocles, ver. 891; and the Choëphoræ of Æschylus, ver. 313; and compare Heliod. Æthiopic. Lib. 2, p. 57, edit Coray.

complete ; if worthy of the high hopes thou hast entertained ; confirm it with thy sanction. Proudly shall I receive it. Thine applause is the applause of God. But if it have fallen short of his elevated worth, if it have fallen short of the desires thou hast conceived ; an auxiliator is at hand. Send forth thy voice, on which his virtues wait, as a seasonable shower in the day of need. Thou art allied to him by the greatest and dearest ties ; as a pastor to a pastor ; as a much-loved son to the author of his being. What marvel if he, who gave utterance to thy voice, and bade thee thunder to the nations, by that same voice should be magnified and adorned ?

What now remains ? To philosophize over this hallowed grave, with our spiritual Sarah, the relict of our great father Abraham ; the companion of his life, and the partner of his age.

O my Mother, the nature of God and
*Man is not the same, nor even of cœlestial

* Conf. Pindar. Nem. 6, v. 1.

and terrestrial beings. They are unchangeable, and immortal, not only in essence as in the attributes of essence. Permanent are the properties of the permanent. But how is it with us? Our contingencies* dissolve and perish, the victims of perpetual decay and change. Life and death, as they are called, which seem at first of contrarious natures, unite together at the last, the one succeeding to the other's place. The one, originating from corruption, which is our mother, and proceeding through all the changes of corruption, terminates in corruption, the period of life. The other concludes the scene of our afflictions, and oft transplants us to the realms of bliss: and I know not if it can justly be entitled death, more terrible in the name than in the substance. Indeed, our reason is most preposterous, our minds most weak: we dread those things which present no cause of fear, and those which we ought

* Conf. Pindar. Pyth. 8, v. 135.

to shun, we consider as desirable. There is one life: to look forward to the life above. There is one death: iniquity. That destroys the soul. All things else, however esteemed and prized by some, are the mere shadows of dreams, the insidious phantoms of the mind. O my mother! if we would reason thus, we should neither depend too much on life, nor grieve immoderately at death. What loss, what calamity have we sustained, if we are translated to a real existence? if, liberated from the changes, and the giddiness, and the satieties, and the base extortions of the world, we dwell with permanent, imperishable beings, and shine, like lesser luminaries, encircling in choral dance the one Grand Light*? Thou wilt tell me, thy

* This sublime Father seldom speaks of the nature of angels, and the state of glorified spirits, without employing the most brilliant and dazzling figures. In his second Theological Discourse, he describes the celestial powers, *περι τὸ πρῶτον αἰτιον ἀεὶ χορευούσας· ἐκεῖθεν ἑλλαμπομένας τὴν καθαρωτάτην ἑλλαμψιν!* In his Funeral Oration on his sister, he speaks of the whole company of Heaven, *περὶ τὸν μέγαν πολιστήν ἑορταζόντων τῇ θεωρίᾳ τῆς δόξης, καὶ χορευόντων*

widowhood afflicts thee. Let hope be thy consolation. Thy separation grieves thee. But it is not grievous unto him. And where would be the sweet virtue of charity, if a man, choosing for himself the smoothest path, should leave the more rugged and toilsome way unto his neighbour? What evil can really affect her, who in a little time shall feel no more? The predestinated day is near. Sorrow is not immortal. Let us not aggravate the lightest woes with ungenerous and ignoble thoughts. If we have been bereaved of the choicest blessings, we have enjoyed them too. To be bereft is the lot of all: to enjoy is not

χορείαν τὴν ἀκατάλυστον! See also his Orations on Baptism, and on the Holy Lights.

St. Basil also, in his first Homily *De Gratiarum Actione*, thus consoles an afflicted parent: τέκνον ἀπέβαλες; ἀλλ' ἀγγέλους ἔχεις, μέθ' ὧν χορεύσεις περὶ τὸν θρόνον τοῦ Θεοῦ!

Some of the later Platonists are scarcely exceeded by our Christian orators. Plotinus, whose transcendent writings are so shamefully and unaccountably neglected, concludes one of his chapters on the Soul's approach to God, with the following sentence:

Οὐκ αἶε δὲ εἰς αὐτὸν, ἀλλ' ὅταν εἰς αὐτὸν ἴδωμεν, τότε ἡμῶν τέλος, καὶ ἀνάπαυλα, καὶ τὸ μὴ ἀπῆλθεν, χορεύουσιν ὄντως περὶ αὐτὸν χορείαν ἑνθεον.

Plotin. Op. p. 667, ed. Bas. 1580.

the lot of many. Let not that perturb the serenity of our minds, but let this console and animate us. It is reasonable that the better should prevail. Thou didst bear the loss of thy children, in full perfection of their bloom ; most fitted for life's enjoyment : with manly fortitude, and with manly wisdom, didst thou bear it : and canst thou not endure the abdication of a body, to which e'en life was become a labour, though the ardour of his mind preserved its faculties perfect and unimpaired ? Thou needest a supporter of thine age. Where is thy son, thine Isaac, whom in exchange for all he bequeathed to thee ? Demand of him those trifling services of love ; to lead thee by the hand, to be a slave to thee ; and bless him with far greater in return ; his mother's benediction, his mother's prayers, and liberty in the realms above ! Art thou indignant that I admonish thee ? I applaud thine indignation, for thou thyself hast admonished many, who during a length of years betook themselves to thy

counsel. My discourse can pertain nothing unto thee, a woman of exalted wisdom: let it be employed as a common balm of consolation for those who mourn, that mortal men may know, the dead do but precede them.

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Panegyrick on St. Athanasius; pronounced A. D. 379.

HAVING thus lived; having been thus instructed, and having so instructed others, that his life and manners became the standard of episcopacy, that his doctrine became the rule of orthodoxy; what is the reward, which his piety receives?—For it would be unworthy to pass by that. In honourable old age, he terminates his life, and is united to his Fathers: to the Patriarchs, and the Prophets, and the Apostles, and the Martyrs, who contended in the cause of truth. And were I briefly to compose his epitaph, I would say;

Here rests the man, whose departure from Alexandria's church, was graced with brighter honours than his entrance. Awakening the tears of many, he implanted in the breasts of all, his glorious name ; more durable than adventitious honours, and external mourning.

O thou beloved, and hallowed Saint ; thou who in addition to thine other excellences, didst singularly regard the boundaries both of speech and silence ; may'st thou here prescribe a limit to my discourse ; which, however inadequate to the truth, is not inferiour to mine ability ! From thy cœlestial height, may'st thou look down benignly on us ; and render perfect this thy flock, adorers of the most perfect Trinity, which in the Father, and the Son, and the holy Spirit, is contemplated and adored ! With respect to me ; if peace unfold her emblems, conduct me to the place of pasturage : but if dread war be proclaimed, lead me back unto the fold ; or raise me to thy supernal habitation, and place me with thyself, and with those whom

thou resemblest. Great is the object of my prayer ; but that prayer is offered in the name of Christ ; and unto him are due, all the glory, honour, and authority, which through eternity can be ascribed. Amen.*

* Although this oration was pronounced five years after that on his father, St. Gregory's faith in the Saints, seems to have diminished rather than increased ; for here, he says not one word of intercession. Towards the end of 379, he delivered an oration on St. Cyprian. He invokes him at the end, but does not speak of intercession.—In my opinion, some of Nazianzen's finest writing is to be found in his Panegyrick on Athanasius. He particularly excelled in the delineation of character. In drawing that of Athanasius, he appears in some degree to have exhausted his powers ; for when he afterwards portrays the character of Basil, he repeats some things which he had said of the former.

THE EXORDIUM

Of an Oration of St. Gregory against the Arians, whose atrocious crimes, during the time they were in power, he briefly recounts. [It was held at Constantinople A. D. 380.]

*WHERE now are they, who deem my poverty a reproach, and boast the plenitude of their wealth; who estimate a Church by the numbers it contains, and spurn a scanty flock; who measure the Deity by a rule, and weigh the People in a balance; who place a value upon sand, yet condemn the lumi-

* In the original, this sentence exhibits five consecutive examples of the rule pertaining to the Greek Article, when one person, or one class of persons are designated.

naries of Heaven ; who pile up stones as a treasure, and pass by pearls of worth ? They are ignorant, that the particles of sand are not so much viler than the stars, and common pebbles than transparent gems, as these are more pure, more estimable than those.—Art thou again infuriate ? Dost thou again arm ? Dost thou again revile ? O novelty of faith* ! Repress for a time thy threatenings, that I in my turn may speak. I will not calumniate, but I will convict ; I will not reproach, but I will remonstrate ; I will not strike with fury, but I will impress with meekness. And seemeth this to thee an injury ? O effervescence of pride ! And treatest thou even here, as a miscreant and a slave, one whose honours are eminent as thine own ? If thou deny the charge, permit me to reason with thee, as a brother expostulates with a brother defrauded of his just inheritance. Shall I address thee in the words of God to perverse

* The Benedictines read ἡ καινὴ πίστις : some MSS, instead of καινὴ have κενή.

and rebellious Israel? "O my people, what have I done unto you? In what have I injured you, or how have I aggrieved you?"—Little do we profit by the experience of the past; and dissolving concord by diversity of opinion, we are become more ruthless and implacable to each other, than the barbarians who now wage war against us, whom the disjunction of the Trinity hath united.* We do not as strangers encounter strangers, which in some measure would alleviate our calamity: we contend not as natives of diverse climes; but, like domesticks in one family, we depopulate and destroy each other: we consume the members of the same body, and are ourselves consumed. This, though grievous in itself, is not our chief affliction; but the circumstance, that we account our very loss as an accession.

* This seems to be one of those conceits in which Gregory sometimes indulges. I suppose his meaning is, the impiety of the Arians, in too rudely separating the Persons of the blessed Trinity, has brought upon us this judgment of an invasion of the barbarians.

Since then we are thus conditioned, and accommodate our faith to the exigency of the time, let us contrast the periods of our prosperity. Do thou produce thy monarch: I will bring forward mine: Thou thine Achaab: I my Josiah*. Recite thou the history of thy meekness and forbearance: I my asperity and over-weaning pride. Yet, the writings and the tongues of men spread abroad thine atrocities far more than mine: posterity will record them; future ages will behold them; and those ages, if I err not, will stamp with immortal infamy thine achievements. My own I will now recount.

What tumultuous rabble have I led forth against thee? What band of soldiers have I hired? what leader infuriate with rage, more daring than the instigators of his crime; and this not a Christian leader, but one vaunting his native impieties against us, con-

* By Achaab he means the emperor Valens: by Josiah, the emperor Theodosius.

sonant to the deities he adored? Whom, wrapt in prayer, and extending their hands to heaven, have I encompassed and besieged? What psalmodies have I silenced with the clangour of trumpets? What rite, what holy table have I profaned, mingling the mystical blood of Christ* with the blood of slaughtered Christians? What sighs, breathed in the spirit of piety, have I extinguished with expiring groans? What tears of penitence have I repressed with the tears of tragick woe? What house of prayer have I made a carnal house? What vases, destined for the sacred ministry, and not to be profaned by unholy hands, have I surrendered for unholy purposes, to Nabuzarden, the master of the cooks, or to Baltazar, who revelled in the

* Nazianzen here calls the consecrated wine, *μυστικὸν αἶμα*. In his oration on Baptism, p. 716, he denominated the Lord's Supper, *τὴν μυστικὴν τράπεζαν*. Cyril of Jerusalem, *τὴν μυστικὴν καὶ νοητὴν τράπεζαν*. Cat. Myst. 4. p. 293. Chrysostom, *τροφὴ πνευματικῆς*. Tom. v. p. 528; and again, *τὴν πνευματικὴν ἐστίαν*. Tom. v. p. 519. In his Liturgy, Tom. vi. p. 1002, it is styled *τὸν δέιπνον μυστικόν*.

sacred vessels, and fell the victim of his debauch? "Our altars were dear to us," saith the Scripture, "but now they are defiled." Which of you hath a licentious youth insulted, at my bidding, with unseemly gestures and unnatural contortions? Or rather, by means of what youth licentious, have I dishonoured the great and heavenly mystery? Thou hallowed chair, the seat and the repose of hallowed men, that hast successively been graced by pastors breathing divine mysteries from above; what Gentile oratour hath ascended thee? what impious mouth, blurring the bright doctrine of Christianity? O bashfulness and modesty of the virgins, shrinking even from the aspect of the chaste; which of us hath injured, which of us hath dishonoured thee, exposing thee to the gaze of the impure, a piteous spectacle, and to be avenged by the flames of Sodom? For I speak not of massacres, and your deaths, which are better to be endured than shame. What wild beasts have we turned loose upon the

bodies of the saints, as some have done, betraying an inhuman nature ; who esteemed it criminal, that we should not partake of their impieties, or be defiled with their communion ; which we flee as the poison of a serpent, not injuring the mortal part, but blackening the deep recesses of the soul ? By whom was it deemed a crime, to inter those bodies which savage beasts beheld with reverence ; and a crime how great ? To be expiated by a second theatre, and a second tragedy ! What prelates, aged flesh have we torn with pincers, their disciples standing round, and unable save with tears to aid them ? prelates, who with Christ were extended on the cross, and by suffering attained to victory ; who marched like conquerours to the stake, and performed a lustration with their holy blood ; with Christ entombed in death, and with Christ enthroned in glory ; with Christ, who triumphed o'er the world by victims and by offerings like these ? What Presbyter, by us abandoned, did the opposing natures of

water and fire participate; displaying on the sea an unwonted blaze, and consumed together with the vessel, in which they were driven from the port ?

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Farewell Sermon, when he resigned the See of Constantinople, A. D. 381. [After having lamented the disorders of the church, and pleaded his ill-health and inability, as being among the causes of his resignation, he proceeds thus:]

AND now, what is your reply? Are ye persuaded by my words, and have I gained the victory; or need I arguments more powerful than these? Then, by that Trinity, which we and ye adore; by our mutual hopes, and by the concord of his people, I entreat this grace of you: dismiss me with your prayers. Let them be the tokens of my combat. Grant me these testimonials of my discharge, as

emperours are wont unto their soldiers; and, if it be your will, dismiss me with applause, that I may depart with honour: if otherwise, I will not altercate, nor complain, as long as I am shielded by the arm of God. But some of you will ask, Whom shall we elect? The Lord will provide a pastor for the office, as once he found a ram for a burnt-offering. This one thing I charge you: elect a man whose virtues may raise emulation, not one whose weakness may excite pity; not one who in all things will yield to all men, but who will honestly offend, rather than desert the truth. The one may be more agreeable in the present; the other will advantage most hereafter. And now attend me with your blessings and your prayers: I on my part will take a regular farewell of you.

Farewell, O my Anastasia*! thou whose

* A church in Constantinople, which St. Gregory called Anastasia, or, The Resurrection, because the Catholick Faith was there revived, after it had been oppressed about forty years. He seems to have felt for this church the tenderness and affection of a parent. Among his

very name bespeaks thy piety; who didst wake to life our doctrine so long despised: farewell, thou seat of common victory; thou Shiloh, where we first deposited the ark, which through forty years had wandered in the Desert! And thou, majestick and illustrious temple, our new inheritance; that derivest from the Word, thy present grandeur; which being once an Iebus, we have made a Hierusalem! And you, ye other temples, which, second to this in beauty, adorn your respective stations, and like chains entwine the city in the bands of peace; which, together with my weakened state, not I, but the grace conferred upon me, hath renewed! Farewell, O apostles*! a noble colony, my

poems, there is one in elegiack verse, of which it is the argument; and in his poem *De Vitâ Suâ*, he addresses it in an elegant apostrophe:

Αναστασια, ναῶν κ. τ. λ.

Among those poems of Nazianzen, which were first discovered and published by Tollius, we find another elegant apostrophe to this church,

Ποθω, ποθω σε κ. τ. λ.

* He alludes to the relicks of St. Andrew, Timothy, and Luke, which were translated to Constantinople by the emperor Constantius.

preceptors in my toil ; although I have less frequently celebrated your rites, bearing in my body the Satan of your Paul, perhaps for my advantage, through which I am removed from you. Farewell, my episcopal chair, thou dangerous yet envied throne ! ye patriarchs, and prelates, alike respected for sanctity and age ! and all who minister at the table of the Lord, drawing near to God, who is near to them ! Farewell ye choirs of Nazarenes, ye chaunters of the psalmodies, ye nightly stations, ye pious virgins, ye sanctimonious matrons, ye tribes of widows and of orphans, ye eyes of the poor for ever fixed on God, and us ! Farewell ye hospitable mansions, lovers of Christ, sweet soothers of mine infirmities ! Farewell, ye frequenters of my sermons, ye crowds and concourses, ye notaries, both open, and concealed ; ye rails so often pressed by those who crowded to my discourse ! Farewell, ye kings and palaces, ye courtiers and slaves ! if faithful to your prince, I question : to God, most

frequently, unfaithful. Clap your hands. cry aloud: exalt your oratour: my loquacious and evil tongue is silenced; but it shall not be silent altogether: yea, it shall contend through the medium of my hand and pen, although at present I forbear. Farewell, O magnificent city, and lover of Christ! for I will bear witness to the truth, though thy zeal be not proportionate to thy knowledge: our parting renders us more attached. Draw nearer to the truth: turn at length to better counsels: honour God more than you have been wont. A change of sentiment brings no disgrace, but perseverance in iniquity entails destruction. Farewell, East and West! for which, and by which, we are engaged in strife: that Being is my witness, who would reconcile and unite us, if a few would imitate my secession. They lose not the favour of their God, who renounce their thrones; for they shall inherit an episcopacy on high, far more exalted and more secure than these. To all of you, and before all,

will I raise my voice; ye angels, guardians of this church, and guardians of my coming, and departure, if indeed my affairs are in the hands of God. Farewell, O Trinity, my theme of meditation, and my wreath of glory! May'st thou be cherished by, and cherish, these my people! (mine I must call them still) and Oh! may I daily hear that thine interests are advanced, and thy name exalted, by the purity of their life and the soundness of their faith! Little children, keep safe that which I have committed to your charge, and remember that I was stoned.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all! Amen!

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Panegyrick on St. Basil.*

My speech begins to falter ; my tongue is unwilling to proceed : nevertheless it shall proceed, though its office be more suitable to others. Little am I able to philosophize in

* In a former part of this Oration, Gregory says *ειναι γαρ, ου δοκειν, εσπουδαζεν αριστος*. In his Poem *De Vita Sua*, speaking of his father, he has this line :

ων, ου δοκων αριστος, ου τον νυν τροπον.

In the *Seven Chiefs of Æschylus*, v. 592, ed. Pors. we find

ου γαρ δοκειν δικαιος, αλλ' ειναι θελει.

Porson has marked *δικαιος* with an asterisk ; but if, in the above passages, Gregory refers to Æschylus, this circumstance is in favour of *αριστος*, which is the other reading. Bishop Blomfield however, in his excellent edition of the *Tragick Poet*, has written so learnedly on the point, has adduced so many authorities on both sides, that it becomes very difficult to decide. He himself adopts the reading of Porson,

grief, although I have vehemently strove to cherish a philosophick spirit; too forcibly impressed with our common loss, and that affliction which the world feels. On the bed of death he lay, breathing out his expiring sighs, and ardently expected by the inviting seraphs, on whom his eyes and his heart were bent. The inhabitants of the city were spread around him, unable to endure their fate, bewailing his departure as an act of tyranny, and striving to detain his spirit, as if it could be compelled, by their hands, or by their prayers. Sorrow had eclipsed the light of reason, and each one was desirous to impart a portion of his own life to him. But when their hopes were frustrated; when they were convinced their prelate was but a man; when they had heard his final words, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," and had seen him cheerfully resign to the angels who came to guard it, there appeared a sight more illustrious and august than mortals ever witnessed. On the shoulders of holy men the saint

was conducted to the grave. The multitudes approached. Bright was their glow of zeal; transcendent their warmth of love. One strove to touch the border of his garment; another, to arrest the venerated bier, and clasp his hallowed form. What could be more sacred or more pure than such a corse! A third endeavoured to walk next to those who bare him; a fourth gazed on the spectacle from afar, as if e'en that would ensure a blessing. Thronged were the forums, crowded were the porticos, and double and triple stories, with those who bore him out, who preceded him, who followed him, who ran to meet him. There were thousands of every degree and age, unknown before: the psalmodies were silenced by notes of woe, and philosophy was overwhelmed in the tide of grief. Our people contended with Gentiles, Jews, and strangers; they strove with us, which, experiencing the greater loss, should derive the greater benefit. A period is put to the dispute, and their efforts

terminate in death. Many spirits winged their flight with him, through the violence of the crowd and pressure. Their end may be accounted happy, as they followed him; and a more fervent enthusiast might say, they were victims to grace his funeral. Secured at length from the confusion, and interruptions of the crowd, he is consigned to the sepulchre of his fathers. The first of prelates is united to the prelates who went before him; to the heralds of truth, a voice grandisonous, and still thundering in my ear; a martyr to the Martyrs! And now he dwelleth in the heavens, where, as I conjecture*, he offereth

* In this passage St. Gregory declares two things: firstly, his *conviction* that Basil is in heaven; secondly, his *opinion* that he intercedes for us. *ὡς οἶμαι*, as I suppose. Our Saint seems now to waver a little. It must be evident to any competent judge, that he could not have been a Papist, for the Papists consider all their doctrines to be equally of divine authority. On reviewing what he wrote at different periods, the natural conclusion is surely this; that he had no settled faith on this point, that he believed differently at different times, and was guided not by an infallible church, but by his own ideas, and perhaps by those of his friends. In one of his Letters to the pious Thecla, he expresses his belief, that the souls of departed saints are acquainted with our concerns; but says not a word of intercession.

sacrifice for us, and maketh intercession for his people. He may have left us, but he hath not abandoned us.

Gregory, half expiring, and severed from himself, torn from an union so exalted, and lingering in all the bitterness of grief, knows not whither to proceed. Whither shall I go, bereaved of his instruction, by whom I am even now reprov'd in nightly visions, whenever I transgress the bounds of duty? But I wish not to commingle tears with praises; I would rather paint, in my discourse, the life and character of the man: I would propose a tablet of his virtues, and an inscription of his worth, to all the churches, to all hearts, which we may regard as a living law. To you, who have drawn instruction from his lips, what other counsel can I give, than to be always intent on him, and to be cheered in spirit, as if he were beholding and beheld by you?

Come near, and stand around me, all ye officers of his church; ye who minister in

the sanctuary, and ye who serve inferiour departments; ye who belong to us, and ye who are not of our communion. Elevate your united voices! select, each of you, some peculiar virtue; and dwell enraptured on the godlike theme! Ye that sit upon the throne, exalt your law-giver: ye rulers of the state, hail that state's supporter; ye people, your moderator; ye oratours, your preceptor; ye virgins, your bridegroom; ye wives, your master in chastity; ye eremites, him who gave wings to you; ye cœnobites, your judge; ye who live separate, your guide; ye lovers of speculation, your theologian; ye impetuous, your restraint; ye afflicted, your consoler; ye hoary heads, the staff of your age; ye young, the soother of your desires; poverty, thy benefactor; wealth, thy steward. The widows too seem ready to magnify their protector; the orphans, to extol their father; the poor, him who was kind unto the poor; the stranger, him who was friendly to the stranger; the brother,

him who loved his brother; the sick, their physician—whatever the disease or remedy; those who are blessed with health, the guardian of health;—all are eager to applaud him, who became all things unto all, that he might gain over all, or at least many.

Such, O Basil, is my meed of praise. It flows from that tongue which ever was most sweet to thee; from him who was thine equal in honour, as well as age. If it hath approached the altitude of thy desert, it is owing unto thee; for trusting to thine aid I have laboured in this discourse. But if it hath fallen far short, and far distant of thy hopes, what wouldst thou have me suffer; me worn and wasted with old age, with sickness, and with love of thee? Wherever the means are wanting, the will is acceptable to God. Regard us from thy cœlestial height, O divine and hallowed saint! and either calm by thine intercession, or teach me to endure, this torment of the flesh, which for my discipline and trial, is allotted me by

God. When I shall be translated hence, may'st thou receive me in thine own abode! that we together dwelling, and together contemplating the holy and blessed Trinity, more perfect and more pure, whose impression we have but partially received, may there attain the object of our hopes, and enjoy the fruit of our toils and perils. Such is the discourse I pronounce on thee. But ah! since thou art gone, who will pronounce my funeral encomium; if through the grace of Christ, I should furnish aught which merits praise? Unto Him be ascribed everlasting glory! Amen.

A LETTER

Of St. Gregory to Eudoxius the Rhetorician.

You interrogate me on the state of my affairs. They are indeed hapless—Of Basil I am bereaved; of Cæsarius I am bereaved; my brother in spirit, and my brother in the flesh*. My father and my mother have departed from me; my body is bent with sickness;

* *τον πνευματικον αδελφον, και τον σωματικον.* This is a happy example of the rule of the Greek Article, when two different persons are intended. The two adjectives imply things which might be predicated of the same person. If therefore, the article had been omitted before the second, Gregory's meaning would have been that Cæsarius was his brother in spirit, as well as in the flesh. This he believed; but in the letter before us, he intended to designate Basil by the first epithet;

old age is on my brow ; cares perplex me ; anxieties distract me ; my friends are faithless, and the church is without a pastor.—Joy is dead ; sorrow is young and vigorous. My voyage is in the night ; the storm is loud ; no beacon shines : Jesus sleeps*. What am I yet to suffer. One only remedy presents itself to my afflictions, and that is death. But there is a world to come ; and at the nature of that world I tremble, instructed by the sufferings of the present.

* This is one of those *allusiones subobscuras*, which Erasmus notices in the style of Nazianzen. Its meaning is made perfectly clear by a passage in his Iambiok poem, On the events of his own life. It is in the prayer which he addressed to Christ, during a storm at sea.

Και νιν μαθητης εν θαλα' τινασσε μοι
Τον ὑπνον, ἢ πεζευε, και στητω φοβος.

THE PERORATION

Of St. Gregory's Discourse on the new Lord's Day. [This Oration was pronounced at the Church of St. Mamas, near Nazianzum, on Easter Sunday, April 16th, 383.]

BUT let us now go forth, and in concert with the season let us celebrate the festival. All nature now moves on in unison with our festivity, and rejoices in common with our joy. Behold the face of things. The Queen of the Seasons unfolds her pageantry to the Queen of Days, presenting from her native store whatever is most beauteous, whatever is most delightful. Now is the canopy of heaven more cloudless ; the sun rides higher in his course, beaming a more golden lustre ;

brighter is the circle of the moon, and purer the chorus of the stars. More pacifick now, the waves murmur on the shore : the tempest is allayed ; soft are the whispers of the breeze ; genial is the earth to the opening flowerets, and grateful the flowerets to our eyes. Released from winter's tyranny, more limpid flow the fountains ; in streams more copious, the rivers ; gay is the blossom on the plant, and sweet the fragrance of the meadow ; the herbage is cropped by the cattle ; on the blooming plain the lambs disport. The vessel, now, from the harbour rides forth majestick, accompanied with shouts, for the most part shouts of gratitude ; and is winged with its sails. The dolphin glides on the bosom of the waters, dashing around the silvery foam, and following with alacrity the mariner. Now doth the husbandman prepare his implements of tillage, raising to heaven his eye, and invoking Him who bade the fruitage flourish. How jocund he leads his oxen to the yoke ! how patiently he cuts

the prolifick farrow, while hope sits smiling on his countenance! The shepherd and the herdsman attune their reeds, and meditate the rural strain, and revel with the spring, in the grotto or the grove. The gardener now more anxiously tends his plants; the fowler renews his snare, and inspects the branches, and curiously explores the flying of the bird. The fisherman surveys the deep, and repairs his net, and sits on the summit of the rock.

Again the assiduous bee, spreading wide her wings, and ascending from the hive, her native skill demonstrates, skims o'er the meads, and rifles of their sweets the flowers. One labours at the honeycomb, constructing the cells, hexagonal and mutually opposed; while another lays up the delicious store, providing for him who provides her a habitation, refection sweet, and sustenance un-toiled for. Oh! that we could resemble them; we, who have received so wondrous an example of industry and of wisdom. Again the

bird fabricates his nest; and one returns, and another enters the new-formed mansion, while a third traverses the air, and bids the forest re-echo to his harmonies, and greets the passenger with a song. Each part inanimate of the creation hymns and glorifies its Maker with a silent homage. For every thing which I behold, my God by me is magnified, and thus their hymn my hymn becomes, from whom I have derived my melody. Now universal nature smiles, and every sense is welcomed to the banquet. And now the magnanimous steed, disdaining the confinement of his stall, and spurning the fetters that impede him, bounds o'er the echoing plains, and displays his beauty in the flood.

On what further shall I enlarge? The Martyrs now in the open air detain the multitudes: they display the glory of their triumphs: to their resplendent shrines they invite each pious worshipper, and proclaim the conqueror's reward. Among them, he

too is enrolled, who is now my theme of praise : mine* he must be called, although with me he rest not : let envy cease : I speak to those who understand. Mamas, the illustrious both as a pastor, and a martyr ; to whom sojourning formerly in the wilderness, the hinds administered their milk ; rushing forward eagerly, that the righteous man might be sustained by that unwonted nutriment ! But now he feedeth the people of the metropolis, and reneweth the spring, this day, to thousands and tens of thousands from every part assembled. To speak more briefly, now is the spring terrestrial and the spring cœlestial ; the spring unto our souls, the spring unto our bodies ; the spring visible, the spring invisible. Which, may we there attain, having here been divinely changed, and created anew ; may we be transmitted to a

* This passage is obscure. The most probable interpretation of it is the following : Gregory thought that the body of Mamas should have been buried at Nazianzum, instead of which, it was interred at the church where this discourse was preached. Thinking himself unjustly treated, he conveys his reproof in this delicate manner.

new existence, through Jesus Christ our Lord : unto whom with the Holy Spirit, be ascribed all honour, authority, and dominion, to the glory of God the Father*!

* Arthur Wallis, Esq. of Magd. Hall, Oxford, in the notes of his elegant Translations from Virgil, and Lucan, has quoted from my *Select Passages*, the above description of the Spring. He says that it is second only to Virgil's, See p. 30.—It has always appeared to me preeminently beautiful, being very harmonious in the language, (I mean of course in the Greek) as well as diversified and luxuriant in the ideas. Surely it is remarkable, that a description so rich and vivid, should have been penned by Gregory in declining age ; at a period when his body was worn with penance, and fasting, and disease ; and his mind had almost sunk beneath its accumulated afflictions.

AN EXTRACT

*From St. Gregory's Oration on the Holy
Lights.*

BUT it was unsuitable that adoration should be circumscribed, and confined to the inhabitants of heaven. It was requisite that aspirations of praise should be wafted from below, that all things might be filled with the glory of the Lord, inasmuch as all things are his. On this account was man created, ennobled by the image of God, and endowed with a portion of his power. But him, through the envy of Satan and the bitter taste of sin, piteously severed from his God, him in that sad estate his Maker would not

abjure. What then is done? and what is this mighty mystery by which I am affected? —A nature, before unknown, is formed. God becomes a man. He, who in the rising of his glory and effulgence, ascended to the heaven of heavens, is glorified by setting in the cloud of our lowliness and poverty. The Son of God consents both to be, and to be denominated, the Son of Man; not changing that which he was before, for it is immutable in nature, but taking into personal subsistence that which he was not before. Thus he, whom no bounds could circumscribe, is limited by a form: the flesh is the intervening link by which he unites himself to us;—a veil drawn over his Divinity. In the semblance of a slave, he descends to the condition of fellow-slaves; and the circumstances of both are changed. In himself he beareth me, and all of mine, that by himself he may consume the inferiour nature, as fire consumeth wax, or the sun-beam the vapours

of the earth ; and that I, by reason of the union, may participate in all that he is.*

* The last two sentences in the above Extract, are taken from Gregory's Second Discourse on the Son. I have placed them here, because they are closely connected with the subject, and tend to illustrate his doctrine. The Orations from whence the above, and the following extract is taken, were pronounced at Constantinople, about A. D. 380. I have introduced them here, because their subject is so intimately connected with the subject of the Peroration which immediately follows.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory's First Discourse on the Son.

THERE was a time when he whom thou now despisest, was above thee. He who now is a man, was once of an uncompounded nature ; that which he was before, still continued ; and that which did not previously exist he took into union with himself. In the beginning he was unoriginated ; for how could God be caused ? But afterwards there was a reason for his being made. It was that thou, his calumniator, mightest be saved ; thou, who despisest his divinity, because he assumed thine imperfect nature. A soul was the con-

necting link by which he was associated with the flesh. The manhood, the inferiour nature, became God, when blended with his divinity, and one Christ was formed ; the superior part prevailing, that I might become divine, as he became human. He was born, indeed, on the earth ; but in his ~~supernal~~ nature he had been begotten. He was born of a woman, indeed ; but she was a virgin. If this was natural, that was preternatural. He was without a father in his earthly generation, and without a mother in his heavenly generation. This is wholly referable to his divinity. He was borne, indeed, in the womb ; but he was recognised by the Prophet, who, though himself unborn, yet leaped for joy in the presence of the Word, by which he was created. He was wrapped in swathing bands ; but he burst the swathing-bands of the tomb, when rising from the dead. In a manger he lay reclined ; but by angels he was glorified. By a star he was revealed, and by the Magi he was adored. Wherefore

dost thou stumble at that which thou beholdest with thine eyes, not considering that which is intellectually discerned? He fled, indeed, into Ægypt; but he dispersed the Ægyptian darkness. He had no form or comeliness in Jewish eyes; but in the estimation of David, he was lovely beyond the sons of men; but upon the mount he blazed as the lightning, and beamed more resplendent than the sun, mystically prefiguring his future glory. He was baptized as man; but he washed away our sins as God. He was baptized; not that he needed purification, but that he might sanctify the water. He was tempted as man; but, as God, he overcame the temptation; but he commands us to take courage, for he had overcome the world. He was oppressed with hunger; but he fed the thousands in the desert; but he is the living and celestial bread. He was parched with thirst; but he cried aloud, "If any one thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" but he promised to be a fountain

unto believers. He was weary ; but he was the rest of those who were weary and heavy laden. He was weighed down with sleep ; but he walked lightly on the wave ; but he rebuked the winds ; but he bore up Peter from the whelming billows. He paid tribute ; but it was obtained miraculously from a fish ; but he ruled over those to whom he paid the tribute. He was accused of being a Samaritan and of being possessed ; but he saved the man who was possessed ; but he saved the man who was going down from Jerusalem, and had fallen among robbers ; but he was recognised by dæmons, and expelled dæmons, and buried in the deep a legion of spirits, and beheld their leader falling like lightning. He was stoned ; but he was not captured. He prayed ; but he received the prayers of others. He wept ; but he made tears to cease. He asked where Lazarus was laid, because he was a man ; but he raised Lazarus from death, because he was God. He was sold, and cheaply, for thirty pieces of silver ;

but he bought the world at an inestimable price, for he bought it with his blood. He is led as a sheep to the slaughter; but he is the Shepherd of Israel; yea, he feedeth the whole world. As a lamb he is mute; but he is the Word, proclaimed by the voice of him who cried aloud in the wilderness. He is weak in body, and pierced with wounds; but he healeth every disease. He is led, he is affixed unto the cross; but by the tree of life he restores us; but he saves even the robber who was crucified with him; but he spreads darkness over all the land. He drinks vinegar, and is fed with gall. And who is this? He who converted water into wine; who destroyed the bitterness of death; who is altogether sweetness, the desire of the heart. He yields up his life; but he hath the power to resume it. But he rends the vail; for he makes known the things above. The rocks are rent; the dead are prematurely raised. He dies; yet gives life to others; and dying he destroys death. He dies;

but he rises again. He descends into hades ; but he liberates souls from thence ; he ascends into the heavens ; and he will come to judge both the living and the dead, and to take cognizance of arguments like thine. If the things which evince his humanity, have afforded thee a pretext for error, let the circumstances which attest his divinity remove thine error.

THE EXORDIUM

*Of St. Gregory's second Discourse on the
Holy Pascha.*

“I WILL stand,” said Habakkuk, “on my watch-tower.” I also will stand this day upon my watch-tower, said I within myself, in order that, through the grace and power of contemplation bestowed on me by the Spirit, I may see what I shall be permitted to behold, and hear whatever shall be revealed unto me. I stood : I looked forth, and beheld a man walking on the clouds ; in stature, lofty and majestic. He bore the similitude of an angel, and his floating garment was like the glancing lightning. He

extended his hand towards the east, and cried with an elevated tone, sublime as the trumpet's clangour, while a multitude of the heavenly host thronged around him,—“This day, is salvation come unto the world, both visible and invisible. Christ is risen from the dead. Arise ye with him. Christ hath returned unto himself. Return ye unto him. Christ hath burst the fetters of the tomb. Be ye liberated from the bondage of your sins. The gates of hades are opened; death is annihilated; the ancient Adam is cast off; and in the new Adam all things are fulfilled. ‘If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.’ Be ye renewed.” Then, those seraphick beings attuned their harps, and hymned that strain which they chaunted on the morn of the nativity:—“Glory in the highest unto God; and on earth peace: among men benevolence.” I too will proclaim amongst you this sacred melody; and Oh! that I had a voice of angelick power, to penetrate the remotest limits of the earth.

O Pascha! Pascha of the Lord! and again I say, Pascha! in honour of the Trinity; this is unto us the banquet of banquets; this, the festivity of festivities; surpassing all other festivals, not those of man alone, but those also in honour of the Redeemer; surpassing them as much as the sun transcends the stars. Brilliant was the spectacle of snowy vestments and of burning tapers, which, publicly and privately, we yesterday displayed; all ranks conspiring to array the night in splendour: an image of the light which yon flaming heaven pours down upon the world, illuming us with its glorious magnificence of the supra-cœlestial light which glows in the angelick natures; those beings, the most resplendent next to God, inasmuch as they are irradiated by his immediate beams; and of the light residing in the Trinity, by whom all light subsists; flowing from that undivided Fountain, and honoured as it flows. But more brilliant and illustrious is the spectacle now presented; for the light which shone forth

yesterday, was the orient star, ushering in a grander luminary : the joy of yesterday was the prelude to a more ecstatic festival. But to-day we celebrate the resurrection itself ; no longer hoped for, but come to pass, making the world one banquet-house of joy. Let others bring other tributes in honour of the season, and present such gifts as are spiritual and pleasing unto God ; great or inconsiderable, according to the measure of their ability : for even the angelical powers, those highest, purest, and most intellectual of beings, the beholders and witnesses of the celestial glory, could not worthily adorn the subject : though praise be the element they breathe. Be it mine to offer a discourse, of all the things that I possess, the most excellent and honoured ; and let me duly magnify the Word for the gift of this rational nature, which enables me to present this offering.

THE PERORATION

*Of St. Gregory's Second Oration on the
Holy Pascha.*

COME now, let us participate in the law, evangelically, and not legally; according to its consummation, and not in its imperfect state; with reference to eternity, and not to time. Let us consider as the chief of cities, not the Jerusalem on earth, but the metropolis of the skies; not that city which is now trodden down by armies, but that which is glorified by angels. Let us sacrifice, not young calves, nor rams putting forth their horns and hoofs, which in a great measure may be denominated insensible and dead;

but with the cœlestial choir, on the cœlestial altar, let us offer unto God the sacrifice of praise. Let us pass through the first veil, and approach unto the second : let us with inquiring eyes look into the holy of holies : shall I say yet more ? Let us sacrifice ourselves to God ; on every occasion and in every action let us offer ourselves in sacrifice : let us endure all things for the Word : in our afflictions let us æmulate his affliction ; let us honour with our blood his blood : cheerfully let us ascend his cross. Sweet are these nails to us, though sharp their point, and piercing. To suffer with Christ, to suffer for Christ, were better than with others to revel in enjoyment.——

It now behoves me to sum up the doctrines I have enforced. We were created, in order that we might be crowned with blessings ; we were crowned with blessings, inasmuch as we were created ; we were entrusted with the joys of Paradise, that we in those joys might revel ; we received a mandate, that we

might prove our allegiance by its observation ; not that God was ignorant of the future, but that he prescribed a law to regulate our will ; we were deceived, because we had been envied ; we fell, because we had transgressed ; we were exposed to hunger, because, when overpowered by temptation, we abstained not from the tree of knowledge. For the commandment was given in the olden time, and was contemporaneous with our earliest existence ; being, as it were, the discipline of our souls, and the moderator of our enjoyments. It was ordained, that the good which through our disobedience we have lost, through our obedience we might have received. We stood in need of a God who should assume our nature, and die as man, in order that we might live. We died with him, that we might be purified ; we were raised together, because we had died together ; we were glorified together, because together we had been raised.

Though great and various were the prodigies of the time,—a God extended on a cross ;

the sun wrapped up in darkness, and beaming again in splendour; (for it was needful that creation's works should sympathize with their Maker;) the rended veil; blood and water issuing from his side; the one denoting that he was man, the other that he was more than man; the earth convulsed, the mountains cleft; the dead rising, to evince the certainty of a general resurrection; the wonders which happened at his grave, and the wonders which happened afterwards, which no tongue can justly celebrate;—yet, what are these, compared with the miracle of my redemption? A few drops of blood renovate the world, and, affecting universal man, connect, combine, consolidate us in one!

O Pascha! thou great and holy festival! the lustration of a world polluted! O Word of God! the light, the life, the wisdom, and the power; for on all thine appellations I love to dwell! O thou, of the Almighty Mind the offspring, the emanation, and the

image ; as man, corporeally beheld ; as the Word, intellectually discerned ;—mayest thou receive this discourse, not the first fruits, but, it may be, the final gathering of my harvest ; at once a testimony of gratitude, and a medium of supplication, that thou wilt visit me with no further trials than those which are the lot of nature, and those incidental to my ministration, with which I have been long familiar ; and this dominion of the flesh, (Thou, O my God, perceivest how it bows my spirit,) mayest thou extinguish and subdue ! When the dread period shall arrive, if that death be granted me on which the longings of my soul are bent, and if I be admitted to thy cœlestial habitation ; perchance, there also, on thy holy altar shall I present a sacrifice acceptable ; O Father, O Word, O sacred Spirit : for unto thee are suitably ascribed all glory and honour and dominion, for ever ! Amen.*

* Such were the final words of this most accomplished orator, of this most holy saint, when retiring from his publick ministry. They

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were pronounced at Arianzum, a small estate or farm which he possessed, near Nazianzum. He lived about four years longer, solacing his declining age with heavenly contemplation, and with writing religious poems, as did Calderoni many centuries after. Some of these poems, or rather some extracts from them, I propose now to lay before the reader. It may however be necessary to say a few words respecting the Dedication which precedes them. It appeared in a little work which I published nearly twenty years ago, entitled *Select Poems*, &c. and was addressed to the youngest daughter of Doctor Adam Clarke, now Mrs. Smith. As she has become known both to the literary and religious world, through the valuable biography of her distinguished father, I can see no reason why her name should be now withheld.

SELECT POEMS,

&c. &c.

DEDICATION.

O MARVEL not, sweet maid, to see,
The wreath I fondly wove for thee ;
But in thy gentle hand receive,
The first, the last, I e'er shall weave.

O marvel not, sweet maid, to find,
Thy name with honoured names entwined ;
Where, where, may Gregory hope to rest,
If not within a saintly breast ?
Or where Synesius love to dwell,
If not in virtue's hallowed cell ?
I marked the glowing crimson rush,
And all thy radiant features flush,
Mingling with Beauty's fainter blush,
When first I sued thee to protect
These fading plants from cold neglect.
I marked, and I admired to see
The charm, the grace of modesty.

O rather be my lyre unstrung,
Unnerved my frame, and mute my tongue,
Than be that grace, that charm unsung !
It lures me to intreat the more,
Again to sue, again implore.

Enfold these roses in thy vest,
And be thine unpolluted breast
Their home, their refuge, and their rest,
From Nazianzum's desert shore,
The sad, the drooping prize I bore.
Their bloom is gone, their fragrance fled,
The dust on every leaf is spread ;
But on thy bosom bid them reign,
And they will live and smile again !
This wreath of lilies intertwined,
I found the sport of every wind,
Where once Cyrene blest the sight,
And wisdom poured her grateful light.
With hope's reviving radiance streaming,
With joy's returning splendour beaming,
It craves, ah ! do not spurn the prayer,
To bloom around thy forehead fair.

What, though no pilgrim passing nigh,
May gaze with fond admiring eye ;
What, though no pious hand may seize
One leaf, which waving woos the breeze ;
Though none regard their tempting bloom,
Or revel in their rich perfume ;
If thou protect each lonely flower,

blest,
 feast ;
 may roll,
 the pole.
 hat angel-gaze,
 dew of praise
 , again their hues shall glow,
 e charms with new-born fragrance

SELECT POEMS.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory Nazianzen's Iambick Poem,

ON THE EVENTS OF HIS LIFE.

He is describing his Voyage from Alexandria to Athens, when he went to study there.

FROM Alexandria, in whose classick bowers
Also, I culled the fruit which learning yields,
I sailed, and instant plowed the sea of Greece,
By Cyprus coasting; there conflicting winds
Convulsed our bark, and universal night
Enwrapt the earth, the sea, the air, the heavens.
Loud roared the thunder, wide the lightning blazed;
The swelling sails were filled; the cordage creaked;*

* In both the Paris and the Colonne edit. we find *εποχθον*. I suppose Gregory wrote *εποϊθον*.

The mast gave way; and from the pilot's hand
The rudder flew, in quivering fragments riven.
High o'er the deck the sweeping billows rolled;
And sad and wild a mingled murmur rose
Of sailors, boatswains, rowers, masters, pilots,
Invoking Christ with voice symphonious;
And these were men who knew not God before,
For Fear is oft a teacher sapient.
No water now, ah! worst of ills, our ship
Contained; for when at first the shattered bark
Was whirled around, in the devouring deep
The cistern fell which held that treasure sweet.
Now famine, waves, and storms, contending strove,
Which most should triumph in destruction's work.
God viewed with pity, and the first of these
Dispelled: some merchants from Phœnicia's coast
Instant appeared: when from our cries they learned
Our deep distress, though fearing for themselves
Wielding with potent arm their flying oars,
They reach and aid us: we were little more
Than corpses floating on a watery bier,
Or fishes left to gasp upon the beach,
Or lamps expiring when their oil is wasted.
But louder yet th' infuriate tempest howled,
And more and more the maddening billows raged!
No friendly haven opened on our view,
And from the skies no bright salvation beamed.
While all the rest one common danger feared,
A thought more dreadful chilled my fainting soul.
For me no wave baptismal yet had flowed,
That purifieth those who worship God;

Me, now encompassed by the waves of death.
This, this was ruin, this to me was shipwreck;
At this I wept; for this I wrung my hands,
In mournful concert with the deep below;
Rending my garments, prostrate, comfortless.
And what most strange may seem, although most true,
Forgetful of their own disastrous state,
All wept with me; with me they raised their voice;
With me in that extremity they prayed;
So much in my distress they sympathized.

Thou wert, O Christ, my great deliverer then,
Who now preserv'st me from the waves of life.
For when no dawn of glimmering hope appeared,
No island, continent, or mountain's brow
Was seen; no beacon gleamed, no pitying star
Looked forth to guide the woe-worn mariner;
In that dread hour what was my high resolve?
How did I shun the gloomy gates of death?
Renouncing earthly aid, to Thee I look,
My life, my breath, my light, my strength, my safety;
At once appalling, thrilling, smiling, healing,
With Misery's cup commingling Comfort's balm!
Recounting then the wondrous deeds of old,
In which thy mighty hand we recognize;
The waters cleft, the march of Israel's host,
An army vanquished by a prophet's hands
High raised, Egypt beneath the dreadful scourge
Bruised with her chiefs; Creation's laws led captive;
A city levelled at the trumpet's blast;
And then connecting with those mighty deeds

My own portentous destiny, I said,
 Thine have I been, O Lord, and yet am thine :
 May'st thou receive me twice, an honoured gift,
 Of Earth and Sea the offering, rendered pure
 Both by my mother's vow, and chastening fear.
 O should I now escape, to Thee I'll live ;
 If Thou reject me, Thou wilt lose a votary.
 E'en now thy loved disciple on the deep
 Sits trembling: O awake or walk the wave
 And bid my terror cease!—I spake, and, lo!
 The winds were hushed, the roaring waves grew calm,
 And light and swift the gliding vessel moved.
 Another blessing from the fav'ring Heavens
 My prayer drew down; for all who with me sailed
 Believed on Jesus, hymned his glorious name,
 And owned the God who thus had doubly saved them.

Light o'er the charmed wave the breezes blew,
 And, passing Rhodes, we anchored in the port
 Of famed Ægina, whence the vessel came.
 Then Athens: then my studies: but of these
 Let others tell: how in the fear of God
 I lived, and stood among the foremost first;
 How, 'mid the crowd of gay licentious youth,
 'Mid the full harvest of unhallowed deeds,
 My life so calm and so untainted flowed,
 *I seemed that fountain, through the briny waves

* Πηγή τις οἶμαι ποντίας, καθ' ὕδατων
 Γλυκεία πικρῶν, ὥσπερ οὖν πιστεύεται.

St. Gregory makes the same allusion, in his Panegyric on St. Basil

For ever gliding sweet, as men believe:
 Allured by no deceptive deadly snare,
 I lured my friends to things of higher worth.
 And here again th' Almighty Parent blessed me:
 Me to the wisest of mankind He joined,
 Alone surpassing all in life and doctrine.
 Ask ye his name? ye might have known his name!
 'Twas Basil, my support, my blessing now.
 He was the sharer of my thoughts, my studies,
 My humble roof: and might I boast, I'd say,
 We werè a pair whom Greece did not despise.
 With us all things were common, and one soul
 Connected, moved, and animated both.

Καὶ εἰ τις ἐστὶν ἡ πιστεύεται ποταμός, δι' ἧς ὁ ὅλος γλυκύς, ἡ
 ζωὴ ἐν πυρὶ σκαῖρον, ὅτι τὰ πάντα ἀλίσκεται, τούτο ἡμεῖς ἐν πᾶσι
 τοῖς ἡμέτεροις.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory's Poem on the Events of his Life.

Having described the unhealthy and uncongenial situation of Sasima, to the Bishoprick of which his friend Basil had appointed him, he thus proceeds :

WAS this the fruit of Athens? this the fruit
Of mutual toils in learning's boundless field;
The life we lived together; the abode
Beneath whose genial and sequester'd roof
Both dwelt; the soul which animated both,
The theme, the wonder of admiring Greece;
Our plighted vows to flee a world we prized not,
To lead one common life for God alone,
And bid our talents crouch to do him service?
All, all are vanished: in the dust they perish:
The winds disperse my past, my blighted hopes.
Where shall I wander? Will the ruthless lion
Or rabid wolf receive me in his lair?
Yes, in a savage breast irrational

More faith abides than in the breast of man!
To speak in brief, such was the state of things.
Yet, as my neck and not my will was bent,
(Oh! how shall I my warm emotions paint,
Or how the travail of my soul pourtray?)
I feel again the stimulating spur,
Again I seek the mountains wild retreat,
The cavern hoar and deep embowering shade:
But ah! not long a fugitive; though prone
To fly, irresolute in flight I prove.
To all things else inflexible, and firm
As rock, as adamant, I could not bear
A parent's anger. Much my father strove
To seat me in the chair of Sasima.
His efforts fruitless proving, he insists
That I should be at least his colleague, (for
His body now with cares and age was bent,)
And share with him his labours pastoral.
Feebly he raised his venerated arm,
And, as he stroked with gentle touch my beard,
In mild and moving phrase he thus began:
" O best beloved, and now my only son,
It is thy father who entreats thee: lo!
The parent supplicates the child; old age
Bows down to youth; the master to his servant:
Subjected by a double tie you stand;
By human laws, and by the law divine.
No silver store, no treasured heaps of gold,
No gorgeous gems I ask, nor wide domain:
I seek to place thee where the hallow'd seers
Aaron and Samuel in glory stood,

A ministering servant of thy God.
My son, dishonour not thine earthly sire;
So shall thy Heavenly Father honour thee.
Just is my suit,—and if it were not just,
A parent sues. Thou hast not lived so long
*As I with daily rites have served my God.
Grant, grant this boon, or in the welcome grave
Some other hand shall lay thy father's limbs.
If thou refuse, be this thy punishment.
Give me the remnant of a scanty day,
And then pursue thy wishes uncontroul'd.”

* I have noticed this passage in another place, but it cannot be too often noticed. We here learn, that Gregory's father was a priest, before he himself was born. Observe, Gregory was the eldest son. What can the Romanists say to this, and to the case of Gregory Nyssen? He was a married man, and had a family, even when he was a Bishop.

ST. GREGORY'S HYMN TO THE DEITY.

THEE, deathless monarch of the sky,
My soul aspires to glorify:
Grant me, in living verse to sing
Th' eternal Lord, th' Almighty King.
For thee, the tide of praise is roll'd;
The seraphs strike their chords of gold,
And wake the anthem, soaring high
With Inspiration's ecstasy;
While angels, quickened by thy glance,
Circle the throne in mystick dance.
For thee, th' unceasing ages roll,
Exulting in their Lord's controul.
At thy command the Heaven's expansion
Became the golden stars' fair mansion;
Flamed high the sun in glory bright;
Look'd forth the moon with softer light;
And born thy wondrous works to scan,
And trace the mind which formed the plan,
Uprose thy reasoning creature, Man.
Thou, O my God, createdst all,

The highest heaven, this earthly ball;
Within thy breast the whole designing;
By thy sole power each part combining:
At thy command the work's begun!
At thy command the work is done!

Jesus I hail, the Word Divine,
In whom his Father's glories shine;
By nature equal, God Supreme,
Of angels and of men the theme;
By whom dim Chaos back was driven,
When through the void, th' expanse of Heaven
He spread, and framed our earthly ball,
That he might rule, the Lord of all.
His Holy Spirit I adore,
The embryo deep who brooded o'er,
And still with kind parental care,
Inspires and aids the humble prayer.
Tremendous Power!—I hail in thee
A true and living Trinity!

Father of all, through every hour
May I proclaim the Triune Power
Enshrined in deepest mystery!
May every thought which leads from thee,
And lures the wavering mind to stray,
Like morning vapours melt away!
So may I lift my hands to Heaven,
In trembling hope to rise forgiven!
So may I feel the vital flame,
And glorify my Saviour's name!
With holy zeal may I adore him,

And bending in the dust implore him,
 That, when he rears his throne sublime
 Wreathed with the spoils of Death and Time,
 As King, as Lord, as God, to reign,
 He may receive his child again!

Grant me, O God, in Judgment's hour,
 Alone to feel thy saving power:
 Let mercy's ray unclouded shine,
 And the full stream of Grace be mine;
 For Grace and Glory dwell with thee,
 Throughout thy own eternity*!

* To those who are studious of the Greek metres it may not be uninteresting to observe, that the original is written in the Ionic, a minore dim. acat. measure; with a *versus ανακλωμενος* composed of the third Pæon and second Epitritus, continually occurring. There are a few lines indeed which do not completely scan; but this is plainly owing to the corruption of the MS. and the want of metrical knowledge in the Paris Editor. An English or a German scholar could easily correct them. In one instance however, the correction must be quite conjectural. The third line stands thus,

Τον ανακτα, τον δεσποτην.

The best emendation, of which I can think, is to substitute *δυναστην* for *δεσποτην*.

AN EXTRACT

From St. Gregory's Poem on Celibacy.

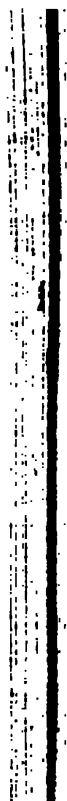
A time there was, when Chaos, drear and wild,
Enveloped all: nor sweet Aurora smiled;
Nor Phœbus tracked his flaming path of light;
Nor Cynthia beamed, resplendent Queen of night:
Confusion held an universal reign,
And all was bound by Chaos' gloomy chain.—
But thee, O Christ, th' Almighty Father chose,
This world, in Grace and beauty to dispose.
Light just is formed; that Nature throned in light,
With loveliest tints may charm the wondering sight.

Thine holy hand outspread the starry sky,
And reared the glorious sun and moon on high;
And lighting all that azure canopy,
Thou bad'st the sun to roll a boundless tide
Of golden splendour, and the seasons guide:
The moon, thou bad'st, with gentler beam to play,
Smile o'er the gloom, and yield a second day.

The earth was hung beneath: her graceful arms,
Encircling wooed the Oceanick charms;
And wooing, found a sweet, congenial rest,
By mutual Ocean's refluxent waters prest.
Thus, all was beauty: heaven, and earth, and main;
Yon heaven, rejoicing in the brilliant train
Of stars unnumbered; while thy creatures bland
Sport on the wave, and frolick on the land.

Then, thine eternal Father smiled to see
The universal, joyous harmony.
He smiled to see creation's work begun,
And finished by the consentaneous Son;
But wished some animated form might breathe,
The Lord of all this glorious world beneath;
Exploring all his wisdom had designed;
And thus, his sacred lips revealed his mind*.

* The poem whence this extract is taken, is very curious, and ought to be more known. It consists of about 730 hexameters. It commences with a panegyrick on the single state; and an elegant apostrophe to it. This is followed by a passage about the Deity; a description of the Angels; the passage about the creation, which I have endeavoured to translate; a short but sublime speech of the Deity; the formation of man; his being placed in Paradise; the fall; the redemption by Christ; and a short but sublime description of those who are altogether devoted to God. Then Wedlock is personified, and delivers a discourse of moderate length in praise of the marriage state. Its poetry is good, but not preeminent; for Gregory evidently reserved his powers for the speech of his darling celibacy. The description of Virginity, who also is personified, her attire, and her demeanour, is very fine. Her speech is a good deal too long; but it has several passages of great beauty, and some of uncommon splendour and magnificence. She answers the argu-



— — —
— — —

THE CONCLUSION

Of St. Gregory's Poem, entitled Precepts to Virgins.

WITH circumspection tread life's slippery ground,
And ever waiting on thy God be found.
Be thou as Hesper 'mid the starry train;
'Mid gems the *pearl; the lily on the plain;
The olive in the wood; 'mid birds the dove;
The calm that broods the gentle wave† above.
The world's unhallow'd joys, O virgin, spurn,
And unto Christ, thy radiant bridegroom, turn.

* *Μαργαρον εν λαεσσιν*. The Ancients considered pearls to be much more valuable than we do. They ranked them among the precious stones.

† In the Oration which St. Gregory pronounced, on his return from the country, after the affair of Maximus, he describes a walk which he had taken on the sea-shore. The sea was then rough, and he thus most beautifully contrasts it with its pacific state. *ή δε ην θαλασσα ουχ ήδου, και τοι γε αλλως ήδιστον ουσα, όταν γαληνη πορφυρηται, και προσπαιζηταις ακταις ήδυν τι και ήμερον*. In his Panegyric on the Martyr Cyprian, he describes the same subject, in terms no less exquisite. *ήδων δε μειδιωσα γαληνη, και θαλαττα ήπλωμενη και ταις ακταις προσπαιζουσα, μετα πνευματων στασιν, και ωδινοντα κυματα*.

Lead him, O lead him, to thy fragrant bower,
 Where purity unfolds her spotless flower;
 Where every charm with every beauty meets,
 Perennial pleasures and immortal sweets.
 In his most sacred hand, thy hand infix,
 And thy pure oil with oil cœlestial mix.
 O blend thy pure ineffable desire,
 With the chaste fervour of his hallow'd fire;
 And all the graces in thy soul combined,
 Blend with the graces of the heavenly mind.
 Let him thy bright thy glorious beauty see;
 Let him thy lover and thy bridegroom be!
 Lo! he hath drawn thy maiden veil aside,
 And* wonder'd, viewing his transcendent bride;
 August, enthroned, in orient pearl array'd,
 Lovely before, and now far lovelier made.
 Thy Lord will bear thee to his seat on high,
 And spread the bridal feast above the sky;
 While choral angels, with aerial strains
 And heavenly warblings, fill the golden plains.

* *Και θαμβήσεν ἰδών.* If any reader should object to this expression, I would observe that, in adaptation to our faculties, God is said in Scripture, to love, to hate, to be angry, and even to repent. If any one should object to the general idea which pervades this poem, let him remember, that the Church is expressly styled, the Bride of Christ, and that God calls himself, the Husband of the Church. Now, whatever is said of the Church collectively, is said of each individual. If the objector be not yet satisfied, I beg leave to remark, that I give this translation, as a specimen, not of orthodoxy, but of the taste and genius of St. Gregory. In the original the whole passage is very excellent, splendid, and harmonious.

Thy Lord will bear thee to his radiant bowers,
And wreath thy head with ever blooming flowers;
For thee, the vine-empurpled cup infuse
With balm nectarious, and ambrosial dews;
Bid sacred Wisdom's awful page unroll,
And pour its radiance on thy raptured soul.
For here we faintly trace with view confined,
The veil'd effulgence of th' Almighty mind:
But there 'twill prove our glorious lot, to see
Th' unclouded blaze of naked Deity!
The flesh sublimed will own the spirit's sway,
And drink the flood of ever during day.

Ye youths and virgins, who with hallow'd fire
Adore the leader of th' angelick choir,
With hearts attuned and voice symphonious, sing
The heavenly nuptials of your God and King.
Oh! bid your intellectual torches shine,
The humble semblance of the light divine;
Let holy words and actions fan the fire,
Till the pure flame to heaven's pure flame aspire.

And thou, O triune power, benign descend;
Deign from thy throne, benignly deign to bend,
While we with awe invoke thee. Let thy beam
Illume us here with mild attemper'd gleam:
But oh! hereafter may thy glory stream
In all the grandeur of its gorgeous rays,—
One flood of light—one clear refulgent blaze!
As Father, Son, and Spirit, fully shine,
All great, all glorious, perfect, and divine!

A POEM OF ST. GREGORY,

ENTITLED

A Lamentation for his Soul.

FULL* oft a maiden to her virgin bed
Hath borne, with faltering steps, the bridegroom dead;
In love's resplendent robe array'd in vain,
Hath waked, 'mid tears and groans, the funeral strain;
While all her handmaids, and her friends around,
Conspire to swell the melancholy sound.
Full oft a mother o'er her fallen child
Hath wrung her hands, and wept with anguish wild.
Men oft have mourn'd their country's blighted fame,
Their homes laid prostrate by the lightning flame.
But ah! what tears, or sighs, or notes of woe,
For thee, my soul, can adequately flow?
Heaven's beauteous image is effaced by sin,
And all is dark, and all is foul within.
O'er Death's domain thy nodding ruins bow:

* I should suppose that such a case did not occur often; but I translate the word literally.

Weep, sinner, weep, 'tis all thy refuge now.
Yes, I will leave the gay and roseate bower,
The joy that lives a transitory hour,
The fleeting bliss that hangs on fortune's power;
Yes, I will shun Aurora's lovely light,
And veil this shuddering frame in genial night.
Such joys let others prize: but o'er my head,
Repellant ashes shall be duly spread.
While on my couch this fading form shall lie,
My groans will thrill, will melt each mourner nigh.
The transient balm of pity may be mine,
But soon, O Death, these relics must be thine.
Think not thy gates my trembling spirit scare;
I fear alone the dread tribunal there.
O God! O God! from sin my soul would fly:
Let sable clouds enwrap my form on high,
Or be it mine, mid gulfs profound to lie!
A realm from ills secure, the poets feign,
Where no fell savage haunts the beauteous plain.
Is there no spot from Sin's dominion free?
If such exist, to that I fain would flee.
A port defends from storms; from spears, a shield;
And our sweet homes a grateful shelter yield,
When howls the blast; but Sin, her whelming tide
Around us pours, and reigns on every side.
A flaming car to heaven Elias bore;
From Pharoah's hand was Moses saved of yore;
Jonah escaped the whale; wild beasts grew tame
At Daniel's feet; the youths survived the flame,
Tho' bright the furnace glow'd: but ah! to me
What flight from Sin remains? O Jesus, set me free!


AN

EXTRACT FROM A POEM OF GREGORY,

ENTITLED

A Lamentation for the Afflictions of his Soul.

As once reclined in genial rest I lay,
A vision, sparkling with unclouded day,
Charmed my wrapped soul, redeemed from low desire,
To glow with purer love, with holier fire.
Two snowy forms in snowy raiment dight,
Approaching near, enchained my dazzled sight.
Of equal age they bloomed; with equal mien
They moved majestick, and in each were seen
Those charms which all external arts outvie,
The charms of unadorned simplicity.
No gold their necks entwined, no emerald blaze
Shone o'er their radiant brow with fainter rays;
No silken vest their slender limbs embraced,
No gorgeous robe an humbler garb displaced;
No golden ringlets floating unconfined



Played with the breath of every gentle wind ;
And on their vermeil cheek no borrowed die
Usurped the blush of health and modesty.
With maiden zone their simple vest was bound,
Flowed to their feet, yet trailed not o'er the ground.
Such their attire ; a kerchief half concealed :
Their blooming charms, and half those charms revealed,
And half betrayed the mantling blush, that told
A heart by modesty's meek law controuled :
While their fixed eyes, to contemplation given,
Courtied the Earth, yet beamed like orbs of Heaven ;
And as a rose-bud in its dewy hood,
Shrinks from the gale too keen, or touch too rude,
So their closed lips in timid awe were sealed,
Unknown their will, their purpose unrevealed.
Wondering I gazed ; for ne'er on earth was seen
Such perfect grace of gesture, form, and mien.
Awhile they viewed me with maternal care ;
And when I asked them who and what they were,
And whence they came, "In us," they cried, "you see
Mild Temperance and spotless Chastity.
In Jesu's courts we dwell ; and ever there
His bounteous love with kindred powers we share ;
But come, Oh, quickly come, and gladly prove
The blissful interchange of blameless love :
Mingle thy soul with ours ; in all thy ways
Walk by our guidance, emulate our praise ;
Until, from earth released, through fields of air,
Thy spirit robed in radiant light we bear
To light more radiant still, where beams on high

The splendour of immortal Trinity!"
They spake: they vanished: my imperfect sight
Laboured in vain to trace their viewless flight;
But long the Heaven-descended vision shed
A hallowed influence round my virgin bed,
Luring my heart, redeemed from low desire,
To own a purer love, to glow with holier fire.

THE BEGINNING

Of One of Gregory's Elegiack Poems.

SURCHARGED with care, with heaviest anguish fraught,
A deep sequestered grove I lately sought ;
For much I love, apart from human kind,
For every woe a lenient balm to find,
In lone communion with my mournful mind.
Vernal the air, and mild; the murmuring breeze,
And sprightly birds that warbled on the trees,
Seemed as they strove to charm away my woes,
And lull my wearied bosom to repose.
On every bough the grasshopper was seen,
Unfolding to the Sun his robes of green:
Cheered by the blaze, he soon essayed to sing,
And bade the woods with merriest chirpings ring.
To lave my feet a gurgling fountain strove,
Whose stream meandered through the dewy grove
With gentle flow.—In vain all nature smiled ;
My joyless heart no sounds of joy beguiled.
Life's gloomy scene I pondered in my mind,
And thus I poured my sorrows unconfined.

THE OPENING OF GREGORY'S POEM,

On the Vanity of this Life.

THE silver dove that mounts on pinions free,
Or swallow skimming light, I fain would be,
And shun my kind ; or in some lonely dell,
With savage herds I would for ever dwell,
Than man more faithful ; there, estranged from harm,
In one clear stream, in one unruffled calm,
My life unstained would flow : one gift alone
To brutes denied, I yet might call my own ;
A soul that's winged for Heaven, that pants to see
Its God, and quit this dull mortality :
Or, on some tower aerial mounted high,
My voice like thunder rending earth and sky,
To all th' assembled nations I would cry ;
Vain fleeting race, ye who as nothing are,
Who, e'en in death, make things of nought your care,
Deceived by every frail illusive dream ;
How long shall earthly bliss be your unvaried theme ?

AN EXTRACT

From the Conclusion of the above Poem.

Now these are dust ! they all are equal now,
The monarch wont to rule, the slave to bow :
One darkness shrouds them ; one lone house contains
Their blended features and confused remains.
But what distinguishes the proud and great ?
What privilege attends their envied state ?
Their ashes slumber in a costlier urn,
And round their tomb high-waving torches burn,
And laboured epitaphs their worth proclaim,
And tell the world they once possessed a name.
Late though it come, it yet will come to all ;
Ambition's wreck, degraded Glory's fall.
This narrow heap, these mouldering bones alone
Remain ; uncovered now the head, that shone
Encanopied : now pride is hushed ; the poor
Nor toil, nor grieve, from grief and toil secure :
Hatred and Avarice, and Envy's gloom,
Die with the dead, and shrink beneath the tomb,
No more to rise until the trump shall sound,
And trembling millions stand the judgment-seat
around.

THE OPENING OF GREGORY'S POEM,

ENTITLED

An Address to his Soul.

WHAT is there thou would'st crave from me?
Tell me, my soul; I ask of thee.
What modest gift, or glittering prize,
Awakes thy hope, allures thine eyes?
Ask something great, whate'er it be,
And I will grant it cheerfully.
Say, wilt thou have the far famed ring,
That graced of yore the Lydian King,
If wishing to be hid, concealing,
If wishing to be seen, revealing?
With Midas, wilt thou be enrolled,
Who died thro' plenitude of gold?
Whate'er he touched to gold was turned;
Too late his error he discerned,
And wished the Gods his prayer had spurned.
Wilt thou possess the radiant gems,
That flame o'er regal diadems!
Fair fields which Nature's hand enamels,

With oxen, sheep, and stately camels?
Alas! such vain ignoble treasure
Yields but an evanescent pleasure,
And far exceeds my humble measure;
For, when I gave myself to Heaven,
All earthly cares to earth were given.
Say, wilt thou mount a throne sublime,
Decked with the fading pomp of time?
Then, on the morrow, grieve to see
Some sordid wretch, of low degree,
Usurp the empire torn from thee,
And sway thy sceptre haughtily?
The law of justice wilt thou sell,
And e'en against thy kind rebel?
Or bend the bow, or hurl the spear,
And in thy bold unchecked career,
The fury of the tiger dare,
And rouse the lion from his lair?
Would'st thou be hailed by all who pass,
And view thy form engraved on brass?—
Thou seekest but an empty vision;
The breath of zephyr soon subsiding;
The noise of arrows swiftly gliding;
The echo of thy hands' collision.
Oh, who with wisdom fraught, would pray
For things that charm them for a day,
And on the morrow flee away;
Which bad men share as well as they;
Which, when the fleeting breath is fled,
Depart not with the parting dead?
Since these are nought, I ask of thee,

What is there thou would'st claim from me?
 An Angel dost thou wish to be,
 Attendant on the Deity?
 To tread the courts by Seraphs trod,
 A radiant herald of thy God?
 And doth thy daring thought aspire,
 To glow with pure angelick fire,
 And warble 'mid the warbling choir?
 Awake; arise; ascend at length;
 Assert thine intellectual strength.
 On wings of faith I'll fondly bear thee,
 And with monition sage prepare thee;
 And as a bird swift-darting flies,*
 To heights of glory thou shalt rise,
 From mortals veiled, beyond the skies.

* Literally it is *ὡς εὐπτερον τι* *ὀρνιθ.* In the first choral ode of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, we find an expression very similar. *ὡς εὐπτερον ὀρνιθ.*

THE CONCLUSION

*Of St. Gregory's Poem, on the Events of his
own Life.*

THE long, the sad narration of my woes,
Hath here its end. A breathing corse I go ;
Tho' conquered, crowned with wreaths of victory :
God is my portion ; holy men my friends ;
A blest exchange for pomp episcopal.
Insult, and revel in my griefs, ye wise !
Compose a song on my calamities,
And in your synods chaunt it, and your feasts !
A prelate, yesterday ; to-day, an exile !
Ah ! fleeing these things whither shall I flee ?
With heaven's bright angels will I stand ! In my
Secluded, peaceful life, nor foe can injure,
Nor friend advantage : unto God I yield.
As blows the crafty and insensate wind,
Let men's opposing tongues mine ears assail :
Of praise, of censure, I have had my share ;
Nor praise, nor censure, can affect me now.
Fain would I seek some desert's calm retreat,

Where, in this pensive solitary breast,
Divine Philosophy her reign may hold ;
And where sweet hope may soothe declining age,
And these grey hairs console.—What gift of love
Shall I bequeath the Church ?—my tears ; my pity.
God's high behest hath taught me how to weep,
With varied woes my troubled life afflicting.
Where will it end ?—Teach me, thou Word divine !
Oh ! may I reach the blest abode of peace ;
Which no rude winds perturb, no storms annoy ;
Where beams the lustre of that triune light,
Whose very shadow doth exalt me now !

A POEM OF ST. GREGORY,

Entitled, On Himself.

WHERE are my winged words? Dispersed in air!
My vernal bloom, my youthful vigour, where?
Gone, gone for ever? And my brilliant fame?
Behold it glimmer, an expiring flame.
Where is my manly strength? Disease hath bent
My aged form, with pain and sickness rent.
Where is my wealth? Devoted to my God.
My parents sleep beneath the lowly sod;
Nor they alone; another hallowed pair,
A sister and a brother, slumbers there;
Naught but my country unto me was left;
And now, through envy, e'en of that bereft,
In helpless age o'er foreign fields I roam,
Far from my kindred, friends, and native home:
Torn from the altar, exiled from my flock,
With wandering steps I meet the tempest's shock.

Where shall I lay my worn and wasted form?
What land will screen me from the ruthless storm?

What friendly tomb will heave its pitying breast,
And gently wrap me in sepulchral rest?
And oh! what hand my failing eyes shall close?
Say will the friends of Jesus or the foes?—
But wherefore dwell on trivial thoughts like those?
Whether I rest within a peaceful grave,
Or float unheeded on the buoyant wave;
Whether of vultures I become the prey,
Of ravening beasts, or things more fell than they;
That is an empty, a degrading care.
Then, spread my ashes in the viewless air,
Or hurl my corse from some gigantick steep,
And bid it welter on the raging deep.
We all must rise, whate'er be made our tomb;
(Yet oh! to many, better were the doom
Of dread annihilation): for the day,
The last tremendous morn, will call away
The race of man from earth's extremest bound,
Where'er his bones repose, his dust be found.
One thing I mourn: one thing alone I dread—
The Judgment-seat of God! To hide my head
Immured in gulphs profound, with gloom o'erspread,
And fiery floods begirt! O Christ, in thee,
My strength, my wealth, my home, my all I see!
To thee my spirit I would fain resign,
With all my cares, and live for ever thine.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

EPITAPHS OF ST. GREGORY.

Σὺ δ', ὦ τον αἰτὺν οὐρανον, κ. τ. λ.

Sophocles.

O GLORIOUS Sun, whose chariot bright
Rolls in its radiant path of light ;
Before whose beam the stars retire,
And veil their inefficient fire ;
When next thy streaming glories fall
On Nazianzum's ruined wall,
Then, Phœbus, pause ! a while restrain
Thy steeds with gold embossed rein,
And contemplate the lonely plain.

If yet the Dryads haunt the wood
Where Jesu's minstrel loved to rove ;
If yet the Naiads guard the flood,

That wound along the dewy grove* ;
 If the pale Muses still recline,
 Low bending at their Poet's bier,
 And drop the tributary tear,
 Bedewing that beloved shrine ;
 If mourning echoes yet retain
 One tender note, one thrilling strain
 Of him, the Bard they loved so long ;
 Oh ! tell them, though his hallowed song
 No more be heard the groves among ;
 Though few his honoured name resound ;
 In Britain's Isle a youth was found,
 Who loved their Gregory's muse sublime,
 And wooed her in his vernal prime :
 Tell them, her peerless charms engage
 The homage of his riper age :
 Tell them, he strove on Albion's plain
 To wake her long-neglected strain ;
 And now, unwearied, strives again.

Yes, holy Bard ! again, in thee,
 A treasure unexplored I see ;
 A brilliant, though unheeded gem,
 To grace the Muse's diadem.
 Th' impassioned vow again I breathe,
 To renovate thy fading wreath :
 Those flowers, the pride of other years,

* In one of his Poems, St. Gregory has given us a beautiful description of a wood which he frequented. He describes a stream—

ηκα βρον δρασεραισ δι' αλσεος.

To water with reviving tears :
Those flowers from withering time to save,
And bid them blossom o'er thy grave.

Although thy Muse of fire had soared
A flight more daring, when she poured,
At great Jehovah's awful shrine,
The music of her matin lays,
And o'er the anthem of his praise
Diffused a harmony divine ;
Yet, in the evening of thy days,
Not immelodious was thy lyre ;
No cloud obscured thy parting rays ;
The fervid glow, the living fire,
The bright, unmitigated blaze,
Dispelled the deep sepulchral gloom,
And shed a radiance o'er the tomb.
Who would not wish a much-loved Sire
Eternized by that tuneful lyre ;
A sister's grave, a mother's bier
Bedewed by thy melodious tear ?
Who would not gladly die, to be
Immortalized, sweet Bard, by thee ?

And yet in these inglorious days,
No lips aspire to chaunt thy praise.
Few, few have heard thy honoured name,
And fewer still extend thy fame.
That once-resplendent orb hath set ;
It seems for ever gone ! and yet,
The time may come---yea, come it must,

When unto thy distinguished dust,
 Each Scholar will be proudly just.
 Then, in Apollo's Fane enshrined,
 With all his noblest sons combined;
 Then, shalt thou live in classick lore,
 Illustrious as in times of yore*.

* In the encomiastick oration on St. Gregory, written by Gregory the Presbyter, we are told that Pella was not more famous for Alexander, or Persia for Cyrus, than Nazianzum for our Saint; that Nazianzum had become *Ἰνδοῖς τε καὶ Βρεττανοῖς, τοῖς ἐκ διαμετροῦ ἀφεστηκόσιν, ἐξίσου ἐκίσημον*.

TRIBUTES TO THE DEAD,

&c. &c. &c.

ON HIS BROTHER CÆSARIUS.

MOURNING a noble Brother's timeless fate,
I warn mankind the world's vain joys to hate.
On whom did Beauty shed so bright a hue;
Or who, like him, supreme in wisdom grew?
No mortal man: and yet from life he flew.
So, from the stem a drooping rose-bud bends,
Or from the rose a drop of dew descends.

ON THE SAME.

WHEN great Cæsarius fell, th' imperial halls
His death lamented: Cappadocia's walls
The doleful sound returned. If aught that's fair,
Lovely or excellent, yet lingered there,
Yet dwelt mankind among, it quickly fled,
And clouds of silence Wisdom's lips o'erspread!

ON THE SAME.

THE Son of Gregory, Nonna's peerless Son,
The tomb contains: his race was fleetly run.
Supreme in eloquence, awhile he shone;
Supreme in splendour, near th' imperial throne.
He was a lightning-flash, whose lucid stream
Poured on remotest lands a vivid beam!

ON THE SAME.

THOU didst not fall on that tremendous day,
When, wrapt in ruin, proud Nicæa lay,
Whelmed by the earthquake; but when sickness came,
Thou couldst not flee its power. Devoid of blame,
How temperate flowed thy life! O noble youth!
The star of wisdom, and the pride of truth!

ON THE SAME.

HEAR, Alexander, hear! the noble mien
Of great Philagrius now no more is seen.
Cæsarius also moulders in the tomb,
By Envy laid in that sepulchral gloom.
Oh! never, never, from thy classick bowers,
Shall Cappadocia hail such lovely flowers.

ON THE SAME.

Ah! my Cæsarius, once in regal halls
That beauty shone, which now the tomb enthrals.
Bright as the star of morning, beamed thy fame,
And friends unnumbered magnified thy name.
'Twas thine to stand on Wisdom's towering height,
And walk in Virtue's pure, unclouded light*.

ON THE SAME.

Is this the only gift thy parents gave?
This, thy forlorn inheritance?---the grave,
For them prepared! Yet wherefore am I thrilled
With sore amazement? Thus hath Envy willed.

ON THE SAME.

His Father is supposed to speak.

My aged form here lingers, while the tomb
Enwraps Cæsarius in its fearful gloom.
My child beloved is gone! And is it just?
What law prescribed it? King of mortals, dost
Thou bid the children first resign their breath?
O lingering life! O swiftly flying death!

* This fine apostrophe is not among the epitaphs on Cæsarius. I have extracted it from a long poem which St. Gregory wrote on the misfortunes of his life. It evinces the fecundity of his genius, or at least the copiousness of his poetick phraseology. Although the ideas may be somewhat similar, the reader will not find in it any of the various expressions which occur in the Epitaphs.

ON THE SAME.

Gregory addresses his Father.

YES; Heaven bestowed on thee a peerless child,
Whom Wisdom graced, on whom a Monarch smiled;
Yet, was he mortal, and confessed the power
Of Death who spares not. But in this sad hour,
What saith the tomb!---Although his course be run,
At Glory's goal Cæsarius nobly won;
Enjoy the fame---the triumph of thy son!

ON THE SAME.

IN youth we sent thee from thy native soil,
August, and crowned with Learning's hallowed spoil.
Fame, Wealth, on thee delighted to attend,
Thy home a palace, and a King thy friend.
So lived Cæsarius, honoured, loved, and blest---
But, ah! this mournful urn will speak the rest.

ON THE SAME.

*The first four lines appear to be spoken by his Father;
the four last by some one in reply.*

STERN, ruthless Tomb! Oh! could I e'er suppose,
On him, my youngest child, thy gates would close,
And leave the Parents? yet thy walls contain
The youthful, while the aged here remain.

Heap not reproaches on the guiltless tomb:
 'Twas Envy's hand, that sealed his mortal doom.
 'Twas Envy laid him low; she could not bear
 A youth excelling age, above compare.

ON THE SAME.

WHILE all beside thou didst resign to me,
 Instead of all, the tomb remained to thee.
 O my Cæsarius, all the starry train
 Thy piercing ken had traced, but traced in vain:
 Fair Science could not turn the dart of death.
 Nor medicine's power retain the fleeting breath.

ON THE SAME.

If trees could mourn, and, sorrowing, droop the
 head;
 If rocks might chant a requiem o'er the dead*;
 If murmuring brooks and fountains, as they flow,
 Could heave the sigh and swell the tide of woe:
 Fountains and trees and rocks would blend the tear,
 And weep Cæsarius, to each object dear.
 All loved Cæsarius; sceptred monarchs gave
 Their high applause:---he sank into the grave.

* I have here ventured to deviate from the original, by substituting *γῶος* for *γῶος*, and *πέρπα* for *πέρπα*. I did so, because it appeared to me that the idea contained in the text was yet more common-place than the one which I have adopted.

ON HIS SISTER GORGONIA.

HER wealth, her strength, her all, with ardent vows,
 At Jesu's altar she had long devoted:
 What could she leave, when dying, save her spouse,
 The friend beloved, on whom her spirit doated?

But soon Alypius quits this mortal life,
 And goes where loved Gorgonia went before.
 Oh! blessed husband of a blessed wife!
 From death redeemed, they live for evermore.

—

ON HIS FATHER, THE ELDER GREGORY.

His Father is supposed to speak.

A FANE I reared to God; and in it placed
 My first-born son, with fair endowments graced.
 On him I saw the Triune Glory shine;
 An Angel, trumpet-tongued*, of truth divine,
 He led the flock; with heavenly wisdom crowned,
 And in the Muse's flowery haunts renowned.

* Αγγελον ατρεκτης ερηχεα.

I thought that the best mode of translating this passage would be to adopt the language of that Bard, who was superiour to all modern Poets, and was perhaps exceeded only by the inspired writers. In one of the Epitaphs on Basil, Gregory employs the same expression. I have there rendered it—

The loud-tongued messenger.

May'st thou in other gifts thy sire excel,
And rear each gentle fruit of love as well ;
And when the storms of chequered life are past,
In honoured age may'st thou repose at last !

ON THE SAME.

His Father speaks.

In that loved hand my tuneful reed I placed.
May'st thou, my Son, with heavenly science graced,
To heaven allure thy flock ; and be conveyed,
In age and honour, where thy sire is laid !

ON THE SAME.

His Father speaks.

CROWNED with old age ; with virtuous children blest,
I sought the mansions of eternal rest.
I was a Prelate, and a Prelate's sire.
What larger honours could my soul desire ?
It was not morning when I went abroad
To tend the fruitful vineyard of the Lord ;
And yet, above the rest, I gained a bright reward.

ON THE SAME.

His Father speaks.

SMALL is the pearl, yet Queen o'er every gem;
And Christ was born in lowly Bethlehem.
Thus small, yet precious, was the flock I fed:
Be thou, my Son, their Pastor and their Head!

ON THE SAME.

His Father speaks.

By gentle arts, a willing flock I led,
Reared up for Christ; myself their chosen head.
Although I sprang not from a holy root,
Yet were my nuptials hallowed, and their fruit.
Of them the head, I quit the vale of tears;
Full of terrestrial and celestial years.

ON THE SAME.

His Father speaks.

I WAS not first a sheep amid the rest,
And then selected, of the flock the best.
I was at once a Pastor, then proclaimed
A Prelate, and the chief of Prelates named;
To God converting Man's offending race.
Behold the tomb! 'tis now my dwelling place.

ON THE SAME.

HIGH on the mount, the Saviour sate enshrined
In dazzling glory : on my Father's mind,
No less he beamed, with radiation bright.
Then, bursting through the gloom of Error's night,
He left his idols vain, and hailed Redemption's light!

ON HIS MOTHER NONNA.

THE Sabbath made thy genial heart her throne :
Each day of mourning woke thy plaintive moan ;
Each festival thy joy : the conscious fane
Beheld thy every pleasure, every pain.
Thy trickling tears impressed the stones around,
But on the cross alone in drops were found.
The awful rites, no careless look disdained,
And no unhallowed word thy lips profaned.
No idle mirth perturbed thy placid cheek :
The hidden virtues, God alone can speak.
Thus flowed thy life at that congenial shrine :
Wherefore he bade thee, in the fane resign
Thy mortal part, and soar to realms divine !

ON THE SAME.

OH ! with what calmness did she yield her breath !
How bowed her knees ! how closed her lips in death !
Though others tremble at th' appointed goal,
Nor grief, nor fear, perturbed that dauntless soul.

Ah me ! the lonely altar bears no more
Her undefiled oblation ; and the floor,
That once rejoiced her welcome steps to greet,
Feels not the pressure of those hallowed feet.
No more, the Priesthood on that honoured head
Lay their pure hands : her spotless soul hath fled.
Dejected Widows, mourning Orphans, where
Is now your refuge ? O ye Virgins, tear,
With cries funereal, your dishevelled hair.
Her life when Nonna in the fane resigned,
Your faded hopes were scattered on the wind.

ON THE SAME.

WHILE for domestick duties one is famed,
Another shines in every art acclaimed :
Supreme in piety another stands ;
'Tis her's, the poor to bless with bounteous hands,
To fast, to weep, and pray on bended knees.
But Nonna shone supreme in all of these !
A prayer she wafted with her dying breath,
If such an end may be accounted death.

ON THE SAME.

IN other duties some might act as well ;
But oh ! in fervent prayer, she did excel
All who have bent the knee. Behold her death !
In supplication she resigned her breath.

Ye tears, ye sighs, and ever-watchful care !
 Ye days of fasting, and ye nights of prayer !
 O sacred form of Nonna, bowed at length
 By toils that ne'er subdued the spirit's strength !
 Her soul with joy renounced that frail abode,
 And, from the temple mounted to its God.

ON THE SAME.

HERE Nonna sleepeth: in the fane she died ;
 In prayer her knees were bent; to Heaven she cried:
 In honoured age she drew her parting breath.
 O happy life! and, O most holy death.

ON THE SAME.

THE flaming chariot cleft the air ;
 Elijah soared to endless day ;
 And Nonna, as she breathed a prayer,
 The mighty Spirit snatched away!

ON THE SAME.

A PLANT rejoicing in th' ætherial light,
 A scion fair, and blooming to the sight,
 Sprung from a hallowed root; partner revered
 Of Gregory's life, by mutual love endeared;
 The saintly mother of a pious race,
 The holy Nonna sleeps in Death's embrace.

ON THE SAME.

As saintly Nonna once was rapt in prayer;
God said, Ascend! Not long she lingered there.
One hand the altar pressed, while one to Heaven
Was raised: Jesu, be all my sins forgiven?
Then come, benign Redeemer, Nonna cried,
And bear my spirit hence! she spake, and died.

ON THE SAME.

NONNA! thy voice alone remained: to Heaven,
Thy all on earth had long before been given.
The pure oblation of that spotless mind,
The voice of fervent prayer, is now resigned;
For Nonna dwells above, in radiant light enshrined.

ON THE SAME.

WITHIN the hallowed temple Nonna died.
Her prayer ascended first: to God she cried.
She wished, in prayer, to close her failing eyes:
O life more pure than any sacrifice!

ON THE SAME.

It was not lawful to retain the whole:
Wherefore, the temple yielded Nonna's soul.

Her sacred form it kept ; that when again
She wakes in rapture, from that honoured fane,
The body, clothed in glory, may aspire
To seek the fields of light on wings of fire!

ON THE SAME.

THOU that hast oft received my flowing tears,
Beloved altar, in revolving years,
Accept my latest gift : receive my soul !
She spake. Her spirit sought the heavenly goal ;
But turned, and lingered with a fond regret
For him, her only child surviving yet.

ON THE SAME.

As once returning from a foreign land,
We reached our home, I saw my mother stand
Where bloomed the flowery vineyard, breathing sweets.
My son ! my Gregory ! Thus, my Mother greets
Her favoured offspring. To the neck of each
She clung : to me directed all her speech.
My son ! my Gregory ! Yes, we both were thine.
But oh ! the highest, tenderest claim was mine.---
At thy own bosom thou didst nurture me :
For this I wake so many strains to thee.

ON THE SAME.

Nonna addresses her Son from Heaven.

O HALLOWED plant ! thou child of tender love !
Fondly desiring thee I soared above :
For thou did'st tend thy father's drooping age,
And soothe thy mother's lonely pilgrimage.
With fervent zeal thy faithful heart imbibed
Whate'er the Saviour's mighty word prescribed.
Then, quickly follow : in our realm of light
We will receive thee, clothed in glory bright !

ON BASIL THE GREAT,

BISHOP OF CÆSAREA.

I THOUGHT a body sooner could survive
Without its soul, than I remain alive,
If reft of thee. And yet I calmly bore
E'en that bereavement. Ah ! delay no more.
Oh ! raise me, waft me on thine orient wings ;
Where, 'mid the choir of angels, Basil sings.
Thou Tomb, attest it !---Of my Basil's love
I never, never will forgetful prove.

ON THE SAME.

WHEN Jesus called to yon æthereal height
My Basil's raptured soul ; that holy sprite,
All the Cœlestial Host with joy received ;
While all the realm of Cappadocia grieved.

Th' assembled world, and not that realm alone,
 Their loss deplored, in sorrow's thrilling tone.
 Rent is the bond of Peace ; her herald gone.

ON THE SAME.

THE world is filled with disputations vain,
 And maddening strife of clamorous tongues
 prophane,
 That question holiest truths from Heaven revealed:
 Yet Basil's lips the hand of death hath sealed.
 Wake, Sleeper, wake ; and, from the opening tomb,
 Allay the tempest, and dispel the gloom.
 Thou, thou alone, didst word and act combine,
 And bid thy conduct, as thy doctrine, shine.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Power supreme we own ; and thee at least,
 Our Age hath seen, his true, his worthy Priest ;
 The loud-tongued messenger of truth divine,
 *The Christian's eye, whose radiant beam did shine
 With intellectual brightness ; and the boast,
 E'en now, of Pontus—ah ! for ever lost.

* *ομμα φαεινον Χριστιανois.* So Pindar says of Battus, *ομμα φαεινοτατον ξενοισι.* Pyth. 5, ver. 75.

ON THE SAME.

Basil is supposed to speak.

BENEATH the tomb thy pilgrim feet have pressed,
Basil, the son of Basil, found his rest—
Great Cæsarea's Primate; Gregory's Friend.
Parent Almighty! may each good attend
His steps; and grant his spirit soon to shine,
In light immortal clothed, and blent with mine!
Ah! view him, worn and shadowy, like a dream:
Our hallowed friendship his undying theme.

ON THE SAME.

SHORT was my Basil's pilgrimage on earth;
But thou wert mindful of thy heavenly birth.
Yea, unto Christ, the glorious Lord of Heaven,
Thy heart, thy life, thy doctrine, all were given:
The Priesthood's noblest bulwark; now, e'en more
Shielding the truth, which thou didst guard before.

ON THE SAME.

YE studies, which engaged our early youth;
Beloved Athens, that beheld our truth,
And love without compare; thou awful oath
To seek the life divine, which bound us both!
Basil hath gained a glorious throne on high;
But Gregory lingers, musing mournfully.

ON THE SAME.

O BASIL, Cæsarea's chiefest praise!

Thy speech was awful as the thunder's sound;
Thy life refulgent as the lightning's blaze!

If here thy reverend form no more be found,
Christ willed it so; that, in his heavenly bowers,
Thou soon might'st mingle with immortal Powers.

ON THE SAME.

THE Spirit's depths to scan with thought sublime,
And earthly Wisdom's flower-crowned heights to
climb,
Thy mind had learned. Eight years beheld thee rule
A people, reared in pure religion's school.

ON THE SAME.

FAREWELL, O Basil; severed now from me!
Accept this funeral tribute unto thee.

ON THE SAME.

THIS is the voice which Basil deigned to love:
'Tis friendship's debt, though thou no more approve.

ON THE SAME.

THUS hath thy Gregory, to his Basil just,
Devoted twelve inscriptions to thy dust.

ON LIVIA,

WIFE OF AMPHILOCHUS, AND MOTHER OF EUPHEMIUS AND
AMPHILOCHUS.

O LIVIA, Livia! would it yet were thine,
Around each kindred heart in life to twine,
And meet in honoured age the welcome blow !
But, in the brilliant morn of youth, laid low ;
Thy maiden wreath yet blooming, and the hue
Of radiant beauty beaming on the view !
Ah ! if thy lord, in fond affection, turn
To gaze on Livia---he beholds thine urn.

ON THE SAME.

Is Livia dead ? To view a form so fair,
That mien unearthly, that supernal grace,
In which she far outshone the female race ;
I could not think I saw a mortal there.
Wherefore, her sons, and mourning husband raise
A tomb thus stately, and record her praise.

ON EUPHEMIUS,

A YOUTH OF PROMISING GENIUS, WHO DIED PREMATURELY.

EUPHEMIUS slumbers in this hallowed ground,
Son of Amphilochus, by all renowned :
He, whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave :
The minstrels came to chant the bridal lay,
But swifter Envy bore her prize away.

ON THE SAME.

WHAT shall we do? the weeping Graces said:
 Ye kindred Muses, speak---Among the dead
 Euphemius lies, our fairest, brightest work!
 To whom the Nine:---Since Envy loves to lurk
 'Mid Fancy's bowers, and ever to destroy
 The bud that earliest blooms; with savage joy
 Now may she quaff her fill: but let us swear,
 Never henceforth to frame with equal care
 A mind so richly fraught, or mould a form so fair.

ON THE SAME.

EUPHEMIUS flashed, then veiled his dazzling beam,
 As bright and transient as the lightning's gleam.
 He shone with wisdom's fire, with virtue's glow;
 The pride of Pontus once, but now the woe.

ON THE SAME.

A YOUTH upborne on genial Fancy's wing,
 His loved companions' joy, their blooming spring;
 The Muses' Child; the Graces' golden wreath;
 A spotless plant, Euphemius lies beneath.
 Ah me! that torch, by Love prepared to burn,
 Should light thy nuptials, not reveal thy urn.

ON THE SAME.

EUPHEMIUS sipped Castalia's honeyed dews,
 And wooed the Attic and Ausonian Muse:

For him their blended flowers were fully blown,
When o'er his head but twenty suns had shone.
In Youth's gay morn, in Beauty's roseate bloom,
He fell, and withered in the envious tomb.

ON THE SAME.

For golden lineage was Euphemius famed,
A heart as noble, and a life unblamed,
Pleasant and courteous; tuneful was his tongue;
And o'er his form the Graces raptured hung---
A form as bright as theirs: yet soon he fell,
For here perfection may not, cannot dwell.

ON THE SAME.

With bards and oratours Euphemius vied,
His country's glory, and his parent's pride;
Light o'er his blooming cheek the down was spread,
And all the Loves were summoned to his bed.
But, ah! his bridal chamber is the tomb:
His morn of bliss is veiled in sorrow's gloom.

ON THE SAME.

Tho' twain their forms, their souls were yet the
same:
Brothers in blood, in wisdom, and in fame.

A hallowed pair ; their virtue beamed on high,
Bright as the brightest orb that gilds the sky :
Fate envied both ; Euphemius fell, and left
Amphilochus of half his soul bereft.

ON THE SAME.

*YE fountains, streams, and groves ; ye warbling
throng,
Who pour from every bough melodious song ;
Light-fanning winds, that whisper balmy rest ;
And smiling gardens by the Graces drest :
Mourn, lovely land ! in death his honoured name
Euphemius gave thee, and immortal fame.
Fair was Euphemius 'mid the blooming swains,
And fair art thou, Elysium of the plains.
From hence in thee the blended Graces shine ;
Bloom, ever bloom, Euphemia, realm divine.

* The opening of this exquisite little poem, (for exquisite it is in the original,) is thus given by Muratorius—

Κρηναι, και ποταμοι, και αλσος, και παλαευντες
Ορνιθες, κ. τ. λ.

I suppose that παλαευντες is merely a mistake of the print, for λαλαευντες. This word is elsewhere employed by Gregory. The metrical scholar will observe that in the above line, και is long before a vowel, even although not in cæsura. But let him consider when Gregory lived.

ON AMPHILOCHUS,

THE FATHER OF EUPHEMIUS.

WHEN Amphilochoe reached the gloomy door
 Of age, his wife and sons, who went before,
 In heaven's bright realm he sought, and seeking found.
 He was a man in eloquence renowned ;
 The herald of eternal truth divine
 To all the flock. Behold, a friend of thine,
 A friend beloved doth wake the lyre to thee.
 Thou common balm of care-worn penury !
 Perennial fountain ! at thy margent pure
 All bent, and found for all their woe a cure.
 When from thy lip the parting breath had fled,
 Undying Fame embalmed the mighty dead !
 By thee attuned, by thee mellifluent made,
 The lyre of Gregory hath the debt repaid*.

ON MARTINIANUS,

THE PREFECT.

IF, Tantalus, thy fabled woes were true,
 And from thy parched lip the waters flew ;

* I think it very probable, that this piece originally formed two distinct Epitaphs. As it now stands, Gregory somewhat abruptly addresses Amphilochoe in the middle, and tells him that he is dedicating some lines to him. He tells him the same thing at the conclusion ; and the name of Amphilochoe occurs again in the original. It is therefore probable, that two separate Epitaphs have been confounded by some careless transcriber. The reader must not fail to notice, that Amphilochoe, was a priest, and yet, was a married man, and had children.

If rocks terriffick o'er the culprit hung,
Or to the liver ravening vultures clung;
If lakes of fire, and everlasting gloom,
Tartarian caverns, and the awful doom
To dwell with dæmons in the gulph profound;
If such dread punishments in hell abound;
May he, whose impious hands disturb renowned
Martinianus, and his tomb remove,
May he those blended woes in all their horror prove!

ON THE SAME.

He is supposed to speak.

ALL holy Themis, through whose power I swayed
The mighty cities that my rule obeyed!
Ye vengeful Furies! thou Tartarian gloom!
And shall that robber violate my tomb?
And shall he wage an impious war with us?
Oh! where is now the stone of Sisyphus?

ON THE SAME.

THE earth's wide limits, and Imperial Rome,
Of great Martinianus form the tomb.
Kings are the columns, which record his race:
His high achievements time can ne'er efface.
And yet I tremble, lest the hardened slave
Of hell-born avarice should pollute his grave.

ON THE SAME.

The Sepulchre is supposed to speak.

A BARD, an Oratour, a Judge, o'er all
Supreme, my dread dominion doth enthrall;
He fought at sea, and warred upon the land:
Then, quickly fly, lest o'er the tomb he stand,
And ye the vengeance feel of that destroying hand!

ON THE SAME.

WHEN the cold earth, our common Parent, pressed
Martinianus to her silent breast;
Ausonia woke the tender notes of woe,
And all Sicania bade its sorrows flow.
They mourned, for Themis from the earth had fled:
But we have raised a tomb; to grace the dead,
And tell each pilgrim who approacheth near,
That something great and dignified is here.

ON THE SAME.

He speaks from the Grave.

O YE who walk by pure religion led;
Who duly honour and revere the dead;
Attend! an empire, glory, wealth, and power,
With golden lineage, in a fleeting hour

I left, and now, like men of low degree,
I am a heap of earth ! Yet, unto me
A mighty kingdom bent the willing knee.
Behold, they offer at my lonely bier,
Not the loud plaudit, but the tender tear !

—

ON PROÆRESIUS,

A CELEBRATED SOPHIST, WHO TAUGHT RHETORICK AT ATHENS.

CECROPIA, boast no more ! Shall man compare
With Day's bright Lord a taper's trembling glare ?
Shall mortal man with Proæresius vie,
Whose new-born thunder rent the earth and sky ?
The Attick fire his recent flame outshone ;
But all the sophists Proæresius own
Their chief. He dies ; and lo ! Athena towers
No more. Avoid, ye youth, her fading bowers.

—

ON THESPESIUS,

THE GRAMMARIAN.

THOUGH thou art dead, thy glory cannot die :
Thy deathless fame will bloom eternally !
Sublime thy speech ; yet ancient Athens cries,
With me no modern can divide the prize.

ON AMPHILOCHUS,

THE RHETORICIAN.

AMPHILOCHUS is dead ; and all the pride
Of eloquence, that still remained, hath died.
The Graces mingling with the Muses, mourn ;
But most, thy country weeps her laurels torn.

ON THE SAME.

THE man, whose eloquence as lightning glowed ;
Whose heart and mind more sweet than honey flowed ;
Amphilochus, this narrow heap contains,
For ever exiled from his native plains.

ON THE SAME.

SMALL is the town where Amphilochius first
Beheld the day ; yet great his fame. He burst
In glory on the world : and now, the light
Of eloquence hath sunk with him in night.

ON CARTERIUS,

THE PRIEST.

YE tears of penitence ! ye bended knees !
Ye hands, whose offerings pure did ever please

The God of purity ! how could ye cease,
Like all things mortal, and descend in peace ?
His heavenly notes the Angels heard on high,
And raised a kindred minstrel to the sky.

ON NICOMEDES,

THE PRIEST.

YES, Nicomedes, thou art gone, that wreath,
So late my pride and glory, fades beneath.
How will thy children run their destined race,
If the lone grave become thy dwelling place ?
Who in yon beauteous temple will preside,
Our sapient ruler, and our faithful guide ;
Oh ! who will bid the grateful anthem rise,
And waft to heaven a perfect sacrifice !

ON THE SAME.

WITH age invested, thou didst mount above,
And yet, too soon for us. Could this be just ?
But hold, my murmur.—In his mighty love,
The Saviour laid thy body in the dust ;
That thou might'st rule thy flock a priest on high,
And teach thy children to ascend the sky*.

* Mark, here is another instance of a priest who was a married man and a father. What right has the Church of Rome to prohibit, what was unquestionably allowed in the fourth century ? I say nothing of its being permitted in succeeding centuries.

ON HIMSELF.

THOU callest me ! I hasten : yet I dread
The gulph, the fire, and Dives' scorching bed.
Ah ! who to Abram's breast will bear my aching head ?

ON THE SAME.

YE hosts Angelick, whose refulgent rays
Dart through illimitable heaven a blaze
Of glory ; who surround the dazzling height,
The sapphire throne, where beams the Triune light !
Receive, benignant, to your blest abode,
Me, the unworthy, yet, the priest of God* !

* This beautiful apostrophe is quoted by Muratorius in a note. It had been given to the world, some years before, by Tollius ; who discovered and published a few unedited Poems of St. Gregory.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
EPITAPHS OF ST. GREGORY.

Ἡ ρ' αἰεὶ μου Μακαρίτας.

Æschylus

Oh ! if thy sainted shade may know
What passeth in the world below ;
And if one transient thought be given
To things terrestrial ; from thy Heaven
Look down, blest Bard, and deign to see ;
Oh ! deign, with kind complacency,
To wear the wreath which came from thee.
E'en as the soft, reviving rain,
To fertilize the parched plain,
In large munificence is given
Awhile, and then returns to Heaven ;
And there enshrines, but not enshrouds
Its sparkling gems in lucid clouds ;
So may thy flowers, for others meant,
To charm, to soothe us, kindly lent,
Ascend yon azure battlement ;
And in one beauteous garland blent,
Concentre all their deathless rays
Around thy brow, in glory's blaze !

E'en in my young, my golden hours,
When first I roamed Parnassian mountains;
When first I trod the Muses' bowers,
Besprent with soft, ambrosial showers,
And wandered by their magick fountains;
Amid Athena's blooming flowers
I saw, though less exposed to view,
Thy roses beam as bright a hue.
I bore away the lovely prize;
Perchance with more poetick eyes,
Perchance with holier thoughts endowed,
Than ever blessed the vulgar crowd;
And strove—Oh! sweet, delightful toil,
To rear them in my native soil.
And now, by mellowing time matured,
Of youths aerial fancies cured,
I find, as erst I found in thee,
A more than mortal melody—
I find the all-transcending page,
That could my youthful heart engage,
Hath power to charm my ripened age.
Oh! how delightful will it prove,
What I have loved if others love!

Yet hold; on thine enchanting spell,
Too long I muse, too fondly dwell:
Then, let me bid the theme farewell;
Or, wrapt in silence, wait to see
If others find such charms in thee.

THE NINTH HYMN OF SYNESIUS.*

O MUCH desired, and ever glorious Lord,
Born of the hallowed maid of Solyma ;
To thee, her blessed Son, to thee I sing.
When thou, in tender mercy, didst descend,
Deigning with man to dwell, the serpent, foiled,
Far from thy Father's bowers inglorious fled,
And left the plants his holy hand had reared.
E'en in the gloomy realm of Tartarus
Thy glory beamed, where Death insatiate
Feeds on the ghostly nations. Thrilled with fear,
Hades beheld thee, while the rabid dog,
Who howling sits, and laps the blood of millions,

* Synesius flourished about the end of the fourth century. He was at first a Platonist, and after his conversion to Christianity, (if indeed he was converted) he retained many of his Platonick notions. This will be evident to the reader, both from the above hymn, and the succeeding extract. I think that Synesius had more poetick genius than Gregory; but surely it will be admitted, that as to his prose writings, he was far inferiour to the sublime oratour of Nazianzum. Let me here state a thing which I had before forgotten, but which ought to be mentioned. It is allowed, I believe, by every critick who has paid attention to the subject, that the *Christus Patiens*, tho' printed with the poems of St. Gregory, is undoubtedly the production of some inferiour writer.

Fled from the threshold : then the hallowed choir
Of souls redeemed, thine arm victorious freed.
The bright procession mounted jubilant,
And pealed the anthem of Jehovah's praise.

When thou, dread King, returning, didst ascend,
Trembled the countless Dæmons of the air,
While the pure chorus of immortal stars,
Entranced, with wonder viewed thee : clothed in smiles
Æther, the sapient sire of harmony,
Waked the full rapture of his seven-toned lyre,
Attuning every chord symphonious
To a triumphal strain. Bright Lucifer,
The herald of the rosy morning, smiled,
And golden Hesper, Cytherea's star.
Her silver lamp reluming, Cynthia walked
In beauty's pride, a stately shepherdess
Leading the nightly deities ; and Titan
In waves of gold his beamy tresses spread
Beneath thy feet ineffable. The Son
Of God he knew, the all-creating Mind,
And blest the Author of his native fire.

But thou on seraph-wing didst mount sublime,
Above yon azure canopy, until
Thy chariot o'er the empyrean blazed ;
That sphere of light, where flows with noiseless wave
The fount of good in sempiternal calm.
There, rolls not the unwearied flood of time,
Which sweeps away earth's fleeting progeny ;
But there, enthroned, Eternity presides,
Tho' aged, young ? to-day and yesterday
The same Dispenser of perennial rest
To all the Angels and the Saints of God.

THE CONCLUSION

Of the First Hymn.

IF veiled our eyes, their piercing sight
Can yet discern some glimmering light ;
And Pilgrims wandering here below,
With some cœlestial impulse glow ;
When fleeing this domain of strife,
Emerging from the waves of life,
They tread the pure and hallowed way,
Up to their Father's realm of day.
How blest the soul, which, having fled
The toils that o'er its path were spread,
At one light bound from matter springs,
And seeks its God on Rapture's wings !
How blest is he, who after all
The ills and changes that befall,
Hath trod the intellectual way,
And viewed where beams of glory play,
The fount of light, the throne of day !

Let every wish and thought aspire,
On wings of love, on wings of fire ;
And O may resolution nerve
Thy breast, untaught to yield or swerve !
Then will thy heavenly parent stand,
And proffer, with paternal hand,
To lead thee to a kindred land.
An orb of fire will blaze before thee,
Reveal the fair æthereal plain,
Where Beauty first began her reign,
And light thee to the realm of glory.
Awake, my soul, and quaff thy fill,
Drink freely of that fountain-rill,
Whose wave impregn'd with blessing flows,
The Lethè of terrestrial woes.
Bend lowly at thy Father's shrine,
To earth the cares of earth resign,
And rise to life and joy divine ;
To dwell in union with thy God ; perchance
A God thyself to move in Heaven's eternal dance !

AN EXTRACT

From the Fourth Hymn of Synesius.

THE great, august, immortal King,
Th' eternal Potentate, I sing !
Let earth be silent, while I raise
The voice of prayer, the note of praise.
Hushed be the moaning of the breeze ;
The murmur of the waving trees :
Be stilled the soft, melodious note,
Of each aerial warbler's throat :
Let tranquil æther, tranquil air,
Attend the hymn, attend the prayer ;
And deep in ocean's charmed breast,
Let all the gathered waters rest !

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΓΛΩΤΤΑΝ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΝ.

ΕΝΘΕΟΣ ει παντως, ω χρυσοβοστρυχε Κουρη·
Ευθρονος, ἄβρα γελῆς, κλειων μεγα κυδος Αθηνων,
Εκλαμπει δ' οσσων επι πορφυρεσι παρειαις,
Μαρμαρυγη Μουσων, ασβεστον τ' Αθανατων φως.
Ἴη δε τριας Χαριτων γλωσσην παιδευσεν εραννην,
Ανθεσι δ' ουρανιοισι κομας εστεψε φαινας·
Μουσικη ει ψυχης, μνημη καθαρωτατον αφνος·
Ομματος ἡ δαιτη, λαμπρα τε πανηγυρις ωτων,
Και Ζεφυρων τε λυρων τε πολυ γλυκερωτερον φθεις.

Τ. Ξ. Β.

ΕΙΣ ΧΑΡΟΛΟΝ ΙΑΚΩΒΟΝ
ΛΟΝΔΙΝΟΥ ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΝ.

Ηνικα Βλομφηλδος, φαεσιμβροτον αστρον, Αθηνων
Ψυχην αλλοτριων, πασαν εδωκε Θεω,
Αγγελικαι συνοδοι μεν επηυφημησαν ανωθεν,
Μουσων δε χορος δακρυχες στεναχων.
Αισχυλος φμωξεν, και γαρ τ' ατελεστα νοησε
Πλεγμαθ', ἔων στεφανων ανθεα κιθναμενα.

Τ. Ξ. Β.

FINIS.

SIDMOUTH:

Printed by J. Harvey, Fore-Street.



ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΓΛΩΤΤΑΝ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΝ.

ΕΝΘΕΟΣ εἰ παντως, ὡ χρυσεοβοστρυχε Κουρη·
Ευθρονος, ἄβρα γελῆς, κλεινων μεγα κυδος Αθηνων,
Εκλαμπει δ' οσσων ἐπὶ πορφυρεσι παρειαις,
Μαρμαρυγη Μουσων, ασβεστον τ' Αθανατων φως.
Ἦ δὲ τριᾶς Χαριτων γλωσσην παιδευσεν εραυνην,
Ανθῆσι δ' ουρανιοισι κομας εστῆψε φαεινας·
Μουσικῇ εἰ ψυχῆς, μνημῆς καθαρωτατον αφνος·
Ομματος ἡ δακτυλῷ, λαμπρα τε παηγυρις ωτων,
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